

The Outlook

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CONTENTS FOR 6 FEBRUARY, 1897

THE WEEK :

Arbitration and Alaska.....	377
Sentiment Concerning the Treaty.....	377
The Venezuelan Settlement.....	378
International Bimetallism.....	378
The Immigration Bill.....	379
President McKinley's Cabinet.....	380
The Indianapolis Conference.....	381
Civil Service Reform.....	381
The Prison Labor Law.....	382
Distress Among the Poor.....	383
Liquor Legislation.....	383
Message of Governor Evans.....	384
Government Crop Reports.....	385
The Business World.....	385
Canadian Affairs.....	386

EDITORIALS :

Shall We Suspect England?.....	387
Great Literary Enterprises.....	388
Luxury.....	389
The Story of Jonah.....	390

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES :

The Theology of an Evolutionist:	
VI.—Some Correspondents.....	393
By Lyman Abbott	
The Palestine Pilgrim.....	397
By I. Zangwill	
The Centenary of Franz Schubert.....	401
By Kenyon West	
The Story of Gladstone's Life.....	408
Chapters V., VI., VII.	
By Justin McCarthy	

Edward Eggleston: An Interview.....	432
Detroit: A Municipal Study.....	437
By the Hon. Hazen S. Pingree	
The General Federation of Women's Clubs.....	442
By Ellen M. Henrotin	
Homes in City and Country.....	447
By E. R. L. Gould	
Ephe: A Sketch.....	454
By Richard Malcolm Johnston	
Some Literary Worthies.....	458
II.—Theocritus	
By Hamilton W. Mabie	

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD :

Dr. Abbott and the Book of Jonah.....	467
The Rev. F. B. Meyer's Visit.....	468
Long Pastorates.....	468
American Society of Religious Education.....	468
Day of Prayer for Colleges.....	469
Y. M. C. A. at Ottawa.....	469
Industrial School for Indians.....	469

BOOKS AND AUTHORS :

The Beginners of a Nation (Eggleston)...	462
Some Recent Fiction.....	463
Books of the Week.....	464
Literary Notes.....	465
Books Received.....	466
CORRESPONDENCE.....	470
THE HOME CLUB.....	471
FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.....	473

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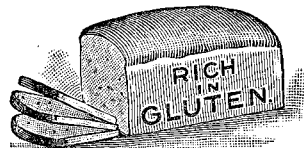
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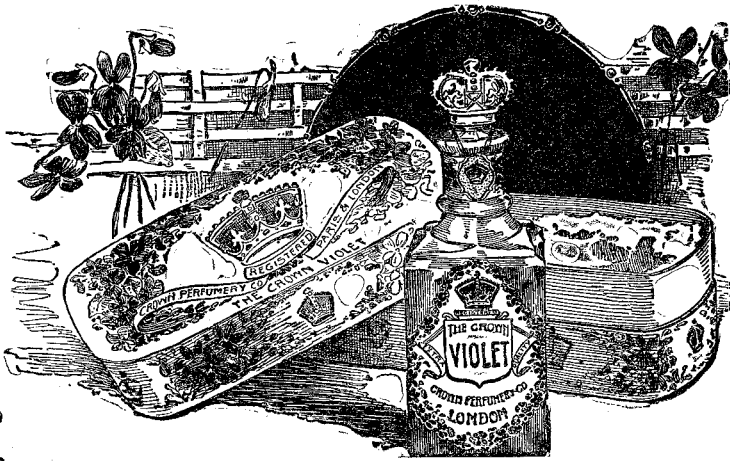
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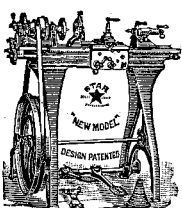
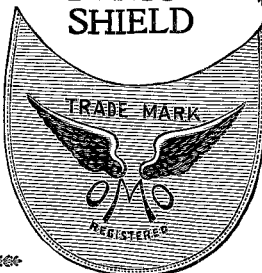
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W. A. BARRON, Resident Mng'r.
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No series of illustrated articles in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook for 1896 was more attractive or more widely read than that on "The Higher Life of American Cities." Albert Shaw, of the "Review of Reviews," Edward Everett Hale, Melville Stone, Grace King, William Burnet Wright, Talcott Williams, and the Rev. John Snyder wrote about New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Buffalo, Philadelphia, and St. Louis—in each case dwelling on those features which showed progress in education, art, philanthropy, and municipal reform. From twenty to thirty appropriate pictures accompanied each article.

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A large collection of photographs and other pictorial matter has been gathered, and it is confidently believed that in point of illustration these articles will be worthy of the authors and subjects.

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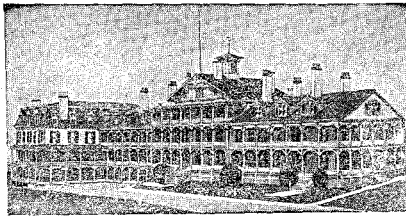
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No. 6

ON Saturday of last week the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, by a vote of six to four, ordered the Arbitration Treaty to be favorably reported, with amendments. The most important of the amendments was that adding at the end of Article I. these words:

"But no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the high contracting parties, or the relations of either with any other State or Power by treaty or otherwise, shall be subject to arbitration under this treaty, except by special agreement."

The second amendment strikes out the reference to King Oscar as the umpire in case neither the members of the Court in the first place, nor the United States Supreme Court and the British Privy Council in the second place, can agree on an umpire. An amendment had also been offered to the effect that the Alaskan boundary question should not be submitted to arbitration under the general treaty, but it was rejected. At that very time Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote were signing a separate treaty regarding this question, "a Convention between the United States and Great Britain for the demarcation of so much of the 141st meridian, with longitude, as may be necessary for the determination of the boundary between their respective possessions in North America." The Convention provides for a commission similar to the Mexican Boundary Commission. The information already collected by the Commission composed of Messrs. Mendenhall, Duffield, and King (working under the 1892 agreement) will be used. The special significance of the Convention is found in the growing importance of the Yukon gold fields, through which the boundary is supposed to run.

So far there has been no indication that the Convention includes arbitration upon another Alaskan boundary question of equal moment—that of the coast line.



The past week has witnessed the sober second thought of our people regarding the general Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain. Some nervousness has been expressed as to the trend of public opinion in the Northwest. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, is quoted as saying:

"No one, I think, would wish to submit to arbitration a question of National policy derived from our fathers and insisted upon for seventy years, such as the Monroe Doctrine. It is a very grave question—very grave question—whether this treaty does not commit the Government to the decision of a board of arbitrators as to the rightfulness of that Doctrine. Mr. Olney contends that the Monroe Doctrine is not at all involved in this convention. It is not expressly excepted from it, but the Secretary contends that it is excepted by implication. If both parties understand that it is excepted by implication, why not except it specifically?"

This statement seems in substantial accord with the opinion of many persons and papers (the Minneapolis "Tribune," for instance). Nevertheless, there are many who are represented by influential papers like the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" and the Minneapolis "Journal," the latter declaring that it is humiliating to think that, widely as the treaty is favored throughout the country, a few ill-natured men in the Senate have the power to delay ratification. In the Central West the feeling is generally strong for arbitration, if we may judge from the Chicago "Times-Herald," the St. Louis "Republic," the Indianapolis "Journal," and the Cleveland "Leader." In the South there are such cheering reports as this from the Memphis "Scimitar": "If

the treaty now under consideration in the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations should fail of ratification, public opinion in this country would demand that the incoming Administration provide another embodying the same vital principle." In the East the sentiment in favor of immediate ratification of the original draft has been almost universal, the only two journals of note differing from this being the New York "Sun" and the Washington "Post." The trend of opinion is shown in the adoption by the Massachusetts House of Representatives of an indorsement by a vote of 141 to 11. An important meeting took place last week in Washington in favor of ratification. The speakers were ex-Secretary of State Foster, Mr. G. G. Hubbard, Professor B. L. Whitman, ex-Senator J. B. Henderson, ex-Governor Stanard, and Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court. The last named said:

"I do not believe in saying to the gentlemen charged with the duty of considering carefully that treaty, that 'you must vote for it.' There is something in my own nature which, when anybody says to me 'you must,' causes something to run up my spinal column which says 'I won't.' [Laughter and applause.] It is the Senate's duty to consider that treaty carefully, and when I say that, I say it is no trespass upon their rights for American citizens to express their views of that treaty. What are the errors and losses incidental to arbitration compared to the horrors of war? [Applause.] What are a few million dollars of wrongful damages in comparison to the sacrifice of thousands of human lives?"



We have been asked to state how the Arbitration Treaty now before the Senate affects the Venezuelan question, and what will be the future of the United States Venezuelan Commission. Briefly, the Venezuelan matter is in course of adjustment under an entirely separate treaty, signed by the United States and Great Britain prior to the agreement on the general Arbitration Treaty, approved by the United States Senate and by the President and Cabinet of Venezuela; it will doubtless be formally ratified by the Venezuelan Congress within two or three weeks. The only change made lately is that Venezuela has indicated her desire to be directly represented on the Tribunal of Arbitration; Great Britain and the United States have agreed, and Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer, of our

Supreme Court, will act for Venezuela in that capacity. The articles of the treaty define the limitations of the arbitration. We have already outlined these limitations, the most important of which is that making possession of land for fifty years evidence of title. Generally speaking, the Tribunal has wide power over the whole matter in dispute, and will doubtless of itself define, where necessary, the meaning of the articles under which it acts—that above referred to may more likely than not require such further definition. Naturally, under the new state of things the United States Venezuelan Commission will not need to report to our Government what the true boundary-lines are. The mass of information it has acquired will be put at the disposal of the Tribunal of Arbitration. Even if this matter had not already been settled by treaty, we do not think it could be brought under the general Anglo-American treaty now before the Senate, as it relates, not to something directly in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, but to the Monroe Doctrine. On this point the National Committee on Arbitration appointed by the Washington Conference well says: "The words of the treaty aptly define the agreement to arbitrate so as to exclude from its operation all questions not suitable for judicial decision; and it could no more be held by either party to require Great Britain to arbitrate the principle of the Balance of Power in Europe, or the United States the Monroe Doctrine, than it could be held to oblige either party to arbitrate its standard of value or its tariff policy."



The United States Senate has passed, by a vote of 46 to 4, a bill to provide for an international conference to secure "by international agreement a fixity of relative value between gold and silver as money by means of a common ratio between these metals, with free mintage at such ratio." It is left to the discretion of the President to appoint five or more commissioners to such conference, if one should be called, and to call one himself if he thinks it wise. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, combated the idea that such a conference, or an agreement re-

sulting from it, was a chimera. He said, as reported (we condense):

"As to foreign countries, I had some exceptional means of learning something last summer. I had the pleasure of a long conversation with one of the foremost bimetallicists in France, M. Fougerol. This gentleman introduced last spring into the French Assembly a resolution declaring that the present depressed condition in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce in France is owing to the demonetization of silver, and pledging France to co-operate with other nations in its restoration. It bore the signatures of between three-fifths and four-fifths of the Assembly. M. Meline, then and now the Premier of France, in a speech on the question in the French Assembly, declared that when other countries would re-establish silver they would not have to wait for France. They have a bimetallic league in France, which represents, among others, the delegations from every agricultural society in every province in France; and these agricultural societies are not merely societies of gentlemen devoted to fancy farming and stock-raising. They wield political power, and represent the political purposes of the farmers of France. With one accord, without an exception, these representatives of these great French interests agree in saying that France is eager to unite with other countries."

Mr. Hoar went on to say that there were also evident indications of a strong interest in favor of bimetallicism in England, Germany, and Russia.



In spite of the scorn of the ultra gold monometallists, we do not doubt that Senator Hoar is quite within bounds in his report. The agricultural populations, in so far as they are active-minded on this question at all, are bimetallic, abroad as well as in this country. So are the laboring classes. The financial centers are opposed to bimetallicism, and the commercial and manufacturing classes are divided in opinion. It is clear from the last election that an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States favor bimetallicism, and a large minority are so enthusiastically in favor of it that they are willing to try the experiment of establishing it without international co-operation. Under these circumstances political wisdom requires the incoming administration to make an honest effort to secure it; and as its platform explicitly pledges it to make such an effort, political honesty reinforces political policy. Nor is it by any means clear that we need wait until all other nations agree with us in the attempt. The resolution adopted by the Senate wisely leaves this question open, as it

does the question of the ratio to be fixed between the two metals. It is worthy of note that in the February number of the "National Review" Lord Aldenham, ex-Governor of the Bank of England and President of the English Bimetallic League, concludes an article on the present situation as follows: "There is no doubt that France and the United States, by agreeing together, could themselves maintain a bimetallic law; but for greater certainty and confidence it would be reasonable that they should ask the co-operation of England and Germany." This expresses the general temper of bimetallicists abroad. The proposed conference may lead to nothing. It may prove to be the most important act of the present Congress.



The Conference Committee on the bill to restrict immigration by imposing an educational qualification reported a measure which differed in two important particulars from that which had previously passed the House and been amended in the Senate. In the first place, it shuts out illiterate women as well as illiterate men, and even excludes the illiterate wife of a literate husband. In the second place, it excludes immigrants who cannot read the English language or the language of their "native or resident country." This last change is an important one. In its original form the bill required the immigrant to be able to read the English language or some other. The Russian Jews, who have been pouring in upon us in increasing numbers—40,000 in the last fiscal year—are able to read in their own language, but they are not able to read Russian, which is the language of their "native or resident country." In defense of this change, Mr. Danford, of Ohio, who reported the bill to the House, said that these Russian immigrants have drained the charities of England and are being thrown upon this country in such numbers that the Hebrew charities can no longer care for them and our labor market can find no place for them. The debate in the House upon the amended measure was a most animated one. The opponents of the bill put a good deal of stress upon the possible separation of wives and husbands. The defenders of the bill

called attention to the fact that the steamship companies have their agents "in every village and hamlet of Europe," and that these agents would be instructed not to sell tickets to persons whom the companies would have to return free of charge. The bill was passed by the narrow majority of 131 to 117.



All political indications are that President McKinley is going to disappoint the prophecies of his political opponents and to surpass the hopes of his political friends in the composition of his Cabinet. The announcement of four of these officers, already made, may be regarded as semi-official. They are: General R. A. Alger, of Michigan; Senator John Sherman, of Ohio; ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts; and Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago. General Alger's appointment as Secretary of War appears to be purely political. We should suppose that a Secretary of War and a Secretary of the Navy should have some experience in their respective departments; but historic precedent does not seem to require this, either in this country or Great Britain. "Pinafore," as our readers will remember, was a satire on the notorious lack of expert knowledge in Cabinet officers in England in these departments. Though Mr. Alger was a general in the Civil War, his military record does not indicate an expert knowledge in military matters. But we believe he is not of a bellicose nature. Senator Sherman will bring to the office of Secretary of State as wide and general an experience in public affairs as is possessed by any man now living. It is true that he is often both a disappointment and an enigma to his friends, in whom his abilities continually awaken expectations which his deeds do not fulfill. His political life has shown a lack of that continuity and persistency of purpose which is always a quality of the greatest statesmen. But the country will rest reasonably sure of a cautious and conservative foreign policy, and this is what the country most needs. Under his administration we may reasonably hope that the United States will give her attention chiefly to minding her own business. She certainly has business enough of her own to mind.



It would be difficult to find in New England a higher representative of her best thought and life than ex-Governor Long. He is a true type of the conscientious, high-minded, and cultivated gentleman, the product of the Puritan character when modified by the influence of the ripest culture and the consequent largeness of human sympathy—a type that shows a respect for the liberty of the individual which the Puritan did not always show. Mr. Gage's biography, which we have epitomized below, is his best eulogy. An independent Republican, in sympathy with the party on the tariff and financial issues, ready to give international bimetallism a trial if other nations are ready to try it, but an earnest opponent of free silver coinage as sure to lead to silver monometallism, a banker recognized by the bankers of the country as one of the ablest in his calling, yet by his Christian courtesy and fair dealing—but by no demagogic arts or approach thereto—winning the respect and admiration of workingmen and labor leaders even in Chicago, where the class lines are sharp and the class battle has been fierce, sacrificing his own private interests in order to serve the public, eminent as a philanthropist and a Christian, despite, perhaps because of, the modesty which shuns eminence, Mr. Gage accepts the portfolio of the Treasury Department with the confidence and the best wishes of the whole country, of all sections, classes, and parties. If any one can bring order out of chaos, propose a financial scheme which will secure justice to both debtor and creditor, furnish adequate currency without depreciating it, and win for the plan that public confidence without which any plan, whatever it is, will be foredoomed to failure, it will be Mr. Gage. The difficulty of his problem will be second only to that of Necker under Louis XVI. Let us hope that his honesty and ability may meet with a different issue.



Of the three men who are known positively to have accepted portfolios in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, Senator Sherman is seventy-four years old, Mr. Gage and General Alger each sixty-one. It is now almost fifty years since Mr. Sherman entered political life, for in 1848 he was a

delegate to the Whig Convention which nominated Winfield Scott. As a young man he left college and became a civil engineer in order to be self-supporting, was driven from this work by political influence, and became a lawyer. A sketch of Mr. Sherman's political career would almost cover the political history of half a century. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1855, and first took a seat in the Senate in 1861; from 1877 to 1881 he was Secretary of the Treasury, and the resumption of specie payment took place under his auspices. He has three times (1880, 1884, and 1888) been prominent as a Presidential possibility, and in 1888 he received 249 votes in the Convention. Mr. Gage, we believe, is not a college graduate. Academy, post-office, railway agent, bank clerk, bookkeeper, were the steps of his education and entrance into business life. For nearly forty years he has been active in Chicago banking and financial circles. He was one of the three men who entered into a personal guarantee that Chicago would carry out its pledge to raise \$10,000,000 for the World's Fair, and he was one of the Board of Directors of the great Exposition. The Chicago "Tribune" describes the character of his financial training by saying: "He is not a Wall Street man. He has had nothing to do with Wall Street. He never has been a stock-broker, or a stock-jobber, or a railroad speculator, or a speculator of any kind. His business has been of a different sort, relating to the investment of the millions intrusted to him in the moving of crops and in the development of the resources of the great West." General Russell A. Alger, the future Secretary of War, had a highly honorable career in the Civil War, was wounded twice and captured once, and at the end was a Brigadier-General. He has made a large fortune in the lumber business, and has been Governor of Michigan.

Our attention has been called to an error which we made in our issue for January 23 in commenting upon the work of the Monetary Convention at Indianapolis. The newspapers reported, and we therefore stated, that the final resolutions of the Convention called for legislation

by Congress which should impose upon President Cleveland the duty of appointing a Commission to consider the financial question in its entirety. Our not unnatural comment was that a Republican Congress could not be reasonably asked to authorize a Democratic President to shape a financial policy for a Republican administration to carry into effect. Our criticism of the recommendations of the Convention is nullified by a reading of the original resolutions, an authorized copy of which now lies before us. They do not refer to President Cleveland, but expressly provide that the proposed Commission shall be appointed by Mr. McKinley after his inauguration. Thus the entire work will be in the hands of the new administration. But as the Indianapolis Convention definitely declared in favor of the maintenance by the country of the present gold standard, and as Mr. McKinley is generally thought to be heartily in favor of attempting to bring about International Bimetallism, we should suppose that if he appoints the proposed Commission some of its members might be *persona non grata* to the permanent Executive Committee chosen at Indianapolis.

The Civil Service Reform Association of New York issues an effective address to the clergy of this State to arouse their interest in defense of Civil Service Reform against an anticipated assault by its enemies. The Constitution, as is well known, incorporates the principle of Civil Service Reform in a provision which requires that all appointments shall be based upon competitive examinations when practicable. To evade this provision the proposal is now made that each department shall appoint the examiners and make the rules regulating the examination. The Association well says that "ample experience has already proven that under such a system the examinations would tend to become a fraud and a sham." It cites as evidence of this the Federal experience under the laws of 1853 and 1855. As an illustration of the kind of examinations provided by this system it cites the experience of Colonel Silas Burt, who in 1869, on his application for appointment as clerk at the Naval Office,

was subjected on examination to such questions as: "What is the capital of the United States? How much is eight times eight?" Having answered these questions with perfect correctness, he secured the appointment. There is no question that the scheme of which the Reform Association gives the clergy warning is devised in the interest of Civil Service Reform, and that the only hope of defeating it is in an aroused and indignant public sentiment. We advise any readers interested in the purification of politics in the State of New York to send a two-cent stamp to the Civil Service Reform Association, 54 William Street, New York City, for a copy of this address.



Whether it is wise to throw a sop to Cerberus depends upon two questions: Who is the Cerberus? and What is the sop? Generally the only result is that Cerberus turns again and rends the giver. The Constitutional Convention of New York State adopted the clause prohibiting labor in the prisons of the State, not because the Convention thought it wise, but because some delegates representing labor organizations demanded it, and because it was argued that the amendment could be taken out of the Constitution again by another special amendment before it could become operative. But this has not been done. And now the State faces a frightful condition of affairs in its penal institutions. It is not chiefly that honest, industrious men must work to support criminals in idleness; it is not chiefly that some criminals will be driven into insanity or suicide by enforced idleness, as one or two have been already; it is that the very end and object of all penal institutions is set at naught by such a provision. That object is the reformation of the offender; and reformation means habituating to a life of honest productive industry those who have been habituated to live upon the products of the industry of other men. It is true that the *contract* prison-labor system, under which men sold the product of prison labor at prices below that at which the products of paid labor could be profitably sold, and by underbidding

posed to do so), was very bitterly, and not without some reason, opposed by organized labor. But we do not believe that the same objection would be felt against prison labor on State account, as it is called, if properly conducted, and if the prison authorities took the market price to determine the prices of prison products. In short, in this case the Cerberus was probably a bogey, and the sop thrown to quiet him involves nothing less than the abandonment of all attempt to cure crime and reform the criminal.



The folly of incorporating such a clause in the Constitution, against the protest of the Convention's most eminent leader, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, is the greater because the experiment had been tried by *law* and had proved so disastrous that the law was almost immediately repealed. We copy here from the New York "Tribune" its "deadly parallel column," giving the essential parts of both provisions:

Yates Law, Chapter 586, Laws of 1888.

No motive power machinery for manufacturing purposes shall be placed or used in any of the penal institutions of the State; and no person in such institutions shall be required or allowed to work, while under sentence thereto, at any trade or industry where his labor, or the production of profit of his labor, is farmed out, contracted, given, or sold to any person or persons whomsoever.

Revised Constitution, 1894, Article III., Section 29.

The Legislature shall by law provide for the occupation and employment of prisoners sentenced to the several State prisons, penitentiaries, jails, and reformatories in the State; and on and after the first day of January in the year 1897 no person in any such prison, penitentiary, jail, or reformatory shall be required or allowed to work, while under sentence thereto, at any trade, industry, or occupation, wherein or whereby his work or the product or profit of his work, shall be farmed out, contracted, given, or sold to any person, firm, association, or corporation.

This provision of the Constitution will unquestionably be repealed by the people as soon as it can be submitted to them, but that cannot be for three years. Meanwhile the clause in the Constitution does not prohibit certain forms of labor. All work required by the State could be done

in the prisons. This would include making clothing for prisoners, perhaps uniforms for State militia, some forms of State printing, etc. But while the Constitution would not prohibit this, the industries now dependent for support upon the demand of the State for their products would protest against the disorganization involved in so radical a change, and probably in many cases there are contracts which run for some time to come. Work on the roads of the State is suggested. This would be constitutional; but whether it would be feasible can probably be determined only by prison experts. It would involve considerably increased expense for guards, and, if the work were done at a distance from the prisons, would involve difficulties in providing food and shelter. These difficulties may not be, we trust they are not, insuperable. But they are serious, and to surmount them will require experience, patience, and genius.



That this absurd provision is already compelling prison experts to put their best thought on the problem of how to bring some good out of the evil is indicated by the report just issued of the State Prisons Commission, which recommends that, in connection with the productive industries required for public institutions, the convicts be classified and graded, and in the upper grades compulsory education, physical training, and trades classes be instituted; that the Judges act upon the provision of law permitting indeterminate sentences, so that convicts who are reformed can be sent out on parole, and finally discharged, at the end of one or two years, with a fair education and a good trade, and equipped for an industrious life; and, finally, that the Warden of Clinton Prison be given control of all State land within ten miles of that prison, so that he can employ convicts on improved land now occupied by squatters. These all seem to us excellent recommendations.



This winter the distress among the poor seems to be almost as great as it was three winters ago. There are not, apparently, quite as many people out of work as there were then; but those

who then had savings to fall back upon are now obliged to appeal to public charity. In this city the manager of the United Hebrew Charities says that among the Hebrews the suffering is even greater than it was in the winter of 1893-4. The financial secretary of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor reports that, "owing to the continued financial depression, subscriptions to the relief fund have seriously decreased, while applications for relief have multiplied." The general agent of the same society reports that the present crisis is "fully as severe as that of the hard winter of 1893-4. The men who are now thronging the [labor] bureau for positions are of a higher grade than a year ago, indicating that those whose small savings have tided them over are now compelled to seek assistance." In Chicago Mayor Swift has made a public appeal for a relief fund, and has received in response generous contributions. From St. Louis comes the same complaint of men out of work, out of savings, and out of credit. There is danger that Washington's Birthday may be celebrated by a procession of the unemployed. Wherever there are vacancies the number of applications is a saddening spectacle. Dr. Rainsford makes the sensible suggestion that in these times men should not only give all they can, but should be willing to invest, at a low rate of profit, in order to employ hands, and should, above all things, try to have among their friends families in more than one rank in society. If classes were not so widely separated, the feeling of sympathy would be stronger, more help would be extended, and the help that is extended would be infinitely more helpful.



The sub-committee on legislation of the Committee of Fifty organized in 1893 to study the liquor problem has made its report. It appears in the form of an article by President Eliot, of Harvard, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for February. President Eliot and his associates on the sub-committee, President Low and Mr. James C. Carter, have spent several thousand dollars in investigating the workings of the liquor laws in Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and South Carolina. The con-

clusions reached corroborate the facts and views often presented in *The Outlook*. President Eliot reports that prohibitory laws as exemplified in Maine and Iowa have resulted in the removal of the temptations of the saloon in districts where public sentiment has supported the law. He urges, however, that they have had "unlooked-for effects" in schooling "a whole generation of lawbreakers in evasion and shamelessness," and breeding "contempt for the public service." Whether the public service is in greater contempt in Maine and Iowa than in the license States between them is not stated. Regarding local option, President Eliot reports in favor of the Missouri system, by which the residents in any county may vote to exclude the saloon from the rural districts even if the county town votes to license them, and a majority of the property-owners on any block or square may prevent a saloon from being located thereon.



In Missouri the question of license or no-license can be submitted only once in four years. In the license States and cities the power to grant or withhold licenses is so emphatically a power to enrich or impoverish saloon-keepers as to endanger the corruption of the officials. President Eliot seems to commend the Ohio system, by which the payment of a tax secures equally to all applicants the right to conduct a saloon. He makes the businesslike suggestion that where the rental value of property is greatly increased by the possession of a license, the license fee should be raised so as to cover this increase. Regarding the South Carolina dispensary law, President Eliot reports that it has been enforced with exceptional success because the Governor of the State has power to organize a metropolitan police force in any city where the local officers fail to do their duty. The statistics relating to drinking and drunkenness under different systems he declares to be unsatisfactory and inconclusive except in South Carolina, where the decrease in drunkenness under the dispensary system has been marked. President Eliot is inclined to attribute this decrease largely to the fact that the dispensaries close at six o'clock.

The retiring message of Governor Evans to the Legislature of South Carolina is a spirited defense of the Dispensary Law. He declares that the city press has "magnified into an embezzlement" every error in bookkeeping, and "characterized as oppressive" every arrest of the illicit liquor-dealer. This misrepresentation he believes to have destroyed popular faith in the press. "The Dispensary Law," he declares, "is stronger to-day than at any time since its enactment." Governor Evans reports an increase in the net profits of the dispensary, and a decrease in the number of arrests for violations of the law. To the criticism that he violated the principle of home rule in organizing a metropolitan police force in the city of Charleston, he replies that if "home rule" means "the absolute power of a municipality to abrogate and nullify the statute laws," he does not believe in home rule.



The only serious embarrassment to the enforcement of the law is the decision of the Federal Courts that liquor manufactured in other States can be imported by citizens of South Carolina without passing through the hands of the dispensary authorities. In accordance with this decision—which the United States Supreme Court has now sustained—any resident in South Carolina can import as much liquor as he wishes without paying any tax to the State. With this decision it will be impossible for the dispensary system to yield a large revenue, for any rise in the price of liquor would make more profitable the illicit traffic. So long, however, as the South Carolina dispensaries sell liquor at a small profit, relatively few citizens will care to import from other States and attempt to sell at the risk of the penitentiary. It is worthy of note that the success of South Carolina in confining the liquor traffic to the dispensaries—where neither loafing nor treating is permitted, and where, in fact, no liquor is sold to be drunk on the premises—is leading to the introduction of dispensary bills in several State Legislatures. In Alabama a dispensary law has already passed the Senate, while in North Carolina and South Dakota similar bills are under discussion.

The Government crop reports for 1896 show that the farmers received somewhat less for their cereals than in 1895. The price of wheat was high, but the crop was small; the crop of corn was large, but the price was low; and as to oats, the farmers suffered the evils of a short crop and low prices combined. What makes the report of peculiar value is a comparison of the crops and prices last year with those of the six years beginning in 1890, and the ten years beginning in 1880. The figures run as follows:

WHEAT		
	Production (bushels).	Farm Price.
1896.....	428,000,000	72.6 cents.
1890-95.....	475,000,000	64.8 "
1880-89.....	450,000,000	82.7 "
CORN		
	Production (bushels).	Farm Price.
1896.....	2,284,000,000	21.5 cents.
1890-95.....	1,692,000,000	38.8 "
1880-89.....	1,703,000,000	39.3 "
OATS		
	Production (bushels).	Farm Price.
1896.....	707,000,000	18.7 cents.
1890-95.....	675,000,000	30.4 "
1880-89.....	584,000,000	30.9 "

It will be observed that the increase in these crops has hardly kept pace with the increase in our population. The mono-metallist theory that these crops have fallen in price because of over-production is difficult to maintain. The logical conclusion is that they have fallen in price because money has risen in value.



Last week business failures declined in number as compared with the previous week and with the corresponding time last year; bank clearings also declined as compared with the previous week, but increased as compared with the like period a year ago. The rate for money on call remained at $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 per cent., and, on time, 2 per cent. for sixty days to 3 per cent. for six months. Quotations for railway stocks and bonds have advanced, special inducements being found in the conclusion of the Ohio coal-road rate war, in the rumors of a union of interests in the Northwest, and in the selection of Mr. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. This last-named event had much to do with the reawakening of the foreign demand for our securities. A remark-

able business has been done in Government bonds, the 4's scoring another advance and reaching the highest point yet attained. The "Soo" line has notified the Inter-State Commerce Commission that its proportional tariff will not go into effect until the middle of February. This reduction is viewed with apprehension by the trunk line people, since it has been aimed at the Chicago and St. Louis roads. It is surmised that general rate-cutting may follow. The Northwest furnished a third item of interest to the business world last week in the contract made for the shipments of flour by the new Canal and Lake Company. The New York "Tribune" reports Mr. C. A. Pillsbury, speaking for a group of Western millers, as saying:

"The experience of the year has convinced the freight originators of the Northwest that they must be freed from the danger of trunk line tyranny, otherwise the vast interests involved in the production of food, both by farmer and miller, are menaced by a total loss of profit. The danger of a total annihilation of profit at the will of half a dozen joint traffic managers so thoroughly alarmed millers and shippers that it was determined to provide against such a fatality. This was found possible by making available the all-water route entirely independent of Eastern roads."

The new company has procured guarantees of freight tonnage enough to justify New York State and city authorities to provide canal conveniences and harbor terminals sufficient for free transfer storage. In spite of the growth of other ports, New York has made no increase, owing to the expensiveness of terminals. In consequence of these facts, the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce at Washington last week gave a hearing on the bill providing for an amendment to the third section of the Inter-State Commerce Law, which was supposed to require all railways to give equal facilities for the interchange of traffic. It seems that the existing law permits the perpetuation of terminal charges in New York Harbor greater than those elsewhere. Partly owing to this, New York has been surpassed by other ports in the ratio of increase. In 1895 New York's exports of breadstuffs equaled those from Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk, Newport News, New-Orleans, and Galveston; in 1896 the exports of breadstuffs from the latter six ports were

half as much again as those from New York.



Now that the Laurier Ministry has completed the first half-year of its administration, Canadian Liberals are not unnaturally congratulating themselves at what has already been achieved. In the first place, there has been a settlement of the Manitoba school question—a settlement which will remain in spite of the pastorals from French-Canadian Roman Catholic bishops. It is now announced that the hatred manifested by the prelates has reached such a degree that they are ready to refuse the sacraments of the Church to all Catholics who accept the terms of the Government. They have not, however, dared to issue any decree more far-reaching than those which have already come from the Quebec Diocese, owing to the fact that the English-speaking bishops are not prepared to adhere to extreme measures. The Liberal Ministry deserves to be congratulated also on the perfecting of arrangements for a complete chain of cold storage from Canadian railway stations through the shipping ports to the English market. In his speech at Montreal last week the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, declared that three hundred creameries would have cold-storage chambers; that the railways would provide refrigerator-cars to the large centers where cold-storage warehouses are built or will be built, and that at the great shipping points arrangements have been made to provide cold storage until the products are put on the steamship. Mr. Fisher has also arranged weekly steamship services to the chief ports in England. He believes that all these arrangements will result, not only in a large increase in exports, but also in a substantial advance in prices. Canadian food products are equal to, if not better than, anything on the English market. But, owing to the long journey, in nine cases out of ten they deteriorate before reaching that market. The new Liberal Government has been able to reduce largely the expenditure in the post-office department; it has revised the mail contract, and it has reduced the cost of printing the Dominion bank-notes. It is said that arrangements have also been

made for the removal of the quarantine restrictions on Canadian cattle entering the United States.



The recent agitation regarding anti-option legislation in this country gives to us especial interest in the new German law prohibiting dealings in "futures." According to the regulations of this law, the immediate supervision of the Berlin Exchanges is to be intrusted to a commission composed of the oldest members of the Berlin Guild of Merchants, but in other respects the management is controlled by a special committee of thirty-two members from the Berlin Bourse, of whom twenty-four must be active dealers. In the case of the Berlin Produce Exchange, the committee of control must include five representatives from agricultural interests and two from the milling trade. The hours on 'Change are from twelve till two daily; as the clock strikes two the official quotations must be settled according to the information which is furnished by brokers especially appointed and sworn to that end. Actual prices must be fixed by members of the committee. It is arranged that daily quotations shall be listed for stocks and bonds, and tri-weekly quotations for foreign rates of exchange. There must also be daily quotations for corn, oil, spirits, etc. The item most interesting to a statistician is the regulation for publishing at the end of each month an average price, based on the business done during the month. While the new law gives satisfaction to those who have espoused it, there is a strong opposition, not only in Berlin, but also in some of the other towns where the dealings on 'Change have not been above reproach. In some cases there has been a decided rebellion against the existing Exchanges, and free associations have been formed. It is even said that the "free associations" will band together and fight the Government, claiming that the severity of the anti-future law is due to the Emperor's temporary subserviency to the Agrarians. The whole matter, while one of great complication, is of equal interest.



The return of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to England and the success of Mr. Cham-

berlain's motion to inquire into the affairs of the British South Africa Company call attention to the African continent in general and to South Africa in particular. The havoc caused by the rinderpest, the famine, the Matabele rising, the Jameson raid, and the impending demand from President Kruger for an indemnity, are not cheering items for Englishmen to contemplate. In his annual report the administrator of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, Lord Grey, justly foresees a "year of privation and higher prices." The resentment felt across the border has not become much less during the year. The Dutch inhabitants of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State are perhaps the nearest approach of any people to the Puritans of New England—they are narrow and sometimes bigoted, but they are thrifty, genuinely religious, and sternly independent. The story of Majuba Hill ought to be a sufficient lesson to the British that the Dutch will resist anything that interferes with their liberty. A proper examination into the affairs of the British South Africa Company (generally known as the Chartered Company) will do much to lessen the feeling of Dutch dissatisfaction with the British Colonial Office. Another chartered corporation, the Royal Niger Company, is now having its share of trouble. Its governor, Sir George Goldie, has organized a punitive expedition, which will take vengeance for the massacre of Englishmen in Benin, on the west coast. The Niger Company claim over half a million square miles as theirs, with no less than 30,000,000 inhabitants. A great difficulty, both to natives and foreigners, has been that the boundaries of English, French, and German territories in that part of Africa are still undefined. That is no reason, however, for perpetuating a company which, like the South African and the East African, no matter how useful in the past, may have outlived that usefulness. There is a growing sentiment that these companies must now give place to direct Government control. In the East the great event has been Italy's announcement that she would abandon her Erythrea colony on the Red Sea—the most sensible thing to do. It is a pity that it was not done in time to prevent the Adaua slaughter.

Shall We Suspect England?

Careful investigation has convinced us that the general public impatience at the policy of delay and obstruction apparently adopted by the United States Senate towards the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty is not entirely just. This impatience, in which we have warmly shared, has grown from the feeling that the Senate is hesitating to ratify the treaty from motives of petty political jealousy toward President Cleveland and Secretary Olney; or from a real, inborn, blustering, anything-to-twist-the-Lion's-tail spirit. That there has been some of this spirit manifest is true, but the real ground of objection to the treaty in the Senate has been more dignified and more worthy of attention. As a result of correspondence and personal interview we may epitomize this ground of objection somewhat as follows:

"The pretensions of England to territory as recognized by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty have been persistently and greatly enlarged. We believe that English diplomacy is constantly exerted to prevent the building of the canal. All this is done in a way very difficult to detect. While the evidence of it is indirect, the results furnish the best indication of her intrigue. The truth is, and we may as well look it in the face, that England is a preposterous claimant everywhere in the world, going just as far with her claims for territorial extensions and commercial aggrandizement as she dares to go without encountering forcible opposition. Her diplomatic history has been one of continual aggression both in this country and everywhere else. Is it not fair to suppose that when once she has provided that all differences shall be submitted to arbitration, her claims will be indefinitely enlarged? When she no longer fears they are to be resisted, those who have been careful students of her policy cannot but anticipate that new claims, very aggravating in their character, will be put forth for the very purpose of being submitted to arbitration, in the hope that through her great influence and, if the word is not too shocking, chicanery, she may get some of her claims allowed. We have had a great many arbitrations with Great Britain. In every instance but one, that of the Geneva award, we have got the worst of it, and since then she has more than wiped out by 'arbitrations' the advantage that we gained by that award. The United States does not seek extension or aggrandizement. We shall never do so with the expectation of enforcing our claims by arbitration. All our knowledge of Great Britain leads us to suppose and to believe that she will. We think that we can see many directions in which, the moment this treaty is ratified, she will begin to push claims which have lain comparatively dormant because she felt that

the United States would not submit to their being pushed."

This statement puts, we believe, before our readers, as clearly as they can be put, the grounds upon which some of the Senators base their objection to the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. While we believe that these suspicions of England's motives in entering upon the treaty are unwarranted, they are not only indicative of a genuine and definite feeling in the Senate, but are also typical of an attitude of mind towards England which is characteristic of not a small number of Americans. But not even a justifiable doubt concerning the purity of England's record in the past, or of her attitude in the present, warrants the United States in either rejecting the treaty or refraining from a hearty and cordial assent to it.

A convincing answer to the argument that England's attitude towards the United States is suspicious is given in a letter to the New York "Tribune" by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D. Dr. Bradford has special facilities for understanding the temper and spirit of the English people. He has spent a great deal of time in that country, is well known there, and is closely connected in many ways with English thought and English public opinion. He says:

"Senator Joseph R. Hawley a year ago, at a meeting of the alumni of Hamilton College, said: 'There are two powers in the world that never sleep; the first is the Pope in Rome, and the second is the British Government.' He added: 'Mind, I say, the Government, not the English people.' The latter part of Senator Hawley's statement has been repeated many times during the discussion on arbitration. It entirely overlooks one fundamental fact: namely, that now the British Government is even more responsive to the British people than is the American Government to the American people. During the last summer I heard an eminent member of Parliament make this statement: 'English politics has witnessed during the last few months one of the most astounding events in its history—it has seen a Cecil, before daring to act, waiting to consult the English people.' The occurrence to which this gentleman referred was the fact that Lord Salisbury, before he took action on the Venezuelan matter, waited for the British people to express their wishes. In other words, to-day, perhaps more fully than anywhere else in the world, in England the Government represents the people.

"Whatever may have been true in the past, this is true at the present, as any one who has an intimate personal knowledge of English social and political life well understands. It is often said

that the English people are favorable to the United States, but the English Government is not. That on its face is an absurdity. The English Government is favorable because the English people will hear of no other attitude. This fact goes a long way toward answering the suggestion that behind the treaty England has some ulterior design. Whatever may be thought of the relations of the English people to other nations, every one who is at all acquainted with the facts as they are to-day knows well that the spirit of friendliness and of pride in our progress is nearly, if not quite, universal in Great Britain."

Dr. Bradford has, it seems to us, fairly interpreted the feelings of England and the English people towards the United States. But, admitting that England is as black as she is painted by those Senators who suspect her, we are still left to face the aggressions and encroachments upon our rights which they fear in one of two ways, by war or by law. For our part, we ardently and hopefully desire to try the method of law, believing that it will be successful.



Large Literary Enterprises

An English critic, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in a recent speech in this city, commented on the fact that so little literary work of the elaborate kind is now done in this country, and, by way of illustration, cited the case of historical writing. His attention was called to the fact that the American historians of the last generation were men of independent means, and therefore in a position to give themselves up entirely to research and the slow composition which research involves. His attention might also have been called to the fact that historical writing of an extensive and elaborate kind is still done in this country. Never before, it is safe to say, has there been such interest in American history as exists to-day, and never before has so much work been put into research in the home field. Of the leading American historians of the past, Motley and Prescott dealt with the records of other races and countries, while Parkman and Bancroft gave themselves to the unveiling of early life on this continent. It is significant that the historical movement of to-day is concentrated on American history almost exclusively. That movement is widely extended, and has set a great many people at work in local fields,

with very great advantage to the cause of historical study.

But it has not lacked its monuments of research and industry, its elaborate and extended narrative work. Indeed, when one stops to think of it, historical writing relating to our own development as a nation has never been so vital and extensive as to-day. Mr. Winsor has made contributions, not only of lasting value, but of great bulk as well, to our historical literature; Mr. Schouler has put a considerable list of volumes on the shelves; Mr. McMaster is working out a very ambitious plan; Mr. John Fiske is quietly adding volume to volume until we begin to see that he is likely to give us a comprehensive popular history of the most valuable and delightful kind; Mr. Rhodes has done an admirable piece of work; and to this very incomplete list must be added the name of Dr. Edward Eggleston, the first volume of whose "History of Life in America" is commented upon in another column. This work is one of the most extensive yet undertaken by an American; many years have been already devoted to the necessary research by a writer who has, at the same time, worked industriously in other fields in order to command the time and means necessary for historical study. This has seemed to *The Outlook* so interesting and worthy of intelligent recognition that it has asked Dr. Eggleston to talk familiarly to its readers regarding his aims and methods. Dr. Eggleston was for a long time intimately associated with *The Outlook*—when it was *The Christian Union*—as an editorial contributor.

Dr. Eggleston has naturally passed over in silence the persistence, patience, labor, and self-sacrifice involved in surrendering the more remunerative forms of literary work for the severe and prolonged task of research and the slow and protracted writing of history. Of these things Dr. Eggleston has not spoken, but it is well that American readers should be reminded of them. Seriousness in literary work is not so common that when it bears the fruit of self-sacrifice it may be wisely ignored. That the English critic was astray in assuming that sustained work in literature and history is no longer done in this country is evident; it was one of those assumptions so easily

made which rest on an inadequate survey of the facts. It is well also, in commenting on this matter, to recall the fact that Miss Wormeley has just published the fortieth volume of her translation of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine;" an undertaking of heroic magnitude, carried to a successful conclusion with rare intelligence, skill, and judgment. Such a piece of work shows that the old strain of intellectual courage and moral fortitude is still in the blood, and that the easily written journalistic sketch is not yet the limit of literary aspiration and capacity in America.



Luxury

A few earnest words from the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford against ostentatious extravagance on the part of the rich at a time when thousands of the poor are suffering unusual want, have called down upon him a storm of criticism, which continues so many days and extends over so wide a territory as to partake of the nature of a deluge. From one end of the country to the other the defenders of fashionable folly are declaring that extravagance is not a waste of wealth but a relief of want, and that ostentatious luxury, instead of being reprehensible, is one of the most beneficent charities to the poor.

Most of this criticism is, fortunately, of a character that defeats itself. For example, in one daily paper before us we find letters calling for "more \$250,000 balls," and denouncing pastors like Dr. Rainsford as "worse than anarchists." Such criticisms as these do not call for reply, but the fact that they can be made shows the need that educators and ministers shall go back to first principles and teach the A B C's of political economy and Christian morality.

It is urged that the prodigality of Dives "puts money in circulation," and that the greater the expenditure the greater the well-being of the poor. This is simply an old foe with a new face. It is the same argument as that of the Colorado bankers who shocked the conscience of the country by petitioning Governor Waite for the toleration of gambling-dens because they "put money in circulation." It is the same argument as that of the

metropolitan journal which shocked the common sense of the country by discovering that the Chicago fire was a blessing to industry by requiring such an immense expenditure of money to replace the buildings swept away by the conflagration. It is the same argument that in all ages has been used to defend the profligate waste of public money upon the debaucheries of courts and the butcheries of war. Gambling, arson, immorality, and warfare have all been condoned because they "put money in circulation," and we need not feel dismayed because ostentatious expenditure is now defended on the same ground.

The argument of the defenders in all cases is the same. They point out that the money which is spent is not destroyed, but is received by others. This is perfectly true. The same amount of money remains, no matter how wisely it may be invested or how foolishly it may be wasted. But the wealth and well-being of society do not remain the same. If the whole world should stop productive labor, and devote itself to playing dice until the last man starved to death, the amount of money in circulation would not be diminished.

Waste is none the less waste because it puts money in circulation. Whether money is given, or invested, or squandered, the same amount remains in circulation, and the same amount of labor is employed. Wealth is truly wealth only when it supplies rational want, and the duty to spend only upon rational wants—whether material or æsthetic or spiritual—is one that rests upon us all, no matter how small may be our incomes. Philanthropy has generally expressed itself in gifts, because through these wealth has been made to minister to the largest amount and the highest forms of want. But the well-to-do who have not given, but have invested, rank higher as public servants than those who have squandered; for their money has immediately employed as much labor, and the resulting capital has gone on through the future serving society as well as yielding further income to its possessors, and taxes to the public treasury. The wealth that is squandered in ministering to irrational wants is worse than lost—it is wasted. When this waste takes place within sight

of human suffering, the self-indulgence becomes an offense against society.



The Story of Jonah

Recent reports, on the one hand of a sermon of Dwight L. Moody, on the other of a sermon of Lyman Abbott, referring to the story of Jonah, have awakened a considerable degree of public interest on this subject. How absolutely false was the report of Dr. Abbott's sermon and its effect, given in one of New York's sensational journals and thence extensively copied throughout the country, our readers will find stated on another page of this issue; and we very much doubt the accuracy of the report that Mr. Moody in his sermon affirmed or implied that the rejection of the historical accuracy of the Jonah story was equivalent to a rejection of Christ, and that one could not be a Christian unless he accepted the Book of Jonah as historical. But probably the views of these two men may be taken as typical—the one of the opinion that the Jonah story is a history which depends for its value on its historical accuracy, the other that it is a satire, conceived in the spirit of Oriental imagination and depending for its value on the moral lesson of which it is a vehicle.

It ought not to be necessary to say that one view is as reverent as the other. One does not treat the parable of the trees in Judges, chapter ix., irreverently because he sees in it a satire on the political folly of the men of Shechem, which is as applicable to our time as to Jotham's; nor the picture of the descent of the King of Babylon into Hades irreverently because he reads in it a bitter sarcasm on the short-lived majesty of that monarch; nor the parable of the Prodigal Son irreverently because he thinks it a purely imaginary story conceived by Christ to illustrate the contrast between divine forgiveness and the Pharisaic spirit. As little is it lacking in reverence to see in the story of Jonah and the great fish a satire on the narrowness of certain Judaistic teachers of the second or third century before Christ, and an exposition, in contrast, of "the wideness of God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea." Nor is there anything in Scripture, except the structure of

the book itself, to determine for the reverent student of the Bible which of these views he shall take. The only passage cited is the verse in Matthew: "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." The Pharisees had demanded of Christ a sign. According to both Matthew and Luke, he refused to give any sign; according to Luke, he added that "as Jonah was a sign to the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of man be to this generation." That his words stop here, and that the additional words in Matthew are a note added, possibly by Matthew, more probably by some early copyist, is reasonably believed, because (1) the Ninevites knew nothing, so far as the history indicates, of Jonah's sea experiences; it was at his *preaching*, as Christ himself elsewhere says, that they repented; (2) Christ was not three days and three nights in the heart of the earth, but one day and two nights; (3) and, finally, the very gist of Christ's reply, which was a refusal to give the Pharisees any sign, is set aside by the supposition that he promised them the greatest of all signs—his own resurrection. This sign was given later, but not to them; he appeared only to his own disciples. For these reasons we think, as many Biblical scholars think, that it is a mistake to quote the words given above as the words of Christ.

The reverent student of the Bible, then, may take the story of Jonah as he finds it in the Bible, and from the story itself, its form and structure and spirit, will draw his own conclusion upon this question whether it is history, dependent for its value on its historical accuracy, or a satirical fiction, dependent for its value on the lesson which it conveys. What is the story?

Jehovah tells a prophet to go proclaim to Nineveh its approaching doom. But the prophet does not believe in preaching to pagan peoples. He therefore flees in the opposite direction, goes on board ship at Tarshish, and sets sail. Once out of Palestine he thinks himself out of the jurisdiction of Jehovah, goes down into his cabin, and goes to sleep. A storm arises. The captain summons him to come on deck and join his prayers to

Jehovah with those of the despised heathen sailors to their gods; for the captain does not doubt that it is because of the anger of the gods that the storm has come upon them. The prayers are unavailing; the storm continues; and it is determined to cast lots to decide whose fault has brought on this calamity. The lot falls to Jonah; he confesses, and bids the sailors cast him into the sea; thus Jehovah will be appeased, and the rest saved. The sailors are unwilling to comply; row hard to bring the ship to land; all is in vain; and at last reluctantly these pagans cast the prophet overboard. The storm instantly ceases. A great fish which Jehovah has especially prepared swallows the prophet. He rejoices in the refuge thus providentially prepared, and composes in the belly of the great fish, not a prayer for escape, but a psalm of thanksgiving for the already vouchsafed deliverance. After three days and three nights the great fish vomits the prophet out on the dry land, and, taught by experience, he obeys the second call of Jehovah and goes to Nineveh. It is a three days' walk across the city, but Jonah has gone but one-third the distance, preached but one day, before the whole city repents, and king, peasant, and cattle are clothed in sackcloth and begin a fast. The Lord withholds the threatened doom, and the still narrow-minded prophet is angry. Listen to his remonstrance: "O Jehovah, was not this my saying when I was yet in mine own country? *Therefore* I fled before unto Tarshish *because* I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil." Is there anywhere in literature, sacred or secular, ancient or modern, a keener satire of bigotry than this picture of a petulant prophet, angry because God is gracious to the heathen? He goes out to sit beside the walls of the city, and watch what will become of it. Jehovah prepares a broad-leafed gourd to shelter him, and the prophet is glad. He prepares a worm to destroy the shelter, and the prophet is angered again. To Jehovah's patient remonstrance, "Thou hast mercy on the gourd, and should not I have mercy on this great city?" he can offer no reply, and so the story ends, the prophet in his

childish vexation still sitting outside the wall, unreconciled to God's goodness.

This is, in brief, the story of Jonah. Such scholars as Ewald and Driver regard it as fiction, not because of the miracle of the great fish. That is not a greater miracle than others, not so great as some. But, in the whole scope and spirit and structure of the story, this book reads to these scholars like a product, not merely of imagination, but of Oriental imagination, not merely like a satire, but almost like a caricature. Outside of ecclesiastical circles this story invariably produces a smile. Might not this suggest that it was intended by the author to produce a smile? that he wrote it to smite with ridicule that narrowness of spirit, that religious provincialism, which is more amenable to ridicule than to any other weapon? That a prophet of Jehovah should think to escape from his God by fleeing from the province of Palestine is the first point in this satire; that he who would not preach to pagans is compelled to mingle his prayer with pagans is a second satire; that pagan sailors should do their utmost to save a prophet of Jehovah from the consequence of his own misdoing is a third satire; that he should be angry with the Lord because the Lord is gracious to Nineveh is a fourth satire; that he should care for his gourd and himself, and not for Nineveh and its thousands of inhabitants, is a fifth satire. And over against this picture of ecclesiastical narrowness is set the portrayal of God—who saves the sailors, saves Jonah, saves Nineveh, and compels even this provincial prophet to declare of him that he is "a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest him of the evil." Thus, two thousand years or more before F. W. Faber, the nineteenth-century poet of the love of God, this unknown author of the one humorous book in all Hebrew literature enforces, with a good-natured satire, the lesson which the more modern poet has expressed in the lines:

"But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own."

Whether this view of the story of Jonah is correct or not is open to question. But it is not unchristian, nor irrev-

erent, nor inconsistent with a profound faith in the truth and inspiration of the Bible, and of this particular book in the Bible.



The Outlook Vacation Fund

The first check for furnishing a room in the new winter house at Santa Clara for working-girls who have developed tuberculosis in its incipient stages has been received. The work of the Vacation Society this winter proves how necessary the money at its command is for sick girls. The demand comes for vacations for girls recovering from serious illnesses, who must have change of air and scene—girls prostrated by deep sorrow, who would collapse unless change of scene and air is made possible at once. Wage-earners who have families dependent upon them have been sent away that absolute physical breakdowns might be prevented.

This work is limited only by the money at the Working-Girls' Society's disposal. Two letters received this week from working-girls would be published were it not for the protection that should be given to those who must bear the consciousness of benefits conferred for which they can make no return.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,274 78
East Orange, N. J.....	2 00
Oldtown.....	1 00
The Misses B.....	50 00
E. M. B., Englewood, N. J.....	25 00
L. K. B., Englewood, N. J.....	25 00
C. S. H.....	25 00
A. B. J., North Adams, Mass.....	2 00
Total.....	\$1,404 78



The Spectator

The Spectator has had the good fortune in his time to meet a good many witty people, and to be in the way of making a kind of comparative study of wit. He has noted two things: that able men, as a rule, are witty, and that Americans have the gift of wit more often than that of humor. Both these generalizations need qualification. One sometimes meets very able men and women who are entirely devoid of either wit or humor; but one always misses it in such people, and the lack of it always involves a serious loss. The play of wit is a resource which serves a great mind in many ways; while humor is not only one of the primary and original elements in human life and one of the greatest of original gifts, but it is also a safeguard against eccentricity, morbidness, egotism, and many other

forms of mental unsoundness. A sense of humor preserves men from those mistakes of perspective which bring ridicule in their train. The man who is without humor is very likely to excite it in others.



With the single exception of Dante, all the writers of the highest rank have had humor or wit, and generally both; humor being always, however, the rarer and greater gift. The Italian critics declare that in at least one passage Dante was witty; but it is a question of interpretation even in that case, and one witticism in work of such compass and magnitude might have been purely accidental. So far as Americans are concerned, it must be confessed that, although we have not lacked men of rich, original humor—notably Lowell—we have run more to wit. The alertness, agility, and versatility of the American mind, and its steady and prolonged attempt at moral and intellectual definition, as in New England for instance, tend to develop both the acuteness and the aptitude for seeing things in unusual relations which are characteristic of wit.



We have never made a point of conversing well in this country; one must go to Paris for that skillful play of thought between different minds which becomes, in the hands of experts, as brilliant as good fencing; but we have always had the gift of quickness. In every American city there is a current of *bon mots* setting steadily through the clubs and those drawing-rooms which are congenial to men and women of brains and taste. There are in all these cities men and women whose comments and characterizations are part of the stock in trade of talkers whose wit is a matter of remembrance, and who are glad to enrich themselves with the spoils of other minds. This is as it should be; the man who reports the witticism of another confers a greater favor on us than he who makes the average remark about the average subject. The man of wit has, consequently, the opportunity of serving his kind on a very generous scale; and to be quoted in familiar conversation is a real distinction—something very different from being talked about by the newspapers. There are men in every club whose advent freshens the air and puts everybody on the alert. Such men give life zest and vivacity, and zest and vivacity bring rest and refreshment of spirit. One who knows the social map of the country can put his finger on places here and there which are sources of joy because a witty woman sends forth from thence those quiet streams of clever and amusing comment which make for the

health of nations. One does not trace these streams in the newspapers; if they ran in that channel, they would soon run out. Publicity kills the spontaneity of wit, as it destroys so many other fine things. One may put wit into his writing as Charles Lamb did, or humor into it as Lowell did; but one cannot be witty for regular publication. The charm of wit lies in its unexpectedness and in its closeness to the condition, incident, or occasion which draws its fire. A wit is rarely known save by his associates; he cannot be adequately reported. A good deal of the quality of his wit escapes when it is put into type.



Such a man as the late Mr. Appleton, of Boston, must always be a tradition save to a very few people. It is impossible to reproduce the conditions out of which his best things sprang. There is one memorable day upon which, it is commonly believed, the three cleverest things ever said in Boston came to the birth; but if these witticisms were put on paper, they would lose half their brightness. They need the background of Boston; when they have it, they shine. And Boston, it must be said, has never been without a wit of its own which has been not only very pretty—to recall an adjective once commonly used in this connection—but also extremely keen; a wit with a distinct tendency to sarcasm. The Forefathers may have been men of a very serious habit of mind and speech, but it is noticeable that they began early to develop marvelous keenness of touch on each other's foibles. The trend of their life was toward intellectual acuteness; and if they became somewhat arid by reason of over-refinement and excessive definition, they failed not to gain a quickness of speech which distinctly relieved the solemnity of their intellectual processes. It was a good soil for the growth of wit, and it is still fruitful. It seems a pity that this particular brightness of Boston should not be shared by the country at large; but wit, as has been said, is largely local, and for the most part dependent on its surroundings.



This is notably true of the wit of Dr. Holmes, the most original and affluent of American wits. The Autocrat never ceased to pour out those brilliant comments which made his talk one of the greatest delights of his time; but no one has ever made a chart of that Pactolean stream. One thinks of him as moving in a kind of golden atmosphere, but no one can reproduce that atmosphere. Any biography of him, however true and complete, must seem cold and incomplete;

those who knew him best feel themselves helpless when they try to revive the vanished spell. It was in the personality of the man as he stood rooted in his surroundings, and it could not be carried out of his presence. The Spectator recalls one late afternoon when the Autocrat scintillated and coruscated and overflowed with all manner of brightness, vivacity, and wit; touching one subject after another in swift succession, and imparting to each some special freshness or fun. There was in the two hours' talk a small book of what the printers call "copy," and "copy" the like of which rarely falls to the fortune of the patient typesetter; and the Spectator went away laughing, smiling, thinking, with the feeling that he was rich for all time; but the Spectator could not have put that talk on to paper. Wit, like acting, speaking, and singing, must be content to create a tradition; it cannot leave a history.

What has been said of Boston is true, in a different way, of New York, which has never lacked its men and women of wit; of Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, and New Orleans; of Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The South has a delightful wit, less cutting and more social in its spirit than that of New England; and in some

parts of the West the very air seems to be electrical. The wit at the Denver Club who said that it was impossible to tell the truth about Colorado without lying, illustrated a quickness of insight and a concentration of expression which are far from rare in that section. And it is to be noted that wit in this country is not confined to cultivated people; it is quite as much the gift of the untrained as of the trained, and it seems to grow straight out of the soil in some sections.

It is probable that most of us are witty, but our wit does not come at the right moment; we think of the bright thing when it is too late. This belated cleverness is so exasperating that the Spectator ventures to urge the wisdom of a course recently adopted by an accomplished and distinguished gentleman with whom he happened to be lunching not long ago. As this gentleman was leaving the theater, close on to midnight, a remark was made to him which had a little sting in it, and to which he made a commonplace reply. At the end of a three miles' drive in a cab, a brilliant retort suddenly flashed upon him, he stopped the cab, drove back the three miles to the house of the man who had made the comment, called him up at half-past one, and fired his retort at him!

The Theology of an Evolutionist

VI.—Some Correspondents

By Lyman Abbott

IT has often seemed to me that it would be advantageous to both minister and people if, occasionally, after a sermon or series of sermons, there could be a meeting in which the people should be invited to ask questions on the subject upon which the preacher has spoken, and he should hold himself ready to respond to their questionings. Indeed, I am just now trying this experiment in Plymouth Church, where, at the close of every evening's sermon, in a series on The Bible as Literature, those who desire are invited to gather in the lecture-room for this purpose. The lecture-room is always crowded, and the questionings confer this threefold benefit: they intensify the interest of the audience, who are during the sermon alert to see if the minister has left any points unguarded; they reveal to the minister the points at which he has been weak, and the errors

into which he has fallen; and they disclose to him the impression which he has made, which is not infrequently quite different from that which he wished to make, and enable him to correct the misapprehension, either at once or in the next Sunday evening sermon.

In this spirit, turning aside this week from the series on The Theology of an Evolutionist, I devote this paper to an answer to some correspondents, who undoubtedly reflect the feelings or opinions or difficulties of many readers of The Outlook. It is impossible for me to answer personally the many letters thus addressed to me; my public correspondence must be confined to those who desire help in their religious life, for this leaves no time for reply to critics, none for epistolary controversy, and very little even for the thanks which I feel, but too often leave unexpressed, to those who

kindly write me such letters as the following :

Allow me, please, to thank you most heartily for your articles on "The Theology of an Evolutionist." They are just what I have wanted for some time. I am sure they will be extremely helpful to all young ministers especially, who feel that they need a readjustment in their thinking upon the great fundamentals of the faith, with reference to what science has contributed to thought in these later years.

This typical letter represents similar letters of other correspondents ; it expresses exactly what I am trying to do, and therefore affords a substantial answer to a number of other correspondents who seem to misunderstand the scope of these articles. These always courteous critics—for no others have written—endeavor at greater or less length to controvert, in whole or in part, the doctrine of evolution. One asks, If man be developed from a lower animal, why shall we not suppose that all lower animals will become men ? another, how embryology traces the progress of the human germ, and at what point in the progress the differentiation between man and the lower animal takes place ; another insists at great length on the difference between evolution and development, and, accepting apparently the latter, repudiates the former ; another suggests the absence of the "missing link," and still another, that if any of the family of apes have been developed into men, all apes should have been so developed and no apes be left.

All these and kindred questions assume that the object of these articles is to establish the doctrine of evolution. But this is entirely to misunderstand their purpose. One writer asks, proposing his question as a conclusive objection to my method, if I am not acting on the principle, "Assume the truth of evolution and then go ahead." This is exactly what I am doing. I have no desire to persuade Christians to become evolutionists ; I desire to show evolutionists that they can be Christians. My aim is not at all scientific ; it is purely religious. The object of the series might be stated in a sentence thus : Assuming evolution to be true, it does not weaken, it strengthens, Christian faith.

There is a theory of the universe which assumes that matter and force are eternal,

or that they were created ages ago and set in operation by the Creator, and that he, using these forces and this matter, has constructed the universe, which he regulates and controls much as a mechanic builds a locomotive which from time to time he regulates by a series of interventions. One correspondent puts this idea with great clearness :

I get the impression that you regard God as acting directly all the time—the idea of there being any "machinery" being rejected. If a boy throws a stone in the air, do you think that God wills, at that moment, that it shall fall to the ground ? and that in all the operations of nature he is continually willing that they shall go forward as they do, and giving his immediate attention to them all ? Does it not look more reasonable and probable that he has implanted tendencies and willed that they shall continue to operate until he sees fit to change them, rather than that he is each instant consciously willing their continuance ?

This conception of the universe as set in operation by a Great First Cause, but operated continuously by secondary causes, occasionally modified in their action by the original Creator, is one which I formerly entertained, and there is no inherent inconsistency or irrationality in it. It is certainly quite consonant with faith in a living God, in revelation, in incarnation, in atonement, in immortality. But it is rejected to-day by the great mass of scientific thinkers, and by an increasing number of philosophical thinkers. They have seen more and more reason to believe that all forces are one force, and that events formerly attributed to interventions of an apparently arbitrary will are really due to the operation of this one force. They have seen one supposed intervention after another eliminated, and they have come to believe that when the universe is fully understood it will appear that there are no such interventions. We are all agreed that there are fewer than our ancestors thought there were ; the scientist of to-day thinks it probable that there are none. It is not my object to show that the scientist is right, but to show that, *if he is right*, he may still hold to spiritual faith in God, Bible, Christ, Sacrifice. If I were attempting to prove the truth of evolution, I should print, in whole or in part, those letters which criticise evolution, and reply to their

criticisms. But this is not my attempt. I am addressing these articles, not to disbelievers in evolution to prove that they are mistaken, but to believers in evolution to show them that their belief is not inconsistent with the Christian faith: it is inconsistent with much in the old *theology*, but not with anything in the old *faith*.

It is true that I am an evolutionist, and inclined to be a radical evolutionist. Perhaps my correspondents have a right to know why; and, in so far as it is possible, I am quite willing to tell them why, to give account to others of a change which has taken place gradually and almost unconsciously.

In the first place, all biologists are evolutionists—probably without a single exception. They are not all Darwinians—that is, they do not all regard “Struggle for existence and survival of the fittest” as an adequate statement of the process of evolution. Indeed, it may be said that this is no longer by any regarded as a complete summary of the process, even if it were so regarded by Darwin himself, which is doubtful. I am not an expert biologist; few ministers are. We are not competent to pass any independent judgment of value on the question, What is the process of life in its earlier forms? We have not the scientific habit of mind which enables us to sift the evidence and reach a conclusion. How many of those who read this article could pass a creditable examination on the question at issue between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican theories of astronomy, or the atomic and undulatory theory of light? Probably but few. We accept the testimony of the experts when they have reached a conclusion. This is my first reason for being an evolutionist. Practically all scientists, I believe absolutely all biologists, are evolutionists. They have proved themselves careful, painstaking, assiduous students of life. I assume the correctness of their conclusion. I have, indeed, studied somewhat the writings of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall, and the later epitomes of Le Conte, Drummond, and Tyler, and have read something of the criticisms on the other side—enough to see that the hypothesis of evolution has a groundwork of fact and reason. But I accept evolution, as a statement of the process of physical life, not from a personal scientific investigation, which I have not the train-

ing to conduct, but upon the substantially unanimous testimony of those who have such training.

On the other hand, the minister ought to be a special student of the moral life. He ought to know man as a moral actor, literature as the expression of his moral consciousness, history as the record of his moral progress, society as a moral organism. He ought to be able to pass something approximating an expert judgment on the question whether and how far evolution explains “the history of the process” by which the individual man, his literature, his history, his social and political organisms, have come to be what they are. To this subject I have given some years of study, sometimes systematic, sometimes desultory, sometimes in theoretical investigations, sometimes in practical applications. The result of this study has been a conclusion, very gradually formed, that the history of that process is best expressed by the word “evolution”—that is, that the process has been one of continuous progressive growth, from a lower to a higher, from a simpler to a more complex organization, under the influence of resident forces, and in accordance with law.

These two reasons, the substantially unanimous judgment of experts in a department with which I am not familiar, and my own independent judgment in a department with which I have some familiarity, have led me to accept evolution as a history of the process of life; or as “God’s way of doing things.” This change of opinion has not been wrought without much study and some struggle. On every hand are brave and honest men and women, especially in our higher institutions of learning, who have been brought up to think that evolution is almost synonymous with infidelity, but who are being forced to accept evolution as the last and best word which science has to utter, and who think themselves therefore forced to give up the Christian faith, or who attempt to hold on to it in spite of the protests of their intellect. To such these articles are primarily addressed. The object in writing them is not to convince orthodox believers that evolution is true, but to convince believers in evolution that they need not give up their Christian faith because they

have become evolutionists; that, on the contrary, the doctrine of evolution, understood as "God's way of doing things," makes God appear nearer, sin appear a

more terrible reality, the Bible appear more intelligible and more inspiring, and Christ appear a more vital and personal Helper and Saviour.

The Palestine Pilgrim¹

By I. Zangwill

A VAST, motley crowd of poor Jews and Jewesses swayed outside the doors of the great Manchester synagogue, warmed against the winter afternoon by their desperate squeezing and pushing. They stretched from the broad-pillared portico down the steps, and beyond the iron railings, far into the street. The wooden benches of the sacred building were already packed with a perspiring multitude, seated indiscriminately, women and men, with even men in the women's gallery, resentfully conscious of the grating. The hour of the address had already struck, but the body of police strove in vain to close the doors against the mighty human stream that pressed on and on, frenzied with the fear of disappointment and the long wait.

A policeman, worming his way in by the caretaker's entrance, bore to the hero of the afternoon the superintendent's message that unless he delayed his speech till the bulk of the disappointed could be got inside, a riot could not be staved off. And so the stream continued to force itself slowly forward, flowing into every nook and gangway, till it stood solid and immovable, heaped like the waters of the Red Sea. And when at last the doors were bolted, and thousands of swarthy faces, illumined faintly by clusters of pendent gas-globes, were turned towards the tall pulpit where the speaker stood, dominant, against the mystic background of the Ark-curtain, it seemed as if the whole Ghetto of Manchester—the entire population of Strangeways and Redbank—had poured itself into this one synagogue in a great tidal wave, moved by one of those strange celestial influences which have throughout all history disturbed the torpor of the Jewries.

Of these poverty-stricken thousands, sucked hither by the fame of a soldier rumored to represent a Messianic millionaire bent on the restoration and redemp-

tion of Israel, Aaron the Peddler was an atom—ugly, wan, and stooping, with pious ear-locks and a long, fusty coat, little regarded even by those amid whom he surged and squeezed for hours in patience. Aaron counted for less than nothing in a world he helped to overcrowd, and of which he perceived very little. For, although he did not fail to make a profit on his gilded goods, and knew how to wheedle servants at side doors, he was far behind his fellows in that misapprehension of the human hurly-burly which makes your ordinary Russian Jew a political oracle. Aaron's interest in politics was limited to the wars of the Kings of Israel and the misdeeds of Titus and Antiochus Epiphanes. To him the modern world was composed of Jews and heathen; and society had two simple sections—the rich and the poor.

"Don't you enjoy traveling?" one of the former section once asked him, affably. "Even if it's disagreeable in winter, you must pass through a good deal of beautiful scenery in summer."

"If I am on business," replied the peddler, "how can I bother about the beautiful?"

And, flustered though he was by the condescension of the great person, his naïve counter-query expressed a truth. He lived, indeed, in a strange dream-world, and had no eyes for the real except in the shape of cheap trinkets. He was happier in the squalid streets of Strangeways, where strips of Hebrew patched the windows of cook-shops, and where a synagogue was ever at hand, than when striding across the purple moors under an open blue sky, or resting with his pack by the side of purling brooks. Stupid his enemies would have called him, only he was too unimportant to have enemies, the roughs and the children who mocked his passage being actuated merely by impersonal malice. To his friends—if the few who were aware of his

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existence could be called friends—he was a *Schlemihl* (a luckless fool).

“A man who earns a pound a week live without a wife!” complained the Shadchan (marriage-broker) to a group of sympathetic cap-makers.

“I suppose he’s such a *Schlemihl* no father would ever look at him!” said a father with a bunch of black-eyed daughters.

“Oh, but he *was* married in Russia,” said another; “but just as he sent his wife the money to come over she died.”

“And yet you call him a *Schlemihl*!” cried Moshelé, the cynic.

“Ah, but her family stuck to the money!” retorted the narrator, and captured the laugh.

It was true. After three years of terrible struggle and privation, Aaron had prepared an English home for his Peninah, but she slept instead in a Russian grave. Perhaps if his friends had known how he had thrown away the chance of sending for her earlier, they would have been still more convinced that he was a born *Schlemihl*. For within eighteen months of his landing in London docks, Aaron, through his rapid mastery of English and ciphering at the evening classes for Hebrew adults, had found a post as bookkeeper to a clothes-store in Ratcliff Highway. But he soon discovered that he was expected to fake the invoices, especially when drunken sailors came to rig themselves up in mufti.

“Well, we’ll throw the scarf in,” the genial salesman would concede, cheerily. “And the waistcoat?” “One-and-three—a good waistcoat, as clean as new, and dirt cheap, so ’elp me.”

But when Aaron made out the bill he was nudged to put the one-and-three in the columns for pounds and shillings respectively, and even, if the buyer were sufficiently in funds and liquor, to set down the date of the month in the same pecuniary partitions, and to add it up glibly with the rest, calendar and coin together. But Aaron, although he was not averse from honestly misrepresenting the value of goods, drew the line at trickery, and so he was kicked out. It took him a year of nondescript occupations to amass a little stock of mock jewelry wherewith to peddle, and Manchester he found a more profitable center than the metropolis. Peninah dead, profit and holy learning

divided his thoughts, and few of his fellows achieved less of the former or more of the latter than our itinerant idealist.

Such was one of the thousands of souls swarming that afternoon in the synagogue, such one despised unit of a congregation itself accounted by the world a pitiable mass of superstitious poverty, and now tossing with emotion in the dim spaces of the sacred building.

The Oriental imagination of the hearers magnified the simple, soldierly sentences of the orator, touched them with color and haloed them with mystery, till, as the deep gasps and sobs of the audience struck back like blows on the speaker’s chest, the contagion of their passion thrilled him to responsive emotion. And, seen through tears, arose for him and them a picture of Israel again enthroned in Palestine, the land flowing once more with milk and honey, rustling with corn and vines planted by their own hands, and Zion—at peace with all the world—the recognized arbitrator of the nations, making true the word of the Prophet: “For from Zion shall go forth the Law, and the word of God from Jerusalem.”

To Aaron the vision came like a divine intoxication. He stamped his feet, clapped, cried, shouted. He felt tears streaming down his cheeks like the rivers that watered Paradise. What! This hope that had haunted him from boyhood, wafting from the pages of the holy books, was not, then, a shadowy splendor on the horizon’s rim. It was solidity, within sight, almost within touch. He himself might hope to sit in peace under his own fig-tree, no more the butt of the street-boys. And the vague vision, though in becoming definite it had been transformed to earthliness, was none the less grand for that. He had always vaguely expected Messianic miracles, but in that magic afternoon the plain words of the soldier unsealed his eyes, and suddenly he saw clearly that, just as, in Israel, every man was his own priest, needing no mediator, so every man was his own Messiah.

And as he squeezed out of the synagogue, unconscious of the chattering, jostling crowd, he saw himself in Zion, worshipping at the Holy Temple that rose spacious and splendid as the Manchester Exchange. Yes; the Jews must return to Palestine, there must be a great voluntary stream—great, if gradual. Slowly but

surely the Jews must win back their country; they must cease trafficking with the heathen and return to the soil, sowing and reaping, so that the feast of the ingathering might become a reality instead of a prayer-service. Then should the atonement of Israel be accomplished, and the morning stars sing together as at the first day.

As he walked home along the squalid steepes of Fernie Street and Verdon Street and gazed in at the uncurtained windows of the one-story houses, a new sense of their sordidness, as contrasted with that bright vision, was borne in upon him. Instead of large families in one ragged room, encumbered with steamy washing, he saw great farms and broad acres; and all that beauty of the face of earth, to which he had been half-blind, began to appeal to him now that it was mixed up with religion. In this wise did Aaron become a politician and a modern.

Passing through the poulterer's on his way to his room—the poulterer and he divided the house between them, renting a room each—he paused to talk with the group of women who were plucking the fowls, and told them glad tidings of great fowl-rearing farms in Palestine. He sat down on the bed, which occupied half the tiny shop, and became almost eloquent upon the great colonization movement and the “Society of Inhabitants of Zion” which had begun to ramify throughout the world.

“Yes; but if all Israel has farms, who will buy my fowls?” said the poulterer's wife.

“You will not need to sell fowls,” Aaron tried to explain.

The poulterer shook his head. “The whole congregation is gone mad,” he said. “For my part, I believe that when the Holy One, blessed be He, brings us back to Palestine, it will be without any trouble of our own. As it is written, I will bear thee upon eagles' wings.”

Aaron disputed this notion—which he had hitherto accepted as axiomatic—with all the ardor of the convert. It was galling to find, as he discussed the thing during the next few weeks, that many even of those present at the speech read miracle into the designs of Providence and the millionaire. But Aaron was able to get together a little band of brother souls bent on emigrating together to Palestine, there to sow the seeds of the Kingdom, literally

as well as metaphorically. This enthusiasm, however, did not wear well. Gradually, as the memory of the magnetic meeting faded, the pilgrim brotherhood disintegrated, till at last only its nucleus—Aaron—was left in solitary determination.

“You have only yourself,” pleaded the backsliders. “We have wife and children.”

“I have more than myself,” retorted Aaron, bitterly. “I have faith.”

And, indeed, his faith in the vision was unshakable. Every man being his own Messiah, he, at least, would not draw back from the prospective plow to which he had put his hand. He had been saving up for the great voyage, and a little surplus wherewith to support him in Palestine while looking about him. Once established in the Holy Land, how forcibly he would preach by epistle to the men of little faith! They would come out and join him. He—the despised Aaron—the least of the House of Israel—would have played a part in the restoration of his people.

“You will come back,” said the poulterer, skeptically, when his fellow-tenant bade him good-by; and, parodying the sacred aspiration—

“Next year in Manchester,” he cried in genial mockery. The fowl-plucking females laughed heartily, agitating the feathery fluff in the air.

“Not so,” said Aaron. “I cannot come back. I have sold the good will of my round to Joseph Petowski, and have transferred to him all my customers.”

Some of the recreant brotherhood, remorsefully admiring, cheered him up by appearing on the platform of the station to wish him God-speed.

“Next year in Jerusalem!” he prophesied for them, too, recouping himself for the poulterer's profane skepticism.

He went overland to Marseilles, thence by ship to Asia Minor. It was a terrible journey. Piety forbade him to eat or drink with the heathen, or from their vessels. His portmanteau held a little store of provisions and crockery, and dry bread was all he bought on the route. Fleeced and bullied by touts and cabmen, he found himself at last in the stuffy steerage of a cheap Mediterranean steamer, which pitched and rolled through a persistent spell of stormy weather. He had counted on making tea in his own cup with his

own little kettle, but the cook would not trouble to supply him with hot water. And so for days he lay, unregarded, half-dead with seasickness and starvation, but sustained by the great vision drawing hourly nearer and nearer.

At Alexandria he was tantalized for days by the quarantine, so that he must needs fret in the musty steerage long after he had thought to tread the sacred streets of Jerusalem. But at last he found himself on board his final vessel, making straight for the Holy Land, and one magic day the pilgrim, pallid and emaciated, gazed in pious joy upon the white cliffs, the gleaming terraces, of Jaffa. But a cruel white sea still rolled and roared betwixt him and these holy shores, guarded by the rock of Andromeda and tumbling and leaping billows; and the ship lay to outside the ancient harbor, while barges, rowed standing with alternate oars by stalwart Arabs and Syrians in red fez and girdle, clamored for the passengers. Aaron, who had no landing-ticket, could not get himself conveyed under half a sovereign. As his barge pitched and tossed along, a delicious smell of orange-blossom wafted from the orange groves, and seemed to the worn pilgrim a symbol of the marriage betwixt him and Zion. The land of his fathers—there it lay at last, and in a transport of happiness the wanderer had, for the first time in his life, a sense of the restful dignity of an ancestral home. But as the barge labored without apparent progress towards the channel made by the black rocks, over

which the spray flew skywards, a foreboding tortured him that some ironic destiny would drown him in sight of his goal. He prayed silently, and his prayer changed to praise as the boat bumped the landing-stage. Shouldering his portmanteau, which, despite his debilitated condition, was as light as the feathers at the poulterer's, he scrambled ecstatically on to the stone platform and started up the steep road townwards. A ragged official with gilt buttons stopped him.

"Your passport," he said in Arabic. Aaron could not understand. Somebody interpreted.

"I have no passport," he answered, with a premonitory pang.

"Where are you going?"

"To live in Palestine."

"Where do you come from?"

"England," he replied, triumphantly, feeling this was a mighty password throughout the world.

"You are not an Englishman?"

"No—o," he faltered. "I have lived in England some—many years."

"Naturalized?"

"No," said Aaron, when he understood.

"What countryman are you?"

"Russian."

"And a Jew, of course?"

"Yes."

"No Russian Jews may enter Palestine."

Aaron was hustled back into the barge, and, under the escort of a policeman, restored to the steerage.

Maturity

By George Klinge

Life's pageant sweeps so close, we feel
The music-breath, the thud of trampling
heel;

The touch of lips that pass;

Of hands, alas!

We fain would longer keep;

The sweep

Of spirit struggling in unrest;

And, with immortal longing, strain against
the breast

Some image of the Infinite, till it must
go,

Borne onward and away. To know
Elysium's transport, and to stay

Some passing spirit-wing, which will
away

While yet it seem

Life hath, at last, fulfilled its dream;

To catch a passing breath

Of some sweet rapture strong as life, as
death,

Is but to see

That but a foretaste of immortality can
be—

Though strong and sweet—our own
Till grown

To our maturity, and given
The touch of soul to soul in heaven.



FRANZ SCHUBERT

Born January 31, 1797

Photographed from a valuable replica of the original. The familiar photographs of Schubert sold in the shops are much too highly idealized.

The Centenary of Franz Schubert

By Kenyon West

GOETHE once said, "It's all the same whether one is great or small: he has to pay the reckoning of humanity."

True, misfortune is the common lot. But it seems as if the great musicians, even more than the poets—and they, poor souls! have had a hard enough time of it!—have had a larger score to pay than any one else. Carlyle grumbled because the British public was so insensitive to the beauty of Burns's genius as to let him die

in grief and poverty. The world is usually deaf to the message which its rarest and most precious men bring for its hearing till the struggle is over and they have gone to their rest. Then the world slowly wakes up, listens to the beautiful message, praises the exquisite work, builds monuments, writes biographies.

While Schubert lived, his work was scarcely known outside of Vienna. All the time he was giving forth with such prodigality the treasures which for so

many years now have been a source of such universal delight and enrichment, his life was one of limitation, of poverty and disappointment, and of struggle. His natural temperament was joyous and hopeful. Though shy and reserved among his social superiors, he was, with his friends, genial and jovial, full of sparkle and vivacity. Only in his diary or letters did he occasionally express depression. The only consolation which comes to him is that grief is better for a man's soul than happiness, and that his best work, which pleases the great world most, is that which is the product of his pain.

In writing about Franz Schubert every one is tempted to lay stress upon his poverty, his few opportunities for general culture, his unpleasing personal appearance, the constant failure of his hopes in gaining public recognition of his operas and symphonies, the pathos of his never having heard rendered some of his greatest orchestral works. Few even of his songs were published during his lifetime. Goethe, whom he adored, and whose poems he took as subjects for some of the most beautiful music the world has ever heard—even Goethe ignored him. Then, just as life seemed opening out before him, his songs being sung, and winning enthusiasm and applause, and publishers flocking around him—then must come failing health, the sweet singer must falter, and the exquisite music cease at the early age of thirty-one. When we realize that had Beethoven died at thirty-one we should have had from him only one symphony, we can appreciate what Schubert crowded into those busy, fruitful years of his brief life.

Aside from the love and sympathy which made his childhood happy, there were few advantages in being the son of a simple schoolmaster who had such a large family that there was very little for any single member of it. Franz had an old piano on which to play, and he picked up some knowledge of music at school. But he was largely self-taught. He grasped the mighty principles of harmony by intuition. A famous musician said, "He has learned everything, and God has been his teacher."

All this and the possession of a beautiful voice made Franz pass a highly creditable examination, and he was admitted a student of the Imperial Stadt-Konvikt—an

honor, to be sure, and of great service in his musical career, but the little fellow suffered from being in terribly cold rooms, in having wretched meals and long intervals between them. There was nothing of the sentimental complainer about Franz Schubert. He never railed against fate, nor abused high Heaven for the scarcity of publishers, or because he didn't belong to the aristocracy, or because his operas were disdained and his glorious symphonies had to be locked away in dark cupboards, and only a few of his matchless songs found favor with the great exacting, capricious public. There was nothing Byronic in Schubert's nature. He was brave, self-reliant, patient, and self-contained; but once in his childhood he wrote a letter to his brother which we cannot but rejoice has been preserved. It is half-whimsical, half-pathetic, and throws light upon some of the dreariness of his school life. "I'll come at once to the point," he wrote, "and unburden my heart's secret, and not trouble you by beating about the bush. I've been thinking for a long time about my position, and found it's all very well on the whole, but in some ways it can be improved. You know by experience that one can often enjoy eating a roll or an apple or two, and all the more when he has to wait eight hours and a half for a poor supper after a still poorer dinner. This wish has haunted me so often and so perseveringly that at last, *nolens volens*, I must make a change. The few groschen my father gave me are all gone to the devil; what am I to do the rest of the time? 'They that hope in Thee shall not be ashamed' (Matt. ii., 4). So I thought. Supposing you advance me monthly a few kreutzers. You would never miss it, whilst I would shut myself up in my cell and be quite happy. As I said, I rely on the words of the Apostle Matthew, who says, 'Let him that hath two coats give one to the poor.' Meanwhile I hope you will listen to the voice which constantly appeals to you to remember your loving, trusting, hoping, poverty-stricken, and once again I repeat, poverty-stricken brother Franz."

Except for the marvelous music which from early boyhood to the last few weeks of his life Schubert constantly brought forth from the seemingly exhaustless resources of his genius, his life was unevent-



BIRTHPLACE OF FRANZ SCHUBERT

In the Lichtenthal suburb of Vienna

ful. His activity was limited only by his supply of music-paper. Sometimes he hadn't any money to buy it, and then, when his friends hadn't any, he had to go without. Many an exquisite melody floated off into space because he could not catch it on the wing. After leaving the Stadt-Konvikt he taught three years in his father's school. He must have often served his pupils with a divided mind, for during these years something distinctive and beautiful was composed almost daily. To this period belongs that masterpiece, the "Mass in G." It was as natural for Franz Schubert to create music as it is for a bird to sing. He did it with the same freshness and spontaneity, the same unconscious grace. From the one hundred and fifty songs, the masses, the operas and symphonies of this period, one work of Schubert's stands out in all its glory. One gloomy winter's day a friend found him in one of the narrow rooms of his father's house, pacing the floor in great excitement. He had been reading Goethe's "Erlking," and its weird beauty appealed to him with irresistible power. His imagination was all on fire. He was with the terrified child; he could hear the tramp of the horses' hoofs; he could hear the caressing voice of the phantom, the soothing voice of the father

in answer. The whole scene of this night-ride through the lonely forest became so vivid that he seized paper and pencil, and with feverish haste the immortal poem was set to immortal music.

Albert B. Bach has but recently told for the first time the story of Schubert's taking the song to show it to his former schoolmates, how they flocked in, how he played the accompaniment for Randhartinger, how Randhartinger had to sing it over and over, and how the smiling composer was rewarded by numerous presents of music-paper on which to write more of this marvelous music which thrilled by its dramatic intensity and opened out unending vistas to the imagination. In the following year was written "The Wanderer," that song of wonderful power and pathos which is scarcely less famous than "The Erlking."

Schubert applied for different positions which would have eased his life and given him more freedom. But in spite of his unquestionable ability, others were more fortunate than he. At last he consented to teach the daughters of Count von Esterhazy. It is not known why he finally ceased to give these lessons, which were well paid. Perhaps his love for Caroline, which, on account of his humble birth and his poverty, he knew

to be hopeless, made him restless and unhappy.

Schubert had many warm friends, with whom he spent some of his happiest hours. Without them he might often have been without shelter or food. To the famous Vogl he owed the singing of "The Erlking" which brought him a publisher and an increasing fame in Vienna. To Von Schober he owed even more than to Vogl. All his friends loved Schubert, and did much to help him in his career. I cannot help feeling that Sir George Grove has been somewhat unjust to Schubert's friends, and given a false impression of their service. Grove is somewhat inclined to insist that these friends should have done all for Schubert, and he left wholly free to produce his beautiful music. It is the old grumble of Carlyle about Burns. But Schubert's friends could not do all. Several times when his pockets were well filled he showed a thoughtless prodigality. There was also a trace of obstinacy about Schubert which made him refuse to make alterations in his work which would have brought him more success with pub-

lishers and managers. He might have refused to cater to a false public taste, and still been a little more tractable to advice. This independence, however, was in reality devotion to the commanding power of his own genius—a genius as original and individual as it was beautiful. Richard Wagner amid his discouragements said, "I write for the thousands who come after me." Schubert never said anything so self-conscious as that. In his large simplicity of soul it is not probable that he thought much of the future, or of the immortality of fame which was to be his; but he found his own path, untrod before him, and no attraction of present popularity changed his course.

Had it not been for his sojourns in Hungary with the Esterhazys, Schubert's life would have been somewhat monotonous. Then several journeys into the Tyrol with his friends were worth much to him, in giving him refreshment by communion with the beauty and quiet charm of nature, or stimulus to his imagination from a sight of nature in her grander aspects.

The character of Schubert bears investi-



FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE MS. OF "THE ERLKING"

Randhartinger said the original was given to him by Schubert, and he in turn presented it to Madame Clara Schumann, who considered it one of her rarest treasures.

gation exceedingly well. He bore his disappointments with a commendable degree of fortitude, and though in his diary he occasionally gave expression to sadness, joy and hope and freshness of zest in life came to him again by intercourse with his chosen friends, or in the delight of writing his music. Though his circumstances were so narrow, Schubert's nature was a large one, and his sense of perspective so true that he bore the good fortune of others without malice. Indeed, he seemed utterly free from those petty jealousies which belittle and disfigure the lives of so many great musicians. Glorious harmonies were all the time dwelling in Schubert's soul, and he was kept busy giving them expression. He had little thought for the smaller things. He therefore rarely showed traces of that morbid sensibility, that abnormal sensitiveness, which has been the curse in the temperament of so many men of genius. Even the music which he set to poems the most pathetic, the deepest in their soundings of grief or pain, was never morbid.

In spite of Schubert's keenness of feeling, the depth and earnestness of his character, his wide sympathies, the grasp and vigor of his imagination, and his love of truth, he showed a restricted range of spirituality. At least, if he had any decided tendency towards a deep religious experience, he did not reveal it in his diary, his letters, or in his talks with his friends. Schumann rescued a little poem which Schubert wrote in 1820. It is but a vague statement of belief, and yet by it one can see that Schubert fortunately escaped that materialism which was so common in the Germany of his time, and which was so benumbing and paralyzing. It is a poem in some respects like Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism," but how much farther Tennyson goes! What limitless reach to his spiritual vision!¹

Schubert's greatest fault was his fondness for wine. But only occasionally did he forget his dignity, and the amount of work he did in his brief life is the most

¹ It seems to me that Schubert could never have written such characteristic music as he set to Fryker's song "Die Allmacht" without having a deep sense of the majesty and pervading influence of God.



THE TOMB OF FRANZ SCHUBERT, WÄHRING CHURCHYARD, VIENNA

The portrait bust is considered a poor, stiff representation of the composer's face. The inscription was written by Grillparzer; the translation is:

Music (Tone-art) buried here a rich treasure
But still more beautiful hopes.

FRANZ SCHUBERT LIES HERE

Born on the 31st of January, 1797.

Died on the 19th of November, 1828.

31 years old.

At Schubert's funeral the beautiful words of his friend Von Schöber were sung to Schubert's own melody "Pax Vobiscum."

unanswerable argument in his favor. But Schubert had the faculty of composing in surroundings which would be thought to be a check upon freedom of expression. In a noisy beer-shop one day he picked up a volume of Shakespeare and was heard to say that a most beautiful melody had come into his head, and had he but music-paper he would write it down. A friend hastily drew some staves across the back of a bill of fare, and then and there was written "Hark, Hark, the Lark!"

The pathos of Schubert's life finds its climax in his early death. He had done

immortal work—work which must have soon won a wide recognition. Ten years only after his death Schumann sent the manuscript of the great “Symphony in C” to Mendelssohn, who produced it at Leipsic amid universal enthusiasm. Schubert might have shared in that triumph. He might have been witness of other victories of his glorious music, and then not been an old man by any means. It is certain that had he lived longer he would have enjoyed many substantial rewards of his unceasing effort. A larger experience of life would have given Schubert more tact, more business shrewdness; increasing fame would have made him perhaps more self-assertive. Thirty-one years of life only! Why, Schubert had not had time to win worldly success!

He did have one happiness to make up for the failure of his operas and for the lukewarm reception of some of his other works—the concert arranged by his friends at which only his own music was rendered. It was very successful, and for once Schubert’s pockets were well filled. But just as life seemed opening out before him in fairer aspects his health gave way. The end was swift and sad. The second concert which had been planned took place, but Schubert was absent. All that was mortal of him was in a narrow grave in the Währing churchyard, very near Beethoven, as had been his wish. The money from the concert was used to build the monument which now graces the spot.

It would be quite impossible in this fragmentary article to even attempt to give any critical explanation of the reasons why Schubert’s work takes such a high position, why he stands among the masters. The subject is too wide. Nor would summaries, definitions in the form of epigram, be of much value. Indeed, they might be misleading without reference to the history of music, to the development of the symphony, the song, etc. In Schubert’s work there is not only surpassing charm, lyrical beauty, wealth of idea and of melody, great dramatic truth and range, but life, movement, freedom. There is nothing forced or artificial about it. He sings as the bird sings, from an irresistible impulse. The bird never sings because it ought, but because it must. And when it has nothing to sing

it is silent. Schubert’s inspiration is as natural and spontaneous. His compositions belong to every department of music: operas, masses, piano pieces, chamber music, symphonies, songs. There are, of course, degrees of beauty and differences of value in all this music, but everything possesses that peculiar Schubertian quality which is as exquisite as it is indefinable. Schubert’s individuality, his unlikeness to any other musician, is one of his supreme distinctions: In the symphony Schubert is very great, and in it he showed constant growth and development. If at such an early age he was capable of producing a work of such surpassing beauty, with orchestral treatment so delicate, so imaginative, so appropriate and rich and noble, as the “Symphony in C,” where would he have ended had he lived to the age of Beethoven?

It is the very wealth of his thought, the onward, compelling sweep of his inspiration, which sometimes proves an embarrassment. Like Keats in poetry, his exuberance of expression, his prodigality, his lack of conciseness and concentration, mar the effect of some of his orchestral work.

But it must be remembered that though Schubert did not pay that attention to the fine adjudgment of details which is so characteristic of Haydn and Mozart, “character and ideas,” rather than form, were his deliberate concern. In this respect he marks the musical tendency of this century as compared with that of the last, and, like all great men, he is the pioneer and leader.

In one department of music Schubert showed a perfect command of form, perfect adjudgment of details, perfect unity of idea and its progressive and artistic development. As the sonnet form was good for Keats, putting a necessary restraint upon his imagination, caging within “sober limits” bursts of delight or sorrow, grandeur or charm of imagery, so was the song good for a prodigal and discursive genius like that of Schubert. The song demands precisely that compactness of thought, that unity, which is so highly impressive. Even in the different cycles of songs, like the immortal “Müllerlieder,” the “Winterreise,” with its sad and melancholy grandeur, which Schubert chose to set to music—a form,

by the way, original with him—his natural tendency to expand did not find encouragement. Each song in the cycle is a perfect, exquisite gem, and yet a certain continuity of thought or of aspiration or of scene binds all together into one beautiful whole.

Schubert's mastery of form in the song shows that, had he lived longer, he would have developed an equal mastery in the symphony and the sonata; proves, indeed, the truth of what an old writer in "The Fortnightly Review" said years ago: "He had the root of the matter in him to write symphonies as complete in technical structure as those of Mozart and the fugues of Bach, and as perfect in emotional unity as those of Beethoven."

In the field of the song Schubert has no rival, not even Schumann or Franz. However artistically Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and others have developed the song, they but carried out the principles which Schubert was the first to discover and unfold.

No one can fully appreciate the value of Schubert's service without reference to the history of the song—its growth from the simplest, most primitive expression of human emotion, to the more varied work of bards and minnesingers, troubadours and minstrels, on through the strophic Volkslieder, thence by degrees to the higher art-form whose infinite capacity Schubert was the first to recognize. Before Schubert, the song, in spite of its beauty, was, with very few exceptions, limited in range; the accompaniments were for the most part of the simplest description or were not an integral part of the whole, while the general structure was lacking in dramatic fitness, in harmony with the demands of the words. Schubert appropriated that which was best in the national song, elaborated it, idealized it, made it over into a fairer, sweeter, larger form.

Entering with the strength and passion of a true poet into the meaning of the poetry he chose to set, feeling with the mood of the poet, thrilled by the same emotion, he reproduced it with vivid and striking power in his music—the vocal parts being intensified by peculiarly rich and highly developed accompaniments. We are again confronted by the difficulty of definition. But one secret of Schubert's power in the

song is that he seems to have a musical expression for every kind and variety of emotion of which the human heart is capable. Beautiful melodies, frequent and unexpected modulations, even occasional discords, form his means of expression. He so entered into the spirit of the poems of Goethe and other poets that he seized at once, by divine intuition, the most characteristic and fitting music for them. With glorious freedom and insight he followed the changes in the thought or the action of the poetry. Then, too, nature's aspects and changes find glorious expression. Schubert's songs are among the finest examples of what is called descriptive music. His tone-painting, his coloring, is both wonderful and varied. There are magnificent contrasts, not only between the different songs, but often between the individual parts of the same song.

In the music to over six hundred poems it is obvious that there are degrees of power and of beauty. Schubert often chose poor poems as subjects, chiefly because they were written by his friends, and one reason why his operas did not succeed better was because of the comparatively trivial character of his words. But when a truly great poem was chosen, then Schubert's genius shone magnificently. In a ballad like "The Erlking" he rose to a grand height; but after the first enthusiasm of youth was past, the supernatural or the legendary, the romantic, that which is concerned with the remote and shadowy past rather than the experiences of the present, and which forms the subject of the ballad rather than the song, did not have the same attraction for Schubert as for Karl Loewe. Loewe, by the imaginative grasp and dramatic strength of his ballads, is the chief representative of that branch of musical art. For instance, contrast Loewe's treatment of "Edward" and "The Fisherman" with Schubert's, and see how Schubert suffers by the comparison. Schubert's genius was essentially lyrical. Humanity, with its longing, its stress of soul, its suffering, its pathetic joys, was to him the most vivid and compelling. His music is the most distinctive and beautiful which expresses this personal feeling in all its varied phases and its depth of tenderness.



THE MISSES GLYNNE (MRS. GLADSTONE AND HER SISTER, LADY LYTTTELTON)
From the Painting by Kennah at Hawarden Castle. Photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

The Story of Gladstone's Life¹

By Justin McCarthy

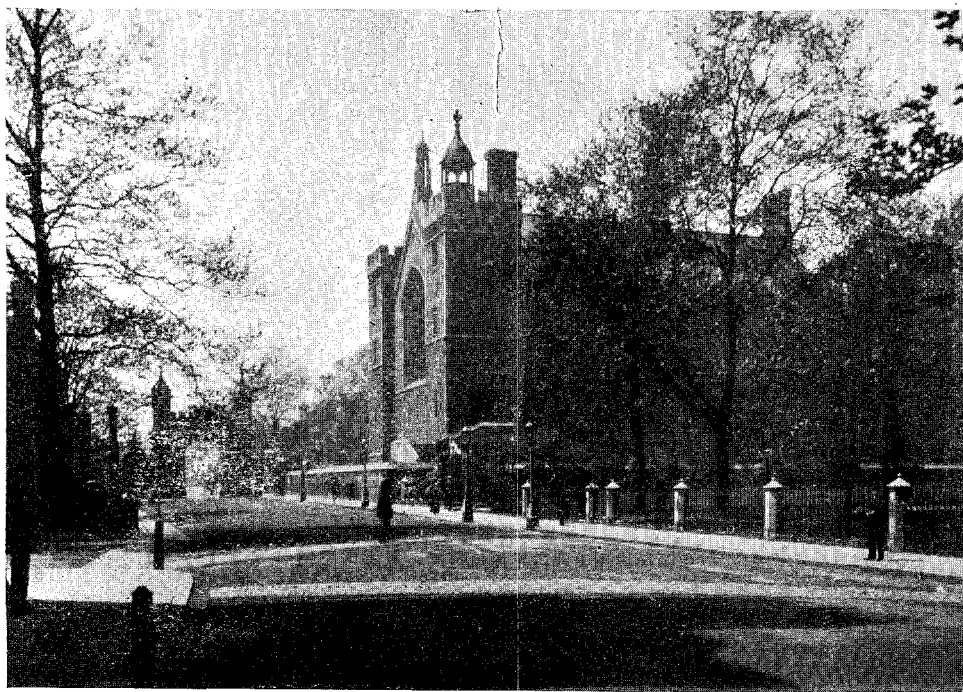
Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.

CHAPTER V.—GLADSTONE IN OFFICE

THE principal events in Gladstone's first Parliamentary session were the division over the choice of a Speaker—a rare event in the House of Commons—the measure which put a limit to the system of slavery in the colonies and which provided compensation to buy out the owners of property in slaves, and the measures brought in to deal with the conditions of the Irish State Church and to repress agrarian disturbances in Ireland—Ministers having at that time no idea of any way of dealing with agrarian disturbances in Ireland other than the introduction of new coercion bills. I do not propose to go into all these subjects. The task I have set myself is to tell, in the best way I can, the story of Mr. Gladstone's life. I am not engaged at present

in writing a history of the doings in Parliament or out of it during Mr. Gladstone's lifetime. I shall, therefore, give an account of public events only as they serve to illuminate the story of that one great career. It is, however, of much significance to notice that during his very first session of Parliament the House had the ominous, portentous Irish question before it again and again. "The Irish specter," as it was sometimes called, came thus across Mr. Gladstone's earliest Parliamentary path. A long time had to pass before it became clear to his mind that there must be found some other way of dealing with Irish political disaffection and Irish agrarian trouble than the simple, stolid, and useless mechanism of successive coercion measures. But Mr. Gladstone was probably making the beginning of his education in that way even in that very first Parliamentary session. The

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THE ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN'S INN FROM LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

Photographed for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, of London. Mr. Gladstone entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law in 1833.

kind of friendship he formed with O'Connell may have had, all unconsciously at the hour, something to do with the expansive nature of his feelings at a later date towards the story of Irish grievances. Gladstone's mind was eager for the truth, but from the first it required to have the grip of very certain facts in order to lead it on towards the change. Gladstone learned truths most effectively by figures in arithmetic.

Early in 1833 Mr. Gladstone took a fancy for becoming a student of law. It was then his wish to go to the bar and practice there. One can easily imagine what a success he would have made if he had only followed the bent of that inclination. One can imagine how he would have cross-examined some evasive and reluctant witness, how he would have argued a point of law with the judge, and how he would have carried the jury along with him by the force of his impassioned eloquence. He did not, however, pursue his design, and although he was a student at Lincoln's Inn for more than six years, he never took any step towards getting called to the bar, and at length requested that his name should be removed from the books of the society, on the ground that he had no longer any intention of becoming an advocate. In



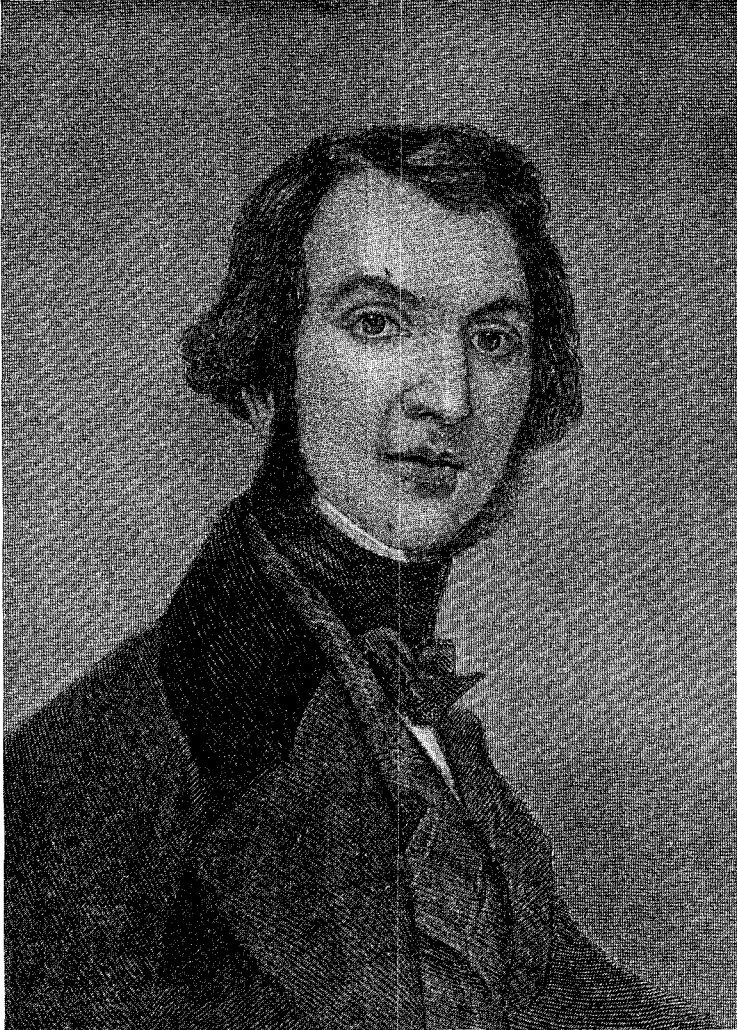
VISCOUNT MELBOURNE

Prime Minister for four months in 1834, also 1835-1841

the meantime, of course, everything had changed with him, and he had found his real career lying straight and shining before him. His great love for arithmetic and his consummate skill with figures naturally attracted before long the attention and the admiration of Sir Robert Peel. A change took place in the government. The Whigs went out of office for the time. They were, in fact, bluntly dismissed by the King, William IV.—the last time that a sovereign of England ever made use of his supposed royal prerogative which gives a right to the peremptory dismissal of a Ministry. The Duke of Wellington was called upon to form an administration, and he insisted that he must have the co-operation of Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel was then in Rome, but he was sent for and brought back, traveling as fast as he could in those days of diligence and post-chaise. Sir Robert Peel accepted office, and made Mr. Gladstone a Junior Lord of the Treasury—a sort of position which, for all its grandiose name, has practically nothing to do with the more serious work of administration. It was, however, the first round of the ladder, and Mr. Gladstone had set his foot upon it.

Before long he was raised from the place of a Junior Lord of the Treasury to be the Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Disraeli has said in one of his novels that an Under-Secretary in the House of Commons, whose chief is in the House of Lords, is master of the situation. So it was with Gladstone. His official chief was the Earl of Aberdeen, who, of course, sat in the House of Lords, and thus the whole representation of the Colonial Department in the House of Commons came into the hands of the young member for Newark. He had to answer every question put to the Colonial Office. He had to make every exposition of its policy. He had to defend every one of its measures which might happen to be assailed. That time happened to be a season of some anxiety and some trouble in the Colonies, and Mr. Gladstone had many an opportunity of showing his skill, his eloquence, and his mastery of each subject.

His career as Under-Secretary for the Colonies lasted but a short time. Lord John Russell carried a resolution in the



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1840. Thirty-one years old. From the Painting by Joseph Severn.

House of Commons in favor of an inquiry into the property and the finances of the Irish State Church—we shall hear of that State Church again and again in the course of this narrative—and Sir Robert Peel immediately resigned his office. Gladstone, of course, went with him. It is well to observe that Mr. Gladstone's occupation of office under Lord Aberdeen led to a friendship between the two which had much influence on the lives of both men. In more than one great crisis at a later day Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone worked side by side.

Mr. Gladstone then had an interval of rest from the worry and trouble of office. He spent his time pleasantly, and accord-

ing to his own ideas of how a young man's life ought to be spent. He took chambers in the Albany, Piccadilly, a great resort of bachelors of good position, and there, as Mr. George Russell tells us, "he pursued the same even course of steady work, reasonable recreation, and systematic devotion which he had marked out for himself at Oxford." "He went freely into society," Mr. Russell says, "dined out constantly, and took his part in musical parties, delighting his hearers with the cultivated beauty of his tenor voice." Then Mr. Russell goes on to mention the fact that Mr. Monckton Milnes, the late Lord Houghton, a poet and a host, who in his later years was



GEORGE THE FOURTH



WILLIAM THE FOURTH

From old Prints

well known to Americans in London, had established himself at that time in the metropolis, and used to gather around him "a society of young men who were interested in theology and politics." "He used to entertain them at parties on Sunday evenings," and "this arrangement," Monckton Milnes says, writing on March 13, 1838, "unfortunately excludes the more serious members, Acland, Gladstone, and others. I really think, when people keep Friday as a fast, they might make a feast of Sunday." Acquaintances of Lord Houghton in his later years were apt to say, half in jest and half in earnest, that there was a distinct dash of the pagan about him. However that may be, he was an admirable host; he made it his business to know everybody who was really worth knowing; he held out an encouraging hand to every young and promising author or artist, and he was probably the very last leading man in Lon-

don society who kept up the old practice of inviting friends to a breakfast party. I may say that the "Acland" referred to in Lord Houghton's letter still "lives, a prosperous gentleman." He is Sir Thomas Acland, whose son, Mr. Arthur Acland, was lately Minister of Education in Mr. Gladstone's Government. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Thomas Acland continued during all their lives to be as good friends as they were in the old days of the receptions in the Albany. Mr. Russell also mentions the interesting fact that Mr. Gladstone on one occasion entertained Wordsworth at breakfast "in a charmed circle of young adorers."

Nearly sixty years after those happy leisure days in Mr. Gladstone's life, and during those other happy leisure days which came when he had spontaneously closed his political career, a memorial drinking fountain to the memory of Wordsworth was unveiled in the public park of



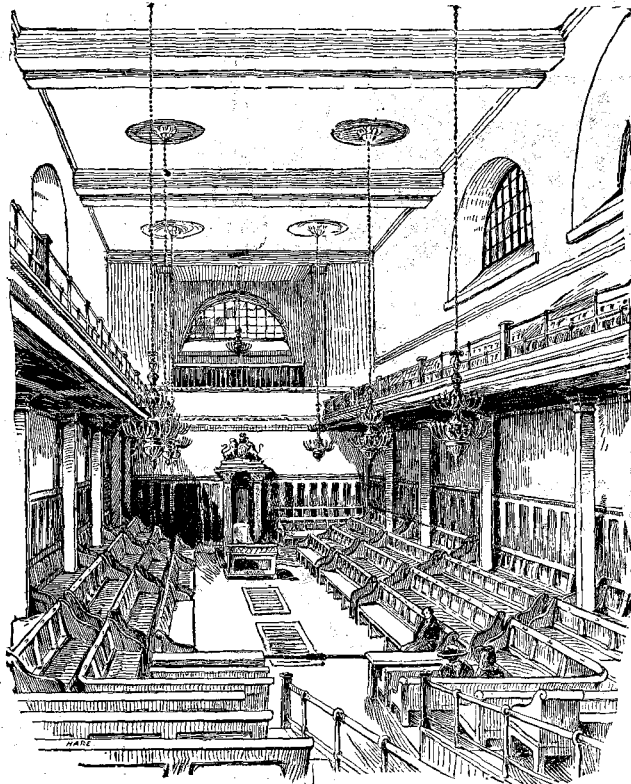
QUEEN VICTORIA

As she appeared at the time of her accession.
From an old Print

Cockermouth, in Cumberland, where the poet was born. On that occasion Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter in which he said: "I rejoice in any and every manifestation of honor to Wordsworth. I visited his house when a boy, and when a young man had the honor of entertaining him more than once in the Albany. I revered his genius, and delighted in his kindness and in the grave and stately but not austere dignity of his manner. Apart from all personal impression and from all the prerogative of genius, as such, we owe him a debt of gratitude for having done so much for our literature in the capital points of purity and elevation." It will be seen from this letter that Mr. Gladstone kept up to the end his exalted views as to the purpose and province of literature. He recognized to the full the power of even misused genius, but he recognized it as one must recognize the strength and the beauty of a volcanic eruption or a destroying avalanche. His whole soul went out in admiration of the genius which is used for what he calls "the capital points of purity and elevation." Disciples of the principle which calls itself "art for art's sake" many a time disparaged Mr. Gladstone's literary and artistic criticisms on the ground that he studied the purpose rather than the form. Yet it would be impossible for any of them to make out that Mr. Gladstone's favorites in literature, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture were not illustrations of genius in its highest form. There could have been nothing very sympathetic for Mr. Gladstone in the writings of Swift; yet I have heard him maintain more than once with earnestness and warmth that Swift was the greatest writer of English prose.

All the time, however, Mr. Gladstone was a hard worker. He busied himself constantly with that part of the duties of a private member which is least known or thought of by the public out of doors. Nothing could be a greater mistake

than to suppose that the work of a member of the House of Commons is confined to the hours during which the House is sitting. The House of Commons undertakes through its committees much, and far too much, of the purely local business of every city, town, and hamlet in the United Kingdom. Local gas bills, water bills, railway bills, and all manner of miscellaneous subjects of the kind are referred to what are called the Private Bill Committees in the House of Commons. Attendance on one of those committees is compulsory when a member has been appointed to it. The committees meet at eleven o'clock, usually, and go on until four o'clock, when the business of the House itself begins. Until very recent years it was quite common for the House to sit until three or four or five in the morning, and the Private Bill Committees met at eleven o'clock all the same. A member appointed to one of those committees must be present at each of its sittings, and all the time it sits. If he failed in his attendance even for part of a day,



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT APPEARED IN THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDING, BURNED 1834

the fact had to be reported to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the poor delinquent was summoned to appear in the House and explain and apologize for his absence, or receive the rebuke of Parliament. Into this seemingly dreary drudgery Mr. Gladstone voluntarily plunged himself. The study of that part of the life of the House of Commons was interesting to him, as indeed every other study was.

In the meantime he did not neglect his books and his regular attendance at church. "Then, as now," says Mr. Russell, "his constant companions were Homer and Dante, and it is recorded that at this time he read the whole of St. Augustine in twenty-two octavo volumes." I have heard it said that Mr. Gladstone was not much attracted towards German literature, and I do not suppose he ever felt drawn towards Goethe as he did towards Homer and Lucretius and Dante. But at the same time I must say that some of the happiest quotations I ever heard Mr. Gladstone use were taken from German literature—from Goethe and from Schiller. I have heard it said, too, that, with all his passion for

Greek literature, he never cared much about Aristophanes. That may be so, but I have to add that in my own hearing he once delighted and amused the House of Commons by an admirably appropriate citation from one of the comedies of Aristophanes. Quotation is becoming less and less common in Parliament of late years, and it is indeed regarded now as a somewhat pedantic performance. I have heard it said that Mr. Gladstone was the only man who could compel the House to listen to a quotation from Lucretius. Whether the House has gained or has lost by its growing impatience of even the most appropriate literary quotation I shall not venture to decide, although I may have my own opinion. The speeches in the House are not any the less long because they are no longer brightened by some words here and there taken from the wit and wisdom of the world's great classic authors.

But now an event occurred of much importance to England and the whole of the Empire. The old King, William IV., died, and Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne. William IV. was not in any sense a great sovereign, but on the whole he turned out better than might have been expected from the acts and the ways of his earlier career. He had been brought up as a naval officer, and a less manageable naval officer never was in the English service. He had shown himself over and over again so incapable and impatient of discipline that at last it became necessary to withdraw him from active service altogether. His manners were rough and overbearing. He sat in the House of Lords as Duke of Clarence, and he made himself highly unpopular by his opposition to the abolition of the slave trade, and, indeed, to most of the measures which were demanded by the growing enlightenment of the country. There were many scandals in his life, and no doubt worse things were said of him than he deserved. But he positively obtruded himself on the condemnation of the public, for he openly wrangled with some of his brothers in the House of Lords, and words were interchanged among the royal princes which would not be tolerated by any Speaker of the House of Commons in our time. Undoubtedly, however, when he came to



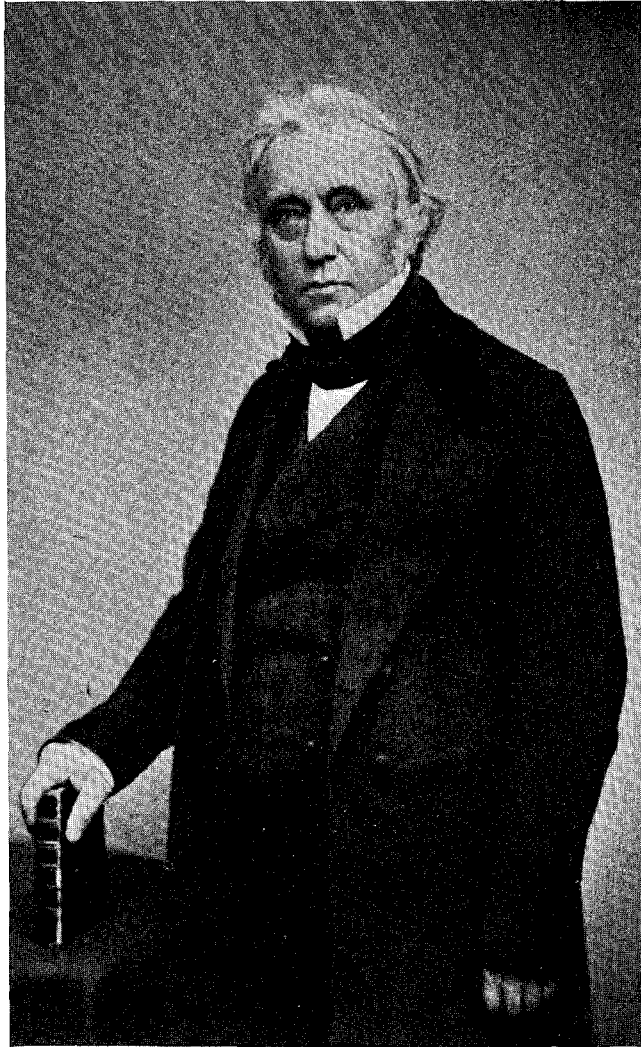
CARDINAL WISEMAN

Visited by Gladstone and his friend Manning in Rome, 1839. The Cardinal's appointment as Archbishop of Westminster caused the introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, to which a chapter will be devoted.

the throne he turned out much better than his antecedents led the country to expect. He was already an old man when he succeeded his brother George IV., and he had not many years to reign. Responsibility certainly improved him, and his people became more and more reconciled to him as his life grew nearer to its close. But he never could understand the true principle of constitutional government, although he went nearer to the acceptance of it than his brother and his father had done. We have just seen how almost at the close of his life he still held to his supposed right to dismiss his Ministers at his own good pleasure. With his death the existence of personal government came to an end. Queen Victoria is really the first constitutional sovereign who ever sat upon the throne of England. Through all her long reign she has never done or tried to do any act which could possibly be called unconstitutional. She has been guided throughout by the advice of her Ministers, and she has accepted her

Ministers on the recommendation of the representative House of Parliament. The difference in this respect between the reign of Queen Victoria and the reign of any of the Georges or even of William IV. is so great that one has to think the matter over in order to feel assured that within that short time we have traversed so great a distance.

The public paid a decent homage of regret over the tomb of William IV., and then before long had forgotten all about him. The accession of the young Queen had, to begin with, the great advantage that it severed the crown of Great Britain and Ireland from that of Hanover.



THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

The great essayist and historian; the most important critic of Gladstone's first book, "The State in its Relations with the Church." 1839.

Through the history of what is called the Hanoverian line down to the reign of Queen Victoria, the King of England had been King of Hanover as well, and the connection had been almost absolutely hateful to the people of England. The crown of Hanover descended in the male line only, and therefore the coming of a woman as sovereign of England broke off the connection. England has many times since the accession of Queen Victoria had good reason to be glad that Hanover was no longer a part of her responsibility. A new Parliament had to be convoked, according to the custom of that day, which has since been altered, with the coming of



MRS. GLADSTONE'S GRANDMOTHER

Daughter of Prime Minister Grenville. By his marriage Mr. Gladstone became allied with the house of Grenville, which, directly or in its ramifications, had already given four Prime Ministers to England.

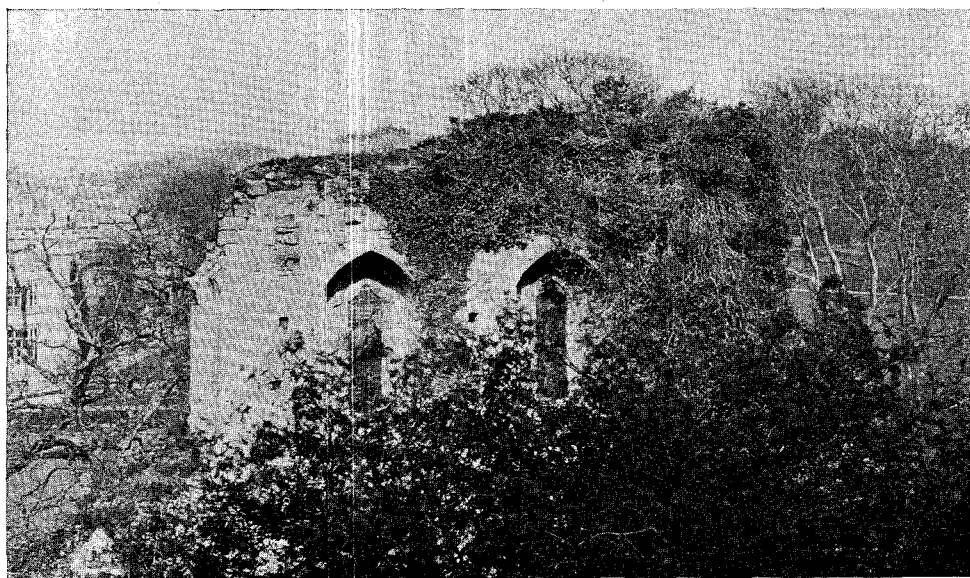
a new sovereign. Gladstone was now distinctly recognized as a rising man. He was put up as a candidate for Manchester without his own consent. He was not elected. But he had been put up also, and with his consent, as a candidate for his former constituency, Newark, and was again returned. His friends in Parliament

were in what is called the cold shade of opposition. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister when the Queen came to the throne. But most people saw clearly enough that the Whig Ministry could not last long. Melbourne was an indolent man, not by any means wanting in intellect, and capable even of statesmanship, if he could only have summoned up faith enough to believe in anything and energy enough to act on his belief. The foremost statesman of the day was, beyond question, Sir Robert Peel, and it was not likely that such a man could long remain what Edmond About once expressively described as "an unemployed Cæsar." It was only a question of time, people said, and what people said in that instance turned out to be true.

But in the meantime Mr. Gladstone had taken to a new sort of work. He came out as an author—as the author of a book on the connection between the Church and the State.

CHAPTER VI.—GLADSTONE'S FIRST BOOK

The full title of the book was "The State in its Relations with the Church." It was the first book Mr. Gladstone ever published. It created a great sensation at the time, all the greater because Macaulay attacked it in one of his most famous essays. Except as an illustration of Mr.



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE OLD HAWARDEN CASTLE, SHOWING ONE OF ITS RUINED WALLS AND PART OF THE NEW CASTLE

Photographed for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, London

Gladstone's intellectual development and his way of thinking on religious questions, a way which has never since materially altered, the book has little interest for the world just now. It effected nothing in the progress of human thought; it neither advanced nor retarded anything; but it gives us in the clearest style an understanding of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar views. Mr. Gladstone's mind has been from first to last suffused with religious faith, and also with faith in the practical working of religion. At the time when he wrote the book the position of the English Church was strongly assailed both from the side of Roman Catholicism and from the side of rationalism. No better illustration of this double-bladed kind of assault can be found than in the history of the two Newmans. "Where is the truth?" exclaims Arthur Pendennis in Thackeray's novel, discussing some question with George Warrington. "Show it me! I see it on both sides. I see it in this man who worships by Act of Parliament and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier; I see the truth in that man as I do in his brother whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavors to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven his revolt and recantation." At the time when "Pendennis" was written, many readers, more especially American readers, might have fancied that Thackeray was



THE RUINS OF THE FIRST HAWARDEN CASTLE

Built in the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272). In 1264 a memorable meeting took place within its walls between Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales. In 1723 the Glynne family removed to Hawarden from Bicester. Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, the Lord of the Manor, married in 1806 the Hon. Mary Neville, daughter of Lord Braybrooke. Of their children, Mrs. Gladstone alone survives, and is the owner of Hawarden. From a photograph taken for The Outlook by Mr. A. P. Monger, London.

dealing with imaginary figures, types of the two different forms of revolt against the English Church. Now, of course, we all know that he was dealing with the then real and living figures of John Henry Newman and his brother Francis W. Newman. These two figures served to illustrate admirably the kind of revolt which from two different quarters set in against the State Church of England about that time. Mr. Gladstone was thoroughly loyal to the Church of England, and was a believer still in the possibility of her tak-

ing a governing part in English human affairs. Perhaps it is not too much to say for him that, according to his nature and temperament, he would have preferred any Church to no Church at all, any religious sway to a sway without religion. His book, therefore, was a bold effort to prove that every State must have a conscience, and with the conscience must profess a State religion. He contended that the Church of England was still in a condition to expound the religion of the State and to make itself the guiding power of the nation.

Macaulay, in his exuberant rhetorical and yet practical sort of way, made mincemeat of the whole theory. He took the view of the political essayist and of the House of Commons. He patronized Mr. Gladstone's general ideas. He complimented the young man on his rising abilities, spoke hopefully of his career, and paid him some compliments on his style. But, all the same, he proclaimed the practical politician's view of the whole theory, and he defied any one to explain how the State was to undertake to have a conscience, a conscience of a purely transcendental kind, wholly apart from the changing condition of things and the new arrangements demanded by new difficulties. Time has in its rough and ready way settled the whole controversy long

since. Few men in any civilized country are now of opinion that the State can endow itself with a conscience which decides in advance how it is to act at any wholly unexpected crisis. Still, there are not many of us who have not a certain sentimental affection for the exalted theory which Mr. Gladstone formed in those early days concerning the duties and capacities of a State.

Of course the whole principle of the theory consisted in the idea of a paternal government. Macaulay detested a paternal government, and was never tired of saying harsh and contemptuous things about it. It is really the old, immemorial controversy between those who believe that knowledge comes by intuition and those who believe that knowledge comes by experience. Mr. Gladstone insisted that the Church Establishment must be maintained in England "because the government stands with us in a paternal relation to the people, and is bound in all things to consider, not merely their existing tastes, but the capabilities and ways of their improvement; because it has both an intrinsic competency and external means to amend and assist their choice; because to be in accordance with God's mind and will it must have a religion, and because to be in accordance with its conscience that religion must be the truth



SIR STEPHEN RICHARD GLYNNE



LADY GLYNNE

Mrs. Gladstone's Father and Mother

From the Paintings hanging in the Dining-room at Hawarden Castle



THE MISSES GLYNNE

(MRS. GLADSTONE AND HER SISTER, LADY LYTTTELTON)

About 1833. From the picture by George Richmond, A.R.A., at Hawarden Castle. Photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

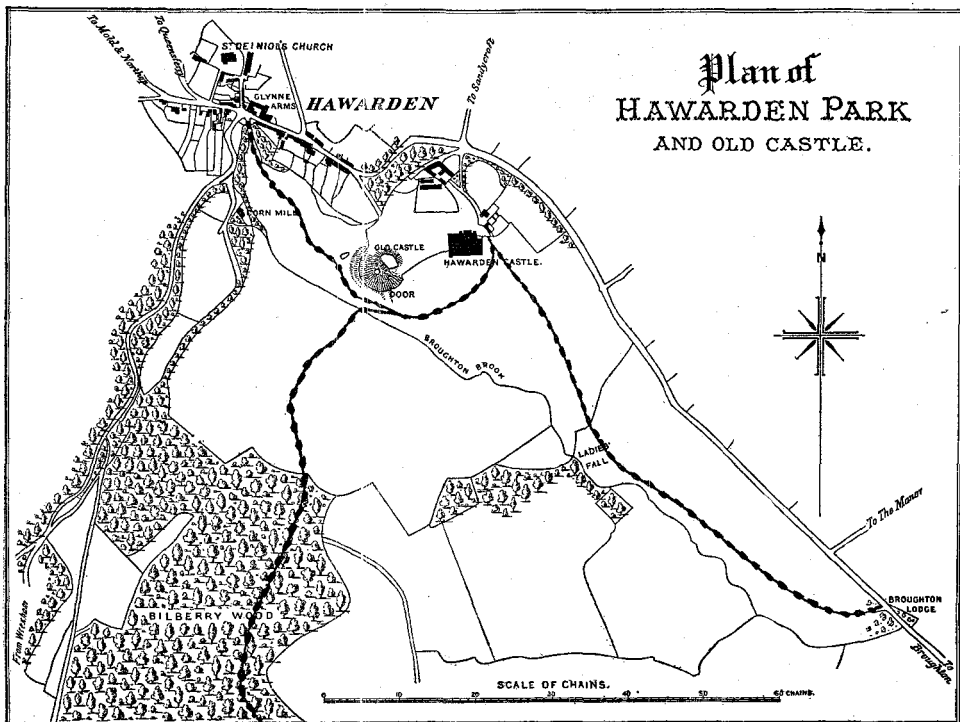
as held by it under the most solemn and accumulated responsibilities; because this is the only sanctifying and preserving principle of society, as well as to the individual that particular benefit without which all others are worse than valueless; we must disregard the din of political contention and the pressure of worldly and momentary motives, and, in behalf of our regard to man as well as of our allegiance to God, maintain among ourselves, where happily it still exists, the union between the Church and the State." Mr. Gladstone pushed his opinions at that time so far that he was not even intimidated by the difficulties which surrounded the existence of a Protestant

State Church in Ireland. But he is perfectly candid in his admission of all the difficulties, and I cannot forbear from quoting a passage which showed how the mind of the dreamer was never allowed wholly to confuse the mind of the practical statesman. "The Protestant Legislature of the British Empire," says Mr. Gladstone, "maintains in the possession of the Church property of Ireland the ministers of a creed professed, according to the Parliamentary enumeration of 1835, by one-ninth of its population, regarded with partial favor by scarcely another ninth, and disowned by the remaining seven. And not only does this anomaly meet us full in view, but we have also to

consider and digest the fact that the maintenance of this Church for near three centuries in Ireland has been contemporaneous with a system of partial and abusive government, varying in degree of culpability, but rarely, until of later years, when we have been forced to look at the subject and to feel it, to be exempted in common fairness from the reproach of gross inattention (to say the very least) to the interests of a noble but neglected people. But, however formidable at first sight these admissions, which I have no desire to narrow or to qualify, may appear, they in no way shake the foregoing arguments. They do not change the nature of truth, and her capability and destiny to benefit mankind. They do not relieve government of its responsibility, if they show that that responsibility was once unfelt and unsatisfied. They place the legislature of this country in the condition, as it were, of one called to do penance for past offenses; but duty remains unaltered and imperative, and abates nothing of her demand on our services. It is undoubtedly competent, in a constitutional view, to the government of this country to continue

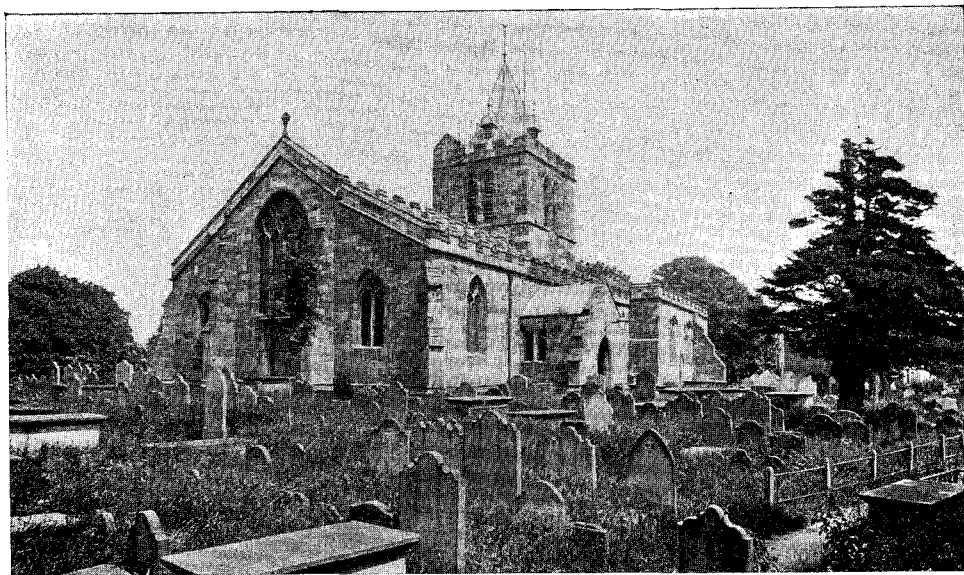
the present disposition of Church property in Ireland. It appears not too much to assume that our Imperial legislature has been qualified to take, and has taken in point of fact, a sounder view of religious truth than the majority of the people of Ireland in their destitute and uninstructed state. We believe accordingly that that which we place before them is, whether they know it or not, calculated to be beneficial to them, and that if they know it not now they will know it when it is presented to them fairly. Shall we then purchase their applause at the expense of their substantial, nay, their spiritual interests?"

There is something positively touching in the ingenuousness, the sincere simplicity, of this way of putting the question. The State knows better than the people what the people ought to believe in religious matters, and therefore the State is warranted in spending the money of the people in teaching the people what the State thinks they ought to believe. The State in a constitutional country means the sovereign, the administration, and, above all, the majority for the time



PLAN OF HAWARDEN

Showing the village, castles, and park. The dotted line indicates the driveways open to the public from noon until sunset. The estate is just across the English border in Flintshire, North Wales. Chester lies six miles to the east from Hawarden.



HAWARDEN CHURCH

Supposed to have been built about 1275. The patron saint is S. Deiniol, founder of the monastery at Bangor, and (about 550) the first Bishop of that See. The list of Rectors goes back to 1180. The present Rector is the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, a son of William Ewart Gladstone. The latter has often read the lessons at the Sunday and week-day services. The church overlooks the estuary of the Dee.

in the Representative Assembly. Now, in the case of the British Empire the sovereign at the time about which we are writing, or, at all events, just before it, was William the Fourth. The Prime Minister might have been the Duke of Wellington, let us say, or Lord Melbourne. The majority of the House of Commons were elected to support one political party or the other. This, then, was the State which, according to Mr. Gladstone's ideas at that time, was qualified to teach the people what they ought to believe in matters of religion. It seems now only necessary to set forth the theory in order to dispose of it. But the interest of the theory is to us in the fact that it was then maintained, sincerely and eloquently maintained, by Mr. Gladstone.

I have said that Mr. Gladstone's way of thinking on religious questions has never altered materially since the publication of the book on the State in its relations with the Church. I do not know that this statement of mine needs any explanation, but perhaps I had better say that, according to my thinking, Mr. Gladstone has never modified the conviction which told him that religion in some form must be the one solid basis of every State. We all know how Mr. Gladstone afterwards came to modify his views as regards the

State Church in Ireland. When we come to deal with that subject, it will be easy to vindicate Mr. Gladstone's general consistency. In the meantime it will be enough to say that Mr. Gladstone condemned the Irish State Church, not because it was carrying out his views of its purpose and its duty, but because it had utterly failed to fulfill the only purpose which could possibly warrant its existence as a Church establishment sustained by the money of the State. No one supposes that Mr. Gladstone would at any time have desired to set up a State Church in Bengal because he considered that the English State was more likely to know all about the truths of religion than the natives of that Indian province.

Another passage from Mr. Gladstone's book concerning the Irish Church may also be quoted. "It does indeed," Mr. Gladstone goes on to affirm, "so happen that there are also powerful motives on the other side concurring with that which has here been represented as paramount. In the first instance, we are not called upon to establish a creed, but only to maintain an existing legal settlement where our constitutional right is undoubted. In the second, political consideration tends strongly to recommend that maintenance. A common form of faith binds the Irish

Protestants to ourselves, while they, on the other hand, are fast linked to Ireland, and thus they supply the most natural bond of connection between the countries. But if England, by overthrowing their Church, should weaken their moral position, they would be no longer able, perhaps no longer willing, to counteract the desires of the majority tending under the direction of their leaders (however, by a wise policy, revocable from that fatal course) to what is termed national independence. Pride and fear on the one hand are therefore bearing up against more immediate apprehension and difficulty on the other. And with some men these may be the fundamental considerations, but it may be doubted whether such men will not flinch in some stage of the contest should its aspect at any moment become unfavorable."

Exactly. There is just where, to use a colloquial phrase, the trouble comes in. The lofty head of speculation, to quote some famous words, has to bow to groveling experience. Statesmen of the wisest class will not, as a rule, batter their heads against stone walls. If a subject people will not stand the imposition of a State Church which does not belong to their faith or their traditions or their history, it soon comes to be a question whether the doctrine is to be thorough, whether it is to be enforced at all risks, or whether it is to be quietly modified. All experience tells us that, sooner or later, the doctrine has to be modified or that civil war and separation must result. Macaulay once again showed himself the practical statesman, the thorough man of the world, when he laid down the law that the essence of politics is compromise. Mr. Gladstone was still too young in feeling, and still too completely overborne by that religious enthusiasm which has always been an exalted part of his nature, to accept the idea of compromise where what he believed great and fundamental truths were concerned. Gradually he came to recognize the fact that a statesman must work with his materials, to perceive the truth of that profound saying of Burke's which is apt to be misunderstood at a first reading, and has only to be read again and again in order to impress its thorough wisdom on the mind, that the human system which is founded

on the heroic virtues is doomed to failure and even to corruption. No race of men can always or long be in the mood of heroic virtue, and human systems that are to last must admit some compromise with man's weaknesses and occasional wrongheadedness and passion, and also with men's diversity of faith where religious questions are concerned. All the same, Mr. Gladstone's exalted views in his book on the relations of the Church with the State seem to me to shine out with a peculiar attractiveness at a time and among a set of men with whom there was so little profundity, or even seriousness, as regards religious questions. Of course I do not agree with his views—I suppose nobody now accepts them. To a man like Lord Melbourne or a man like Lord Palmerston they would, no doubt, have appeared exquisitely ridiculous. But it counts to me a good deal in their favor that they could not possibly have appealed to the feelings of men like Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. Even Sir Robert Peel, a man who had an earnestness of character and a strength of belief far beyond anything possessed by Melbourne or Palmerston, is said, on good authority, to have expressed his wonder that a man like Gladstone, with such a career before him, should have taken the trouble to write books. This, however, came of a general objection to a rising statesman throwing away his energy on the writing of books, and not from any philosophical or theological objection to the opinions of Mr. Gladstone.

The book and its whole history are interesting if only as an illustration of Mr. Gladstone's insatiable ardor for intellectual work of various kinds. He was always looking out for new and different fields of labor. Goethe was not content to be a poet and a novelist, but he must also be a naturalist and a pioneer of the theory of evolution. Gladstone was not content with being an orator and a statesman, he must also be a theologian, a reverent critic of Homer and Dante, and a translator of Horace.

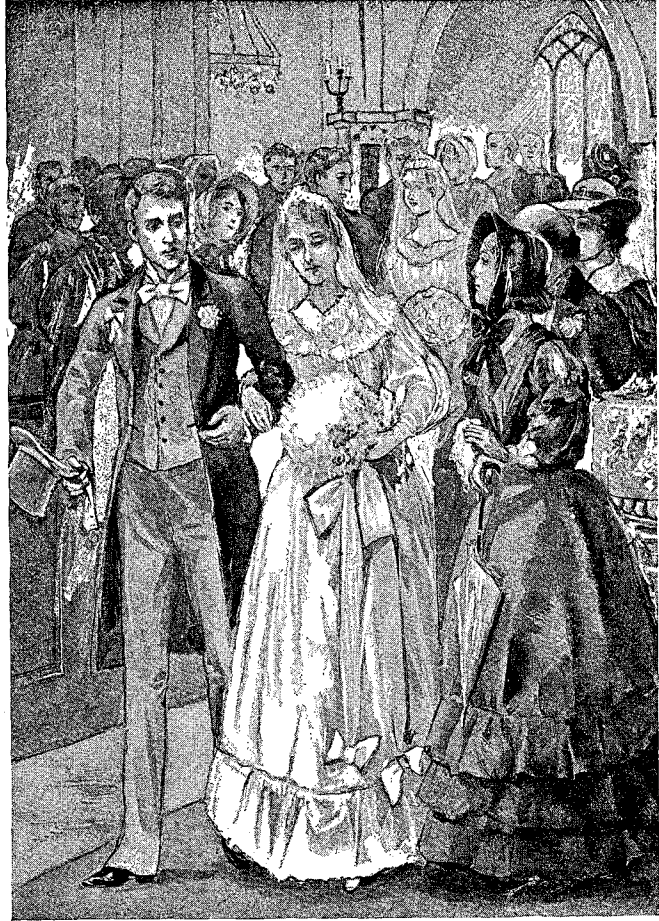
CHAPTER VII.—GLADSTONE'S MARRIAGE

In 1839 an event occurred of far greater and more abiding personal interest to Mr. Gladstone than the success or failure of any literary work could possibly have been.

Gladstone was then, as he has always been since, a hard and constant reader. He had at this time seriously injured his sight by persisting in studying too much by candle-light.

His physicians recommended him a complete rest somewhere in the south of Europe, and he decided upon spending the winter in Rome. In Rome he came into companionship with his old friend Henry Edward Manning, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and in Manning's company he visited Monsignor Wiseman, afterwards Cardinal Wiseman, whose appointment to the Archbishopric of Westminster caused such a commotion in England. Among the visitors in Rome that winter were Lady Glynne, widow of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, Wales, and Lady Glynne's daughters. Mr. Gladstone had already some knowledge of these

ladies, for he had known Lady Glynne's eldest son at Oxford, and had visited him at Hawarden a few years before the winter in Rome. The result of the visit to Rome was that Gladstone became attached to and engaged to Lady Glynne's elder daughter, Miss Catherine Glynne. On the 25th of July, 1839, he was married at Hawarden to Miss Glynne, and at the same time and place the younger daughter, Miss Mary Glynne, was married to George William, the fourth Lord Lyttelton. Miss Catherine Glynne, now Mrs. Gladstone, was sister of Sir Stephen Glynne, and in the event of Sir Stephen's death without offspring the Hawarden Castle and its property were to pass to her on behalf of her issue. Sir Stephen Glynne was the last baronet of his name, and on his death,



GLADSTONE'S MARRIAGE

Marriage of Miss Catherine Glynne to Mr. William Ewart Gladstone and of Miss Mary Glynne to George William, fourth Lord Lyttelton. Hawarden Church, July 25, 1839. From an old print.

much later on, Hawarden passed into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Much of Gladstone's later life is associated in public memory with Hawarden Castle. We think of him, of course, first of all, in the House of Commons; then, perhaps, in the official residence, Downing Street, London, or Carlton House Terrace; and more lately in Hawarden Castle.

Without in the least degree invading the sacred domain of a great man's private life, it may be said that no marriage could possibly have been more happy than that of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The pair were young together, became mature together, and grew old together. I do not merely mean to say that they passed their lives in the same dwelling, but what I do mean to say is that they were always thor-

oughly together in purpose and in spirit, in heart and in soul. There never could have been a wife more absolutely devoted to her husband and to his cause than Mrs. Gladstone. There was something unspeakably touching, even to mere and casual observers like myself, in the tender care which she always lavished upon him, a care which advancing years seemed rather to increase than to diminish. One was reminded sometimes of the saying of Burke, that he never had an outside trouble in his life which did not vanish at the sight of his wife when he crossed the threshold of his home. Gladstone had several children. Two of his sons were at one time members of the House of Commons. William Henry, the eldest son, has long since passed out of life. Herbert Gladstone is, I hope and fully believe, destined to carry on the renown of the name. A young man, whatever his ability, is naturally overshadowed by the fame of such a father as William Ewart Gladstone. Herbert Gladstone has kept as far as he could in the background, but he has undoubted capacity, a cool judgment, a clear head, and a ready power in debate, while he has a voice that for

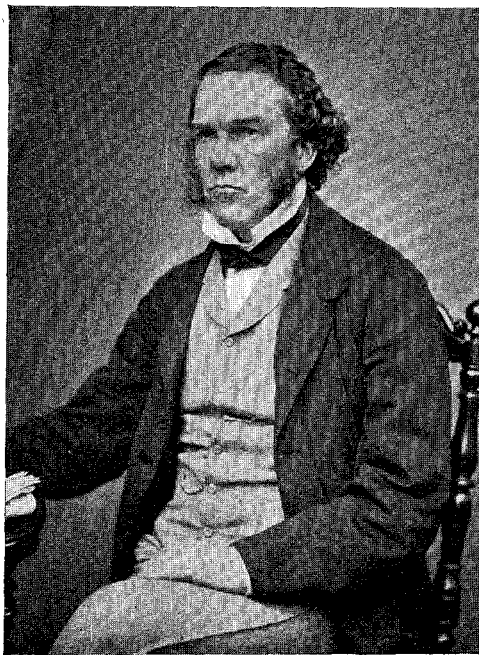
penetrating capacity and melodious tone brings back sometimes a delightful recollection of his father.

Mr. Gladstone himself made quite lately a touching allusion to his connection with Hawarden Castle. It came about in this way. In March, 1896, he was present at the opening of a new line of railway between Liverpool and North Wales, the first sod of which he had cut in the October of 1893. In the course of a short speech which he delivered he recalled the memories of his boyhood in Liverpool, and spoke of his more recent connection with North Wales. "I remember," he said, "when as a little boy I used to stroll upon the sands of the Mersey, now occupied for the most part by Liverpool docks. I remember how we used to look across the Mersey upon the Hundred of Wirral, and upon the Welsh hills beyond, just as an Englishman standing upon the cliffs of Dover now looks across into France. In point of fact, that is a feeble illustration, because France is now far more familiar to an Englishman standing on the cliffs of Dover than either Cheshire or North Wales was to the inhabitant of Lancashire at the period of which I speak. That has



SIR THOMAS ACLAND

Gladstone's friend at Christchurch, Oxford, and through life.



LORD LYTTELTON

Gladstone's friend and brother-in-law.

From Portraits dating 1850-1860.



HAWARDEN PARK. THE UPPER ROAD

all been changed by a long, a hard, and a manful struggle, and a hard, stand-up fight between the great companies on the one side and the promoters of this, to all appearance, comparatively limited enterprise on the other. The good sense and the right and the true interests of the people have been with you. You have struggled and you have won. I rejoice in it. You were good enough to connect my name and the name of my wife with this enterprise, but we have no other merit than that of simply having borne such testimony as we could to the true and the right. It is quite true that this enterprise has for me a particular interest. In Liverpool, which may be considered one of its termini, I first drew the breath of life and saw the light of heaven. With Hawarden, if it please God, my last acquaintance with the light and with the air is likely to be connected. These two places are of great interest to me. I take them now simply as symbols of the connection which it was desirable to establish."

In 1841 the Liberal administration was

getting into trouble. The revenue was falling and the budget showed a very serious deficit, something like two millions sterling. Sir Robert Peel, with his usual astuteness, saw that the time had come for turning the Liberals out of office. Lord John Russell, as representing the Government in the House of Commons, brought forward various proposals for an alteration in the adjustment of taxes so as to restore the equilibrium of finance. Sir Robert Peel opposed these measures successfully, and at last brought forward a direct motion declaring want of confidence in the Government, and rested this declaration on the whole financial policy of the Liberals. The vote was carried by a majority, but only a majority of one. The one was enough. Nothing was left to the Government but to dissolve Parliament and to appeal to the country at a general election. The result of the election was disastrous to the Liberals. The Tories came back with a large majority. According to the custom of those days, the Liberals still retained office after the declaration of the



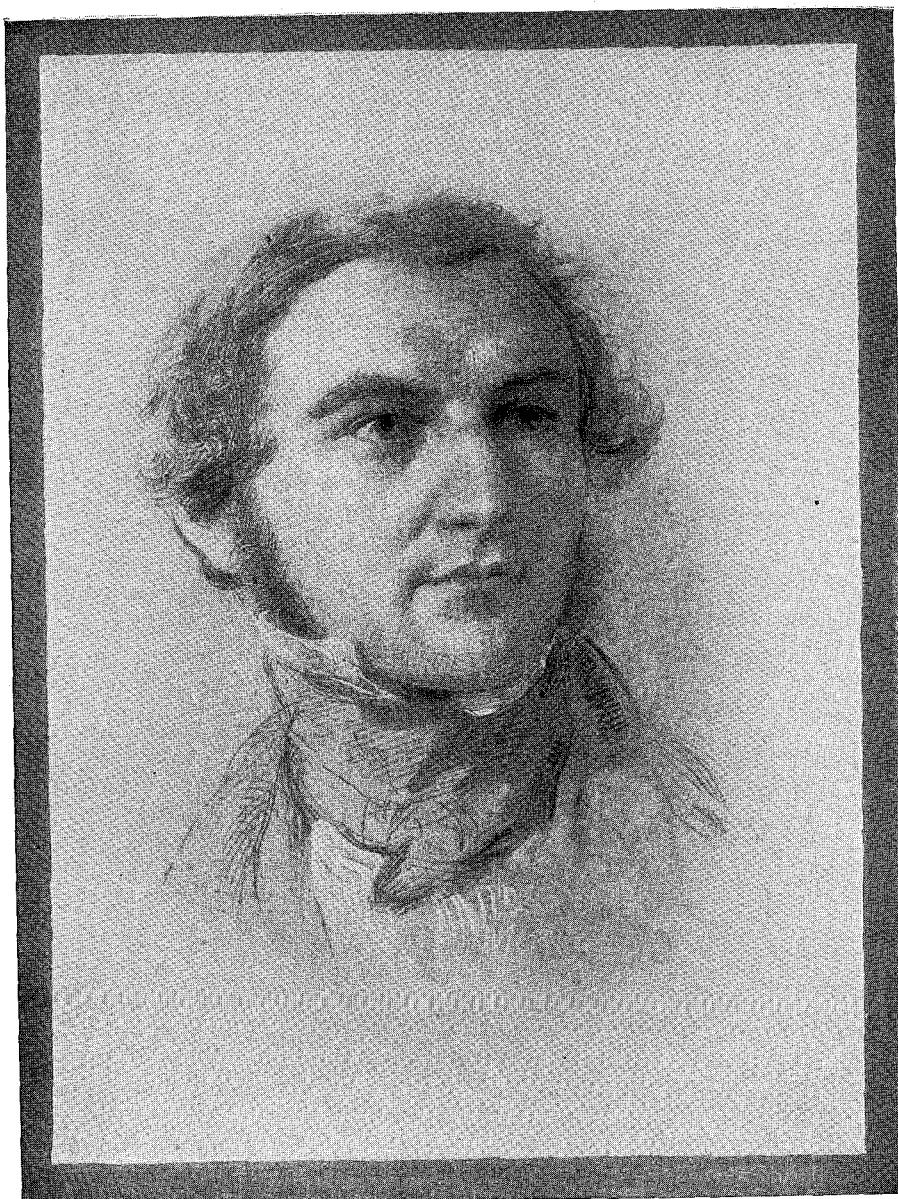
BARON BUNSEN
The German statesman, author,
and friend of Gladstone.

polls, and presented themselves to the House of Commons as an administration. The usage then and until much later was that a Government, although outvoted and defeated at a general election, should retain office until formally expelled by a vote of the House of Commons. The formal expulsion soon came. The debate on the Address, prolonged over three nights and finishing at three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of August, 1841, left the Liberal Government in a minority of 91. Sir Robert Peel was immediately sent for by the Queen, and undertook to form a Ministry. Mr. Gladstone had been once more returned for Newark, and was, of course, invited by Sir Robert Peel to join the new administration.

It has often been stated, I do not know with what truth, that Mr. Gladstone was very anxious to become Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—in other and less technical terms, Irish Secretary. Many great English statesmen, Sir Robert Peel himself among the rest, began their public career, or at least the more responsible part of it, in the office of Irish Secretary. Sir Robert Peel, however, appears to have thoroughly understood that the first tendency of Gladstone's genius was towards finance. He, therefore, appointed him Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint.

Mr. George Russell cites an interesting description given by the late Baron Bunsen of a dinner about this time, at which Mr. Gladstone was present, on the occasion of the then King of Prussia's birthday. "Never," says Baron Bunsen, "was heard a more exquisite speech; it flowed like a gentle and translucent stream. . . . We drove back to town in the clearest starlight, Gladstone continuing with unabated animation to pour forth his harmonious thoughts in melodious tones." At that time Mr. Gladstone was greatly interested in the scheme for the setting up of an Anglican Bishopric at Jerusalem. Baron

Bunsen was one of the most remarkable men of his time. Of poor parentage and obscure birth, he made himself famous as a linguist and a scientific scholar. The "Edinburgh Review" said of him that he "was endowed by nature with the warmest and broadest sympathies. His knowledge was vast and varied. To no field of intellectual research was he a stranger." He was for some twenty years Secretary to the Prussian Embassy at Rome, and at the time when we met him in the company of Mr. Gladstone he had just been appointed Prussian Ambassador to England. He had a great love of ecclesiastical as well as of classical history, and between him and Mr. Gladstone there would, of course, have been a natural sympathy. "He acquired," says the "Edinburgh Review," "a position and an influence in English society which had never before been possessed by a German diplomatist." There is something charming in these few lines of description of that return to London "in the clearest starlight with Mr. Gladstone pouring forth his harmonious thoughts in melodious tones." His new office was exactly the position for which Mr. Gladstone was suited. There was a revised tariff in 1842 which abolished or else greatly lessened duties in the case of twelve hundred articles liable to be taxed. Mr. Gladstone took the leading part in the preparation of this new tariff, and, of course, not only in its preparation but in its exposition and its defense. Then perhaps for the first time he displayed his extraordinary powers as a financier and as a Parliamentary debater. He had to go through every minutest detail of his scheme in the House of Commons. He had to answer every objection, to clear up every misunderstanding, to reply again and again on the same question until he had fully impressed his meaning on the intelligence of the House of Commons. He showed the most minute acquaintance with every part of the country's commerce. He proved himself practically acquainted with even the smallest details of its commercial business, and the whole House at once recognized in him a master of financial statesmanship. All contemporary writers unite in bearing testimony to the extraordinary impression he produced on the House of Commons. For it has



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

1841. Thirty-two years old. From a chalk drawing by George Richmond, A.R.A. Photographed by Messrs. Fradelle & Young, London.

to be observed that a man might have had all the commercial knowledge, and all the mastery of facts, and all the skill of argument, and yet not have been a fascinating Parliamentary orator. But this was what Mr. Gladstone then and forever after proved himself to be. Tariffs and taxation and commercial comparisons are generally considered somewhat dry and tiresome subjects. Even those who want

to know all about them will listen sometimes to their careful exposition only because they want to get the knowledge and have to listen while it is being expounded. But Mr. Gladstone could make the dry bones of finance to live. He could brighten the dulllest financial subject with what might almost be called the musical touch of genius. That was the quality which he then for the first time

displayed in full to the House of Commons. In this way he was like Peel. People, indeed, then began to speak of him as a "pony Peel." In after years the public began to recognize that the pupil had surpassed the master. From the time of the debates on the revised tariff it was quite evident that Gladstone was the great coming financial minister. It was evident, too, that he was the great coming Parliamentary orator. His admission to the Cabinet was only a question of opportunity. All the time, however, he still kept up his studies in ecclesiastical history, his readings in the great classic poets, and his interest in all questions that concerned education and social improvement. From some of his letters written at the very time when he was thus impressing the House of Commons as the rising financial statesman of England one might almost be led to believe that he was thinking nothing about finance, that tariffs and duties were matters of no concern to him, and that he was wholly absorbed in patristic literature or in the mediæval schools of philosophy or in the art of the Renaissance or in the marvels of the ancient and modern potteries. Nothing that was interesting came amiss to him. He was as fond of receiving as of giving out information. He delighted in meeting any stranger who could give him some new idea or some new suggestion. Life must have been radiantly happy for him at that time, when, with all the world to interest him, he must have had the consciousness that with him a great political career was just about to begin. We shall see before long how ready he was, on a point of conscience, to risk the chances of that career.

In 1843 Mr. Gladstone obtained for the first time a place in the Cabinet. His reputation had been growing so steadily that every one took it for granted that his elevation to Cabinet rank was only a question of opportunity, and that the first time the vacancy occurred the position would be offered to him. So, indeed, the event proved. Lord Ripon resigned his place as President of the Board of Trade, and became President of the Board of Control—a Board established by Pitt to control the affairs of India—and Mr. Gladstone succeeded him in the Board of Trade, and became a member of the

Cabinet. His course now seemed to be clearly marked out. He had attained the position which every one had long believed him destined to occupy, and there was nothing for him but to go on rising and rising step by step. He had never pushed himself, he had never spoken in the House when there was not a genuine occasion for him to speak. He had kept himself in the background, so far as it was possible for a man of such gifts to be kept in the background; his success had not been a sudden blaze, but rather a steady growth of light. Now, however, that he seemed to have found his place, he was suddenly compelled to abandon it. No outer force of compulsion was applied to him, but the working of his own conscience dictated and enforced the step he was to take. In the earlier days of the session of 1845 Sir Robert Peel proposed to advance a certain way towards the propitiation of Irish public opinion. Sir Robert Peel had had this course strongly pressed upon him for some time by the Irish National Representatives and by the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland. He resolved, therefore, to establish certain non-sectarian colleges in Ireland, and also to increase the grant to the College of Maynooth, a college intended for the exclusive education of Roman Catholics and especially for the education of Roman Catholic priests. The College had had a small grant for a considerable time, which was given chiefly with the hope of encouraging Irish students for the Catholic priesthood to remain at home and get their teaching there instead of seeking it, as so many of them had had to seek it, in France and Italy and Spain. Mr. Gladstone was no enemy to the Maynooth grant, or even to its increase, as he afterwards proved. But he thought that the proposals of the Government put him into a position of much conscientious difficulty. Was he to pledge himself to support the measure which he had not yet fully considered, or was he simply to retain his place in the Cabinet, as so many another man would have done, and let the Prime Minister have his way, or was he to retire from the Government altogether? Now, there is a strong objection felt in England to any member of a Government who suddenly retires from it because of what the ruder public opinion regards as over-con-

scientific scruples. A man who takes such a course is very apt to find himself left in almost complete isolation. "You can't count on him," practical statesmen say. "You don't know at what critical moment he may find that his conscience is troubling him, and that he is bound to abandon his post and go apart into a corner and think the whole thing over in the depths of his moral consciousness." To be considered eccentric or quixotic is almost fatal to a rising administrator in the House of Commons, where the principle of what is called common sense is encouraged in a domination which highly wrought temperaments and intellects sometimes find it impossible to endure. Many of Mr. Gladstone's closest friends strongly urged him to conquer his scruples and to remain in the Cabinet. One of those who gave him this advice was Archdeacon Manning, who had not then passed over to the Roman Catholic Church. Archdeacon Manning pointed out to him that his influence in the Cabinet would be of immense service to the Church of England, and that his withdrawal from

office could not fail to do damage to its interests. The same sort of advice was given to him by other friends, each from his own different point of view. "If you leave the Government just now," said one, "on this particular question, you are committed to oppose them on this particular question when it comes to be discussed as a Government measure; and there you are—your time and your gifts as a financial administrator all thrown away on a mere matter of religious agitation." "Think," said others again, "how much we all expected of you in the way of genuine social and educational reform, and now, because of

some curious scruple, you are going to kick over the traces and get out of the administration altogether."

Gladstone, however, remained quite firm. The opinions that other men regarded as mere fastidious scruples were sacred principles to him. He remained fixed in his intention, and he explained his feelings very fully and candidly. He intended, he said, to resign his place in the administration—his first place in the Cabinet—but he firmly declared that his resignation of office was not necessarily to be followed by an opposition to the scheme of the Government of which he

was no longer to be a member. "My whole purpose was," he explained in a letter, "to place myself in a position in which I should be free to consider my course without being liable to any just suspicion on the ground of personal interest. It is not profane if I now say, 'With a great price obtained I this freedom.' The political association in which I stood was to me, at the time, the alpha and omega of public life. The Government of Sir Robert Peel was believed to be of immovable strength.



MRS. GLADSTONE

From an ivory miniature painted about the time of her marriage. Photographed for The Outlook by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

My place, as President of the Board of Trade, was at the very kernel of its most interesting operations, for it was in progress from year to year, with continually waxing courage, towards the emancipation of industry, and therein towards the accomplishment of another great and blessed work of public justice. Giving up what I highly prized, . . . I felt myself open to the charge of being opinionated and wanting in deference to really great authorities, and I could not but know that I should inevitably be regarded as fastidious and fanciful, fitter for a dreamer, or possibly a schoolman, than for the active purposes of public life

in a busy and a moving age." These words reveal the whole nature of the man.

Mr. Gladstone then resigned his position as a Cabinet member of his great friend's administration. But although he resigned his place, he nevertheless supported the increased grant to the College of Maynooth by voice and vote. Had he been a man of less original power and genius, such a course of action might have rendered him hopeless for his whole life as a leading member of any possible administration. Being a statesman of supreme genius and command, he had, of course, to be put later on into a position befitting his political and financial capacity. But what I especially wish to direct attention to is the fact that Gladstone was not at that time by any means regarded as a statesman of such supreme political and financial genius. He was accepted as a very rising man, who was almost sure to become before long a Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he was not regarded as what Lord Palmerston once called "the inevitable man;" and there was no reason why, if he had made a political mistake and shown an over-fastidious mind, he should not have passed, as others had done, out of the running for high administrative office. Men had not then in England imported from the political life of the United States the epithet "a crank." But the reality of the description was quite understood. They had in Parliament then, as we have now, many cranks, and to be a crank is to be a failure. It might have been thought at that time, which had not the experience of our time, that William Ewart Gladstone was going to turn out a mere crank, when for his scruples about the Maynooth grant he resigned his place in the Cabinet and in the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

I am very anxious to direct the especial attention of my readers to this, as it now seems, quite unimportant episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone. It is necessary to begin at the beginning, and this is the beginning of one chapter of illustration of

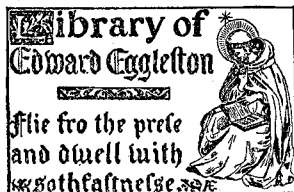
Mr. Gladstone's character as a statesman. If we do not understand him by this revelation of his nature and his temperament, we shall never understand him at all. The whole question then at issue has been long since settled, and is all but forgotten. As I have said, Mr. Gladstone actually supported the Government in the measure brought in to increase the grant to the College of Maynooth. He spoke at some length in support of the increased grant. Then why did he resign his seat in the Cabinet because a measure was to be introduced which on its introduction he cordially supported? Here we get at a study of the character of the man. He had not made up his mind as to the purpose of the bill when it was submitted to the Cabinet. He could not pledge himself to support it and to speak for it. He thought it quite likely that it would commend itself to his maturer judgment—and, at all events, he told all his friends that he had not the least idea of pledging himself to vote against it—but he could not just then see his way, and he preferred not to take any responsibility for the measure, of which up to the time of its expected introduction he had not been able to make up his mind altogether to approve.

Just think what an absurdity this must have seemed to the hack ministerialist of the time! Fancy what the Tapers and Tadpoles, the Wishies and Washies of Mr. Disraeli's novels, would have thought of it! Only fancy—this young fellow, Gladstone, who has just got into the Cabinet, already feeling scruples of conscience about obeying the dictation of his chief, and actually giving up his place in the Government just because his own absurd conscience doesn't quite see its way in that particular direction! Well, at all events, there is one comfort—we have heard the last of this young Gladstone! Nobody will ever offer him a seat in a Cabinet again! Sensible men can't do with fellows of that kind. He seemed a coming man—and now he's gone!

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for March].



Edward Eggleston : An Interview



DR. EGGLESTON'S BOOK-PLATE

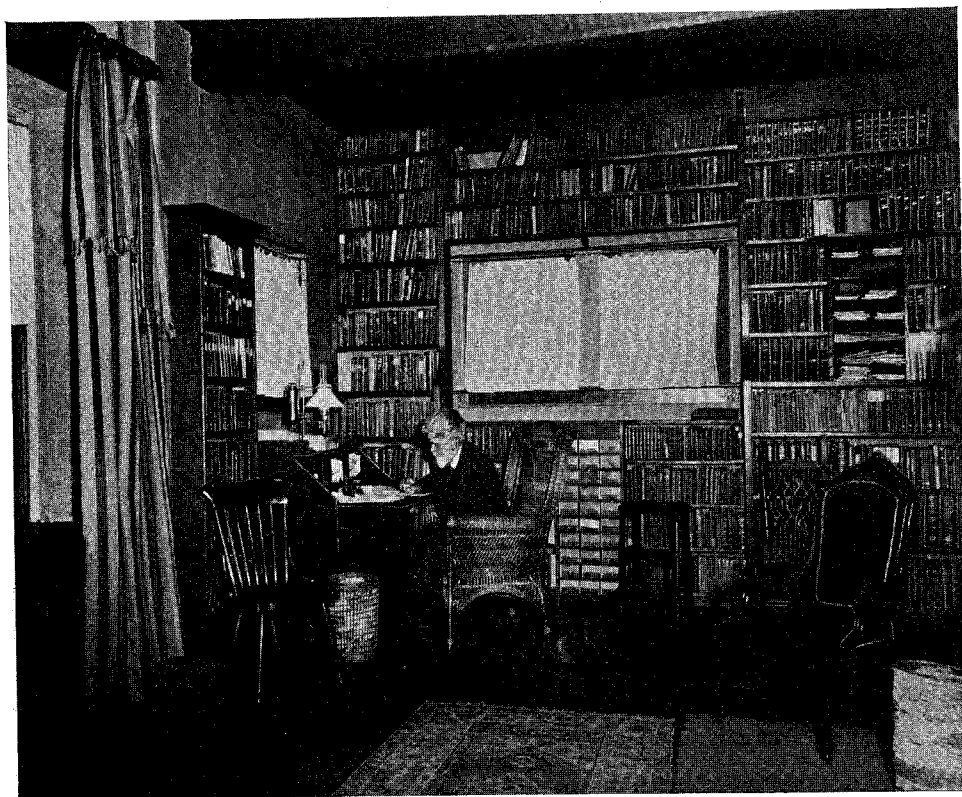
many respects so important and interesting an event in recent literary history that the editors of *The Outlook* have felt prompted to ask Dr. Eggleston to tell the readers of *The Outlook*, in a very informal way, something about himself and the growth of this historical project and the methods of the historical writer and student. Dr. Eggleston kindly consented to an interview with one of the staff of *The Outlook*, the report of which will be

The publication of the first volume of Dr. Edward Eggleston's "History of Life in the United States" is in

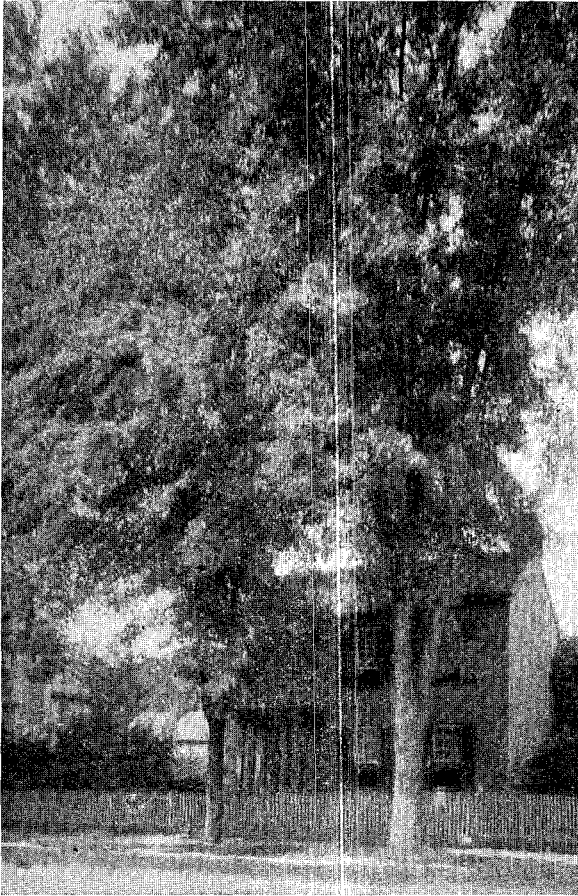
read, we are confident, with more interest because it is so informal and familiar in style. Dr. Eggleston said :

Joshua's Rock is near my place on Lake George—we called our post-office this to perpetuate a historic name. It is on Dunham's Bay. The "Rock" got its name from a noted old trapper about whom there were a great many legends. Before we built there it was used as a picnic ground. When we went there in 1881, the region had been unoccupied for many years. In building my library chimney I put in bricks from an old house that had stood there—small, flat bricks of ancient make. In digging the cellar for the library we found rude stone implements, and with them fragments of human bones.

I succeeded Justin McCarthy on the



DR. EGGLESTON AT WORK IN HIS LIBRARY



DR. EGGLESTON'S BIRTHPLACE, VEVAY, INDIANA

"Independent." When I came on the "Independent" from the West, Mr. McCarthy was literary editor, and my only acquaintance with him was at the time of his surrender of his desk to me. Dr. Ward was office editor when I was superintending editor. He had been religious editor and I literary editor, and when Theodore Tilton and Oliver Johnson left the paper, we took the two chief places. I had been here only seven months from the West, and this promotion was rather sudden.

The last time I visited Minnesota I did not know anybody but a few old friends. I was a fifty-sixer. I went to Minnesota at eighteen years of age to die of consumption. The steamboat captain entreated me before I got off to get on the first steamboat and go back. "There is no hope for you, young man; you might just as well go back." "No, I shall die

if I go back, and if I stay here I cannot do any more than die, and I do not intend to die if I can help it." It took us ten days to go from St. Louis to St. Paul on the steamer "Ben Bolt."

At least 10,000 people went to Minnesota that year, I suppose. There were no railroads. Traveling was by boat or wagon. I went home in the fall of '56 entirely recovered, but broke down again the next year, and went back and stayed until '66. This experience is an advantage now in writing history. I have known colonial life, having been among people thrown together suddenly from different regions, people of different manners and dialect. I can imagine in the colonies the same collision and the same contact with Indian life. I was once telling Parkman of these things and of my life in Virginia. He said, "You are the only man in America that can write a history of life in the United States; you are the only man who has seen so many forms of our life." This was very nice for him to say to a be-

ginner in history. On the frontier you have to live with all kinds of men.

The trouble with some historians is that they seem to want to take a composite view that represents the average opinion of the scholarly public in their time, instead of their own convictions. A composite view is always undefined and hazy. The literary man who writes history, from mere force of his training, sees the facts through the medium of his own thought, experience, and temperament.

Bonner said to me once about the "Ledger"—Bonner had not a bit of literature in him, but he always kept the "Ledger" free from moral offenses—"The way I do that thing is this: When I was a boy I used to go to a Scotch prayer-meeting in Pennsylvania, and I remember one very good little old woman in a brown silk hood, who always sat in one

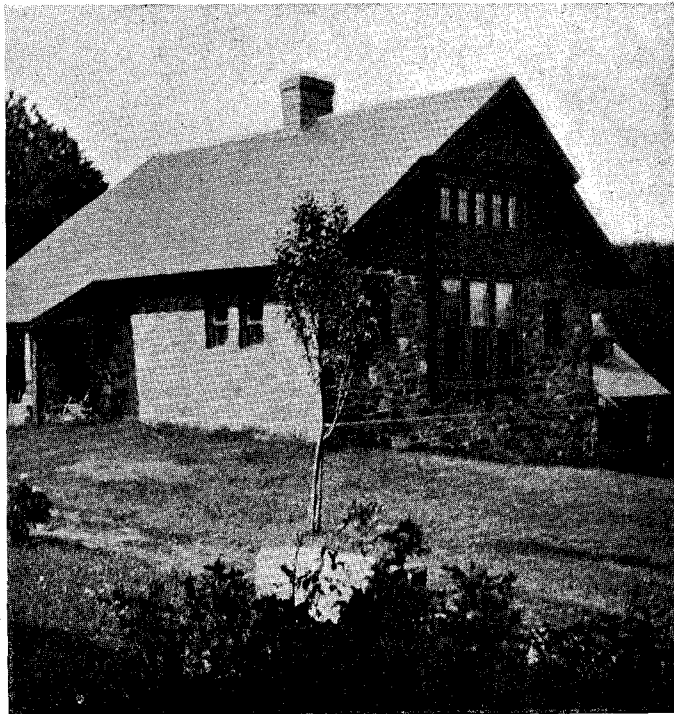
place—she was my ideal of goodness. I always ask myself whether what I put in would offend that little old woman in the brown silk hood.”

You know Macaulay was very much abused for saying that he would not be content if his history was less interesting than a novel.

Mrs. Eggleston's idea of my works is that they have all been of the same general plan; they have all been studies of life. In the preface to the “Hoosier Schoolmaster,” Library Edition—no, it was in something I wrote for the “Forum”—I said if my books were brought to me from another person, I should say that what distinguished them specially was that these characters were all treated in their relation to social conditions—something of which I was quite unconscious at the time; they were forerunners of my historic studies, a result perhaps of my early life, which was diversified. In my early life I rapidly changed from one social environment to another. For instance, I lived in town and in the country, and on account of ill health was sent to the backwoods of Indiana, and in the back country I saw many survivals. The cooking was done by large fire-places with great andirons. The dye-kettle stood on the hearth. Spinning, dyeing, and weaving were all done in the house. Then I went to Virginia and was domesticated—a boy transplanted from a new free State to an old slave State. There the country life and prejudices of English squires were preserved. The planters would not have embarked in trade for anything. In the mind of a boy with any observation at all these changes must have produced many comparisons. I had to learn even a new set

of table manners on going to Virginia. Then, within twelve months, I was on the Minnesota frontier, driving oxen and carrying chain in a surveying party. That preparation, quite as much as any natural bent, gave me the tendency to write a history of life.

I am asked how I came to write this history. The external facts (which are all I care to give—the intimate relation to a man's life he does not care to give) were that in 1879, when I was broken in health and starting for Europe—broken up in plans of life—I was talking to Roswell Smith in Scribner's store, and Mr. Smith, with his usual generosity, which I do not mind telling about, told me that his purse was at my disposal—an offer of which I did not need to take advantage. I told him of my unwillingness to continue writing novels—that I did not want to make a profession of it. Roswell Smith said, “Why do you not connect your name with a great historical work?” At the moment it did not make much impression on me, but in a



DR. EGGLESTON'S LIBRARY

Joshua's Rock, Lake George. The Library is a detached building, connected with Dr. Eggleston's house by a portico. The porch of the dwelling appears on the right.

long voyage to Europe, in which sleep was impossible—a winter voyage and stormy—this suggestion recurred to me, and when I got to England—and to France a few days later—the purpose became fixed. I was not interested in politics or wars, but felt that I should like to write a history of life in the United States, finding suggestions in the modern school of French historians. Our history has latitude and not longitude, and it is impossible to bring it into oneness if it is treated after the manner, say, in which Green writes English history. In January, 1880, while still too ill even to write my own letters, I began to wander up and down the quays and buy books.

Yes, Thierry's work, which I was introduced to by an article of John Stuart Mill's on the new school of French historians of that time, was written more than half a century ago. That article of Mill's cites Thierry and Michelet and some others. It led me to read the "*Tiers État*," which I found a very interesting study; and still more interesting, I think, is the introduction which fills three-fourths of the first volume of his "*Récits des Mérovingiens*." In that introduction he analyzes the prejudices in the French nation which modified the writing of history. It was not until near the close of the last century, I think, that the French even came to admit that the Franks were Germans.

I met the group you speak of, Creighton, Church, Robertson Smith, Acton, Garnett, and others, at Mr. Bryce's one evening when they were planning the "*English Historical Review*," and I was asked to give views as to its relations to the American public. Dr. Creighton, now Bishop of London, turned on me in his peremptory way and asked me what circulation the Review would have in America. I said, perhaps 250 copies. I could not say more, but no one present could receive so low an estimate. Dr. Creighton came to this country afterwards, and I asked a friend of his how many subscribers he had in America. He said eighty.

Dean Church was there—one of the most interesting, modest men I have ever met. Only in answer to questions could he be brought to say anything—he was

one of those lovely reticent men, who, one feels, have all the feminine qualities. A small man whom I knew only as Smith was the dominant spirit of the occasion. I said, after a while, There cannot be two such Smiths in the United Kingdom. The alertness of his mind was amazing; he could answer every question that arose; cost of page, so much; cost of composition, so much; profit or loss calculated swiftly. At last I said, That must be Robertson Smith; there cannot be two such men. I asked my host as I went out, "Is that Robertson Smith?" and found my conjecture correct.

Dr. Garnett was there, with whom I became very well acquainted. For many long weeks Garnett never failed to come to my desk in the Museum and ask me if I had everything I wanted.

The service in the National Library in Paris is somewhat perfunctory, but there were endless little attentions at the British Museum which were very pleasant. I ordered twice from a series of volumes of broadsides. Somebody in authority observed this, and a message was sent to me: "You have twice ordered from this collection of broadsides. Would you not like to go in and see the whole eighteen volumes?" A boy conducted me into one of the abysses of the library. I was two hours going over the eighteen volumes, and found much that I wanted which I never could have found by ordering from chance references.

Carlyle quarreled with the Museum, and would not work there. The superintendent of the reading-room told me that Carlyle came in and said, "I want a room to work in." There was no room to be had. He protested: "Do you think I am going to sit down here among all these dirty people?" The "dirty people" included many of the most eminent scholars in Europe; of course there are always a certain number of cranks also. I have seen 800 readers there—there are 800 seats, according to my estimate, and they were all filled. The Museum people say that in consequence of Carlyle's neglect of their stores, it will not do to trust his "*French Revolution*." "But did he not use the French National Library?" I asked. "Yes, but we have in the British Museum twelve times as many rare

pamphlets on the French Revolution as they have in Paris." They have undoubtedly in the British Museum the best collection on American history ever made, though there are some deficiencies. It is a wonderful library.

I work harder in the summer, at Lake George, than I do in the winter. My library there has been accumulated for this work, and it serves my purpose better than any one public library. I get all Bangs's auction catalogues, and there is not a week that I have not bids lying on Bangs's table. I bid by mail, and I not only get my books much cheaper than if I looked them up on counters, but I find books I should not otherwise hear of. Two great libraries of rare books have been sold this year, the Sewall and the William R. Williams libraries. Dr. Williams had many books of interest on the Anabaptists and the Mennonites. I shall have to treat, when I come to Pennsylvania, the curious history of these strange sects. Dr. Williams had many Dutch books.

How many languages? I do not know. If I should say that I know seven or eight languages, I should be guilty of a common exaggeration. I have to use seven languages in my present work, but with some of them I use dictionaries. I read French, Italian, Spanish, and usually Latin, without a dictionary. The Teutonic languages are less easy to me than

the Latin ones. Dutch I have taken up in the last year or two.

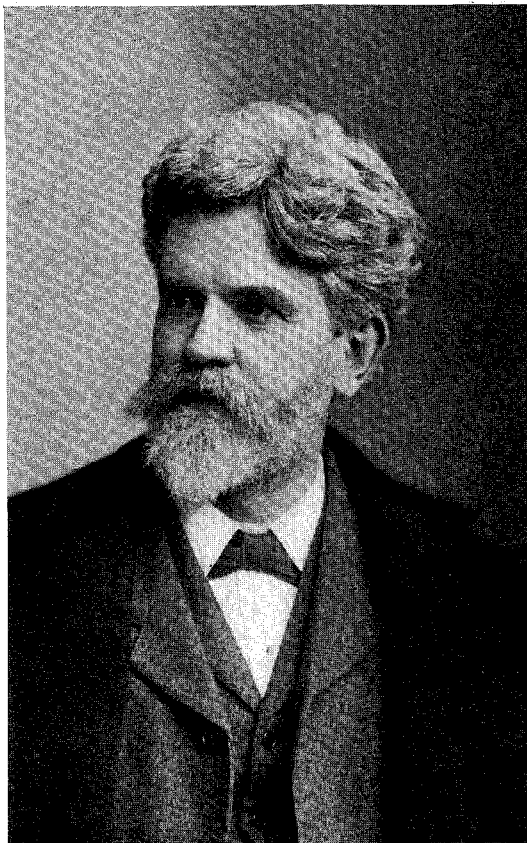
I have a Latin document called the Constitutions of the New England Churches. There are things in it that the greatest expert in mediæval Latin I could find said no man living could read with certainty. This throws light on the education of that age, and shows that one may easily make too much of a graduation from Cambridge in England at that period.

There were Cambridge men who could write this bad Latin, though Latin and Greek were the principal studies in the universities; they spoke Latin, or were supposed to. This is the sort of Latin that some of them spoke and wrote; others were good Latinists. There was among the Irish scholars of the period a conversational Latin with the English idiom, and they jabbered Latin in an English order.

In looking up some medical point the other day, I got Harvey's lectures—the man who made our blood circulate—and they were in

Latin, or rather in what we call "macaroni." He says in brief notes, "*Vigilis; mane,*" and then breaks into English—"Lord, how you look as gamesters!" In Harvard they complained of the boldness of students in breaking the laws of the college by speaking English.

Lord Acton has one advantage for his great project of preparing, with the assistance of the best writers, a comprehensive history of the world from where Gibbon



EDWARD EGGLESTON

From the latest Photograph

leaves off to 1900—he has money. He is a Roman Catholic. And he is really a catholic man. The expression which I heard used of him in England is a very pretty one; they say “he belongs to one of our old Roman families.”

I suppose Acton's will be like Winsor's invaluable co-operative histories, which are very diversified, and which have every quality from indifferent to very good work.

There is really no other way of writing vividly and familiarly except by saturating one's self. The years of submersion in which I have not read anything modern have been most valuable. I rarely read anything of a later date than the seventeenth century now. I have not read a work of fiction entirely through in ten years. I read Milton on a rainy day—something to nourish myself on. I could hardly go on if I did not read “*L'Allegro*” and “*Il Penseroso*” and “*Lycidas*” “to help waste a sullen day,” sometimes. I did not read “*Trilby*,” and I did not read “*Robert Elsmere*,” except just to sketch them enough to know what they were about. The impression I have of fiction of the present time possibly comes of my being a little out of date. It seems to be in the state that poetry was in a while ago, a state in which there is more will than spontaneity. I have the feeling that Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith are trying to do something unusual. Of their great ability I have no doubt. When I look into some modern novels, I say, “Here is a man who says, ‘Go to, I will do something original.’” It reminds me of Coppée's saying, “Whom shall I imitate to be original?”

Which reminds me that a man in Gardiner, Maine, has written lately some delightfully original little bits of poetry and printed them in a little blue pamphlet with this sentence from Coppée for a motto. He calls it “*The Torrent and the Night Before*.” His name is Edwin Arlington Robinson. I never heard of him till he sent me his booklet. They send me books of poetry until I cannot get around for them, but he has sent me a book that I cannot help reading.

To write history with the vividness of personal experience it is necessary to

transform fact by imagination. A man has to take the alphabet learned in his experience and spell out another experience.

What made my work so long was that after I got started I found, to my disappointment, that the secondary writer was not to be trusted. As Thierry says of French history, sentiment had so warped historic investigation in this country that I was bound to go back from printed to manuscript sources; I had either to write falsehood, or at least to write insecurely or else to go back to original sources.

I have turned into my sixtieth year. I am fifty-nine, and am in the position that Agassiz described. When I was editing the “*Independent*,” I tried to get him to write me an article. I said that I knew he had said he could not afford to make money. “It is a fact, Mr. Eggleston,” he burst out in his impulsive way, “I really *cannot* afford to make money.”

I did three months' work at the outset of my researches that I had to throw away. I had tried in vain to arrange my notes in a book. I put them under headings, but it would not go. I heard some one say that Motley had said that Prescott had rendered him an invaluable service by teaching him to make his notes. I went to work to think up a way to make notes. I went into a stationery store one day, and happened to see a “scratch-book,” as it is called, punched across the top of each leaf. Wherever I am, in a library, I make my notes on every subject in succession, and the classifying afterwards is mechanical. I put a clue-word at the bottom of each page and tear out any that I need, or all of them.

I have not had time to read Mr. Roosevelt's “*Winning of the West*,” except fragments of it here and there. It interests me very much both in subject and treatment. He consulted me about authorities when he was beginning his book. I had at one time set my heart on writing that story myself, but who can tell whether I shall ever reach the period? My maternal grandfather was one of the pioneers who crossed the Alleghanies with

my great-grandfather in 1781. My grandfather built the first block-house on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. My father came West as a young lawyer when he left college in Virginia. On my mother's side my ancestors were leading pioneers in Kentucky and Indiana. The pastor of the famous traveling church, about which a book has been written, was a brother of my great-grandfather. Of course that old life interested me very much. I told Mr. Roosevelt all I could about authorities, and sent him some references.

He has a very good title. I thought I had a good one in mind—"The Crossing of the Alleghanies." But Roosevelt is more military than I am. He always goes hunting for big game. His friends say that he would succeed better in administration if he were less free in speech. But what a fine talker he is! Best of all when his splendid moral wrath is roused till he thumps the table!

Paul Ford clears Washington of more scandals than he puts on him.

He clears him of being a Pecksniff, and makes him rather a manly fellow of his period. As to the drinking habits of the time, Washington said to a French

traveler: "We are a changed people. The Virginia planter no longer locks the door on his guests and says, 'You shall not go out until you are all under the table'—which was as much as to say, I won't let you go out until you cannot go out."

You have read that little book called "The Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia." She writes something like this: "We have had our bed moved into sister's room, because we expect the gentlemen to come home drunk. I must stop writing, for the gentlemen are coming, both tipsy;" and the next morning, "We must put off our journey, for brother is entirely used up by the frolic," not considering it a disgrace, but a matter of course. A man has a right to be judged by the standards of his period. But one cannot judge an age by its own standards. One can judge an age only by modern standards, otherwise it is no judgment at all.

I have not been able to keep in mind that you were going to print this talk, or there would have been less spontaneity and more discretion in it. But let it go—a man's indiscretions are his own.

Detroit : A Municipal Study

By the Hon. Hazen S. Pingree

Governor of Michigan

THE city of Detroit is pre-eminently a city of home-owners. We have as many home-owners in Detroit as they have in Boston or New York. We have no big tenement-house system. Our foreign population is, in the main, English-speaking. We have, indeed, a good many Poles who cannot speak English well; but their children are going to school, and the parents are learning fast. The anti-monopoly measures of my administration have been supported by all classes, except what are called the best citizens. The small property-owners have supported them as zealously as the wage-earners. A great many among what are called the better classes have voted for me, but they are generally careful not to let it be known. If we had to depend upon these classes for reforms, they could never be brought about.

The conflict between the city and the street-car companies began during the great street-car strike we had here several years ago. We had at that time poor service from the street-car companies, and they were working their men from ten to fourteen hours a day. When the strike came, the officers of the company demanded that I should call out the militia. I refused to do this, and requested them to settle the dispute by arbitration. Some of them called me an Anarchist for taking this position, but public sympathy was strongly on my side, and they finally decided to accept my proposition. It then took only a day and a half to settle the whole dispute, and since then nearly everything has been settled by arbitration. In my opinion, no company ought to get a franchise unless it stipulates its readiness to submit to arbitration its dis-



THE CITY HALL, DETROIT

putes with its men. Both men and companies owe it to the public to keep the peace.

The public feeling against the company which this strike brought to a head made it possible to keep up a fight for a better street-car service. At first most of the aldermen seemed to be bound hand and foot to the street-car companies; but half of them are elected every year, and we tried to select men who would stand by the people, and got them, if possible, to pledge themselves. When once pledged, it was pretty hard for them to go back on their word, but of course some had their price. Not until the second year was the Board of Aldermen really out of the grip of the street-car company. All this time we were fighting the company in the courts in regard to its franchise. It was a long, bitter fight, the case being taken from court to court, and finally costing the city from \$50,000 to \$60,000. While this struggle was going on, with decisions sometimes in our favor and sometimes in theirs, they were trying to get a new franchise, but I kept vetoing their measures, and it was pretty hard to pass anything over my veto. I used to stir up the public by sending out notices, and the people would pack the Council chamber and fairly terrify the Aldermen who wished to go back on their campaign promises. We even told them that we had plenty of rope there and would hang

them. The newspapers, with the exception of one German paper, the "Abend-Post," were on the side of the street-car companies. When they published anything from me, they had it put in such a light that it had an entirely different meaning. Once, when I issued a call for a mass-meeting to protest against a bill introduced in the Legislature to take away my appointive power, they refused to print the call, even when I offered to pay them for it. When the papers refused to publish my notices, I used to have bulletin-boards fastened with chains to four or five of the pillars about the City Hall. In this way I got a hearing.

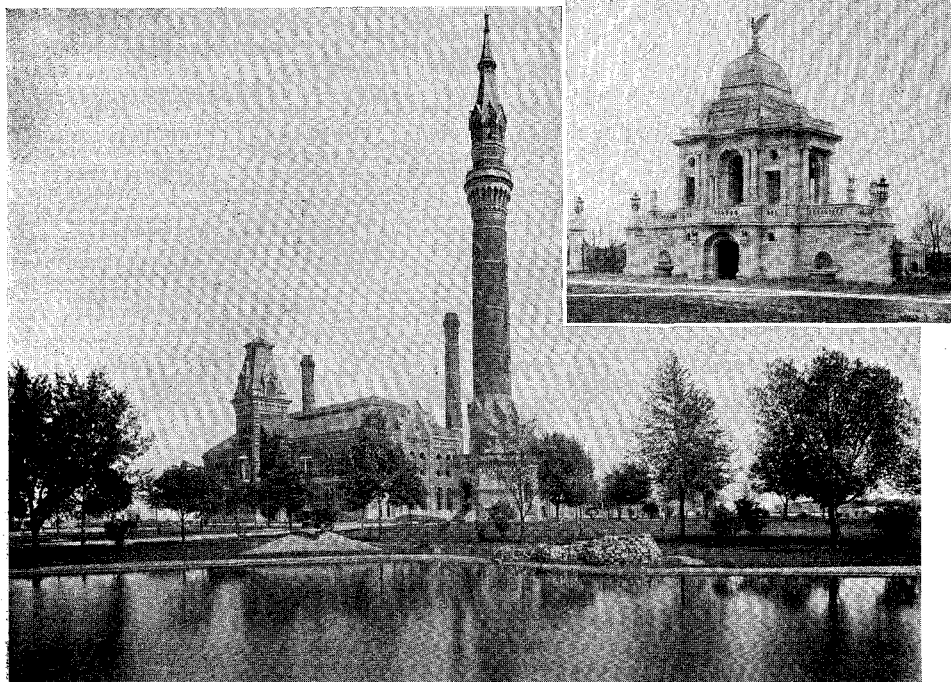
The fight in the courts was almost as difficult to carry forward. When I got a resolution passed in the Council giving me the power to retain two lawyers outside of those already paid by the city, I picked out one prominent Democrat and one prominent Republican. These men accepted the case, but the first thing I knew the company began to bring pressure to bear upon them. The prominent Democrat, who has held a Cabinet position, took a smooth way to get out of the fight. He said that he was in National politics, and that this local struggle complicated his position. The prominent Republican did not drop out so quickly, but I found we were having a hard time to get the matter before the court. Finally I insisted that he must bring it to a head. A few mornings later I was surprised to have him come in to see me and state that he had been retained by the company and could no longer serve as our attorney. He said that he was poor and that they had offered him such an amount that he could not afford to let it go by. Of course I gave this to the papers, and you can imagine the feeling it stirred up.

Then I started around to look for other attorneys, and found that every able lawyer in town had been retained except Professor Kent, who was not a jury lawyer but a good counsel. I retained him, and also a strong lawyer from up the State.

We carried the case through the lower court, and it went then from court to court until it came to the Supreme Court. Then in some way they managed to transfer it to the Federal courts. It was to have been tried before a judge who owed his appointment to the largest stockholder in the street-car company. I took the position that that judge had no right to try that case. I used some pretty strong language, and think they would have had me arrested if I had not been right. As a result of these protests, the case was transferred to a Circuit Court in Ohio and tried before Judge Taft. He decided in our favor. Then it was appealed to the Court of Appeals in Tennessee before Judge Jackson. Our lawyers went down there, and the next day telegraphed back that the Judge had his mind made up to decide against us, but he held the matter for six months before rendering his opinion. About ten days before the decision came we learned that a New York firm had bought out the street-railway company. When the decision was handed down, it was in their favor. What reason the New York capitalists had for thinking the stock of a company whose franchise had been declared void by the

Circuit Court was a safe investment will possibly never be publicly known.

On the filing of the opinion of the Court of Appeals the new owners began to make overtures for peace on the basis of a thirty-year franchise and five-cent fares, but in the meantime another factor had entered into the problem. On the 20th of November, 1894, Messrs. Pack & Everett, of Cleveland, made application to the Common Council for a franchise to operate street cars on streets not, as a rule, used by the old company, and agreed to equip their system with modern appliances and sell eight tickets for a quarter, to be good from quarter before six in the morning until eight o'clock at night. When the ordinance granting this franchise was pending before the Council, the new managers of the old company exhibited the same short-sightedness as had their predecessors. They not only refused to reduce fares themselves—publicly admitting that to do so would have a bad effect upon their street-car properties in other cities—but violently opposed the granting of a franchise to the Pack-Everett syndicate. Their obstructive policy, however, went for naught, and the ordinance was



THE DETROIT WATERWORKS, SHOWING ALSO THE HURLBURT MEMORIAL GATE

adopted. The old company then announced its intention to contest in the courts the right of the new company to operate the lines, and applied for an injunction in that behalf. In this fight before the courts, however, the old company failed, and the citizens of Detroit have now access to a street-car system extending to nearly all parts of the city, with the fare during working hours practically three cents, and with universal transfers. During the last campaign there was, indeed, a practical consolidation of the new company with the old, but the combination is bound to operate the franchise of the new company upon the terms laid down in the charter. Mr. Everett, of the new company, was opposed to entering the combination. He told me when his company started that they would be satisfied if they made money in a year and a half, and afterwards admitted that they had made money almost from the start. His company at one time proposed to the Council to operate all the street-railway lines in the city at the rate of two and one-half cents per passenger, and pay the interest upon the purchase price of the street-car tracks if these tracks were condemned by the authority of the legislature and the purchase price decided by arbitrators. The fight has not ended, and may not end until the franchise of the old company expires. Fortunately, the Michigan Legislature was long ago wise enough to provide against perpetual franchises. All franchises in this State are for thirty years.

The story of our fight with the gas companies is a much shorter one. At the beginning of my administration there were three companies making gas, and the price at which they sold it was \$1.50 per thousand cubic feet. Two of these companies had valid franchises, but the other company, we found after long searching, had been running under a franchise that had expired twenty years before. When we began to investigate it, they had just sold out to C. P. Huntington, of New York. We went back in the city records and found where the city's attorneys had at different times started to look into their franchise, but all of them had for some reason dropped the search. We looked everything over, and finally set a dozen men at work going through two or

three carloads of old newspapers stored up in the garret. Finally a paper containing the record of this franchise was found, and it was demonstrated that the franchise had expired about twenty years before. Of course I brought this out in the papers. They had just issued \$7,500,000 worth of stock, and all of it was selling at about eighty cents. It afterwards fell to fifteen cents. The company offered me \$75,000 for a franchise, to be dated back two years, but I refused to give it. When Huntington found out that they had sold him something they did not own, he refused to pay, and they brought suit.

At the beginning of this contest the gas company took the position that dollar gas might be supplied in a city the size of Boston, but that in a small city like Detroit, where a smaller plant was used, and where the houses were so scattered that far longer mains had to be constructed to reach the same number of consumers, dollar gas was a visionary idea. I sent my stenographer down to Cleveland, and he brought back the official record of Cleveland's contest with the gas companies. In Ohio the City Councils have the right to regulate the price of gas, and the Cleveland Council had ordered a reduction from a dollar a thousand to sixty cents a thousand, and the gas company had gladly compromised upon an eighty-cent rate—paying five cents out of the eighty into the city treasury. The claim that gas could not be profitably furnished at a dollar fell to the ground. I tried to get the Michigan Legislature to delegate to the city of Detroit the right to regulate the rates, but the bill was fought by the corporations and defeated. Nevertheless, we were finally partially successful in our fight. The old company accepted a new franchise that reads like this: Gas for illuminating purposes, \$1; when used for fuel, 80 cents.

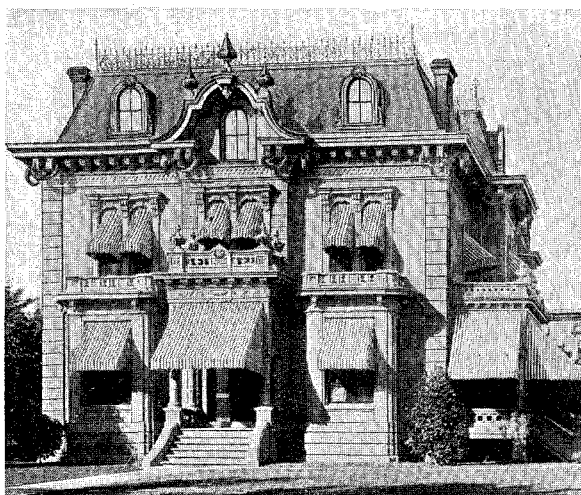
In dealing with the electric light matter, Detroit has recently adopted the plan of municipal ownership and operation of the plant. Under this plan the cost of lighting the streets has been reduced from \$11.15 to \$7.20 per arc lamp. All the public buildings, school-houses, police stations, etc., are to be lighted by this plant, and in my last message as Mayor I urged upon the City Council that in the

near future they should take another step forward and furnish electric lighting in the stores and homes of private citizens. If this were done, it would take electric lighting out of the luxuries of life, to be used only by the wealthy, and place it within the reach of the humblest citizens.

The water-works of Detroit have been owned by the city since 1852. No one dreams of such a thing as a return to private ownership. During my administration I have urged the adoption of the policy of furnishing free water and having the cost of the water-works, like the cost of the streets and the parks, paid for by general taxation instead of by the taxation of the homes and factories using the water. I urged this policy partly as a matter of justice to the different classes of property-owners. I called attention to the fact that there were in the city limits thousands of acres of unimproved real estate held for speculation, the value of which was being constantly enhanced by the water-rates levied upon the industrial classes. In Baltimore, in Philadelphia, in Milwaukee, and in St. Paul the owners of such land are assessed for the laying of water-pipes in front of their property, just as they are assessed for improving the streets. It is simple justice that this rule should be followed, because these water facilities enhance the value of the property in the same way that good streets do. I also urged this plan as a matter of economy. At the present time the Water Board spends \$150,000 annually, or one-quarter of all its expenditures, upon the salaries of officers in the collection, meter, and other departments, which could be dispensed with if water were paid for out of the general tax levy. A tax of sixty-four cents on a thousand dollars, or only a little over three dollars a year on a home assessed at \$5,000, would pay all the necessary expenses of running the water-works and create a sinking-fund for the gradual redemption of outstanding bonds. Such a change seems to me to be in the line of progress as well as economy. The principle of

charging more for water sufficient to wash a person all over than for the amount required to wash one's face tends to ungodliness, if cleanliness is next to godliness. I believe that Detroit would be a better city if free water were supplied in all the homes. If it is right for the city, for the sake of a better civilization, to furnish free schools, free libraries, free parks, it is right for the city to furnish free water for the promotion of cleanliness, comfort, and self-respect in the homes of its citizens.

In the management of municipal business for such departments as water and gas, I believe in, and have urged upon the City Council, a strict compliance with Civil Service Reform principles. In city affairs, as in the service of a railroad or express company, men should be employed on their merits without regard to political



MAYOR PINGREE'S RESIDENCE

affiliations, and they should not be discharged without cause. Only in this way will our educated young men enter city employ. The adoption of a system that will induce the best of our young men to take a deep interest in the higher and truer politics will greatly forward good government. It will also enable the city to undertake more public work. The time is coming when municipal monopolies will be owned by the people. Detroit during my administration voted by a majority of four to one in favor of public ownership of street-car tracks. If the tracks were owned by the public, it would be easy to get the ser-

vice performed at competitive and reasonable prices. We must not, however, wait for public ownership before putting an end to the extortion now practiced by private monopolies. We must, under the present system, compel the corporations exercising public franchises to furnish their services

at the reasonable rates contemplated in their charters. This can be done whenever the city government is intent upon accomplishing it, and the city government will be intent upon accomplishing it whenever the citizens wake up to the extent of the extortions now practiced upon them.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs

By Ellen M. Henrotin

THE Editors of The Outlook requested that this article on the General Federation of Women's Clubs be written from a personal point of view. I mention this request to account for the use of the personal pronoun, as it in a measure contradicts what is my firm belief, that the individual is but the channel for the expression of ideas.

As Vice-President of the Women's Branch of the Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, I became acquainted with all forms of organizations, both among men and women. Quite two years were spent by the committees having in charge the various congresses in preparing the programmes and securing writers. The Chairmen of these committees naturally appealed to existing organizations and societies for assistance, and in most cases such an appeal brought a request to participate in the Congress or to take entire charge of the meetings under the auspices of the Auxiliary; thus the Congress of Representative Women, the first in order, issued invitations to all the organizations of women in Europe

and in America to send delegates and reports. One hundred and twenty-six organized bodies of women responded; among these, fifty-six from the United States, thirty from England, nine from Germany, seven from France, etc.



ELLEN M. HENROTIN

The Moral and Social Reform Congress was participated in by the associations of charities, correction, and philanthropy and the societies for prison reform; the foreign delegates reported on similar associations in Europe. The educational congresses were held under the direction of the National Educational Association, and in the Parliament of Religions all denominations represented the work of organization among men and women under the auspices of the churches.

I was thus favored with a unique experience in observing the workings of organized effort. The Chairmen of these Congresses of the Women's Branch were, with one or two exceptions, members of women's clubs. The Chicago Woman's Club contributed thirty-eight Chairmen out of the forty-five; the preliminary training which fitted these wo-

men for public work and gave them the executive ability which enabled them to successfully organize and conduct large public meetings, they received, in most cases, from their membership in a woman's club. I was myself surprised to find that, though having held only one office in an association, my education as a member of several women's clubs enabled me to direct organization, not in one specialty, but in all. The benefit of the education which membership in a club confers may be summed up in a short sentence; it teaches the voluntary subordination of the individual for the good of the many, and thus the impersonal point of view is acquired, which enables any one to hold him or herself simply as the medium through which great thoughts and noble aims are put into the activities of the world. This symmetrical development of the club woman convinced me that it was a great educational force, and one admirably adapted to meet the requirements of the nineteenth century. When, therefore, in 1894 I was offered the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, I felt honored, as there is no organization destined to accomplish a greater work than the Federation.

In May, 1889, Sorosis of New York invited the clubs to meet and form an organization to be known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs. This organization was completed, and Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, the President of the East Orange Woman's Club, was elected President. If ever the right woman was in the right place, it was in this case. Mrs. Brown was earnest, impartial, impersonal, and conciliatory. She was a liberal conservative, and was withal a dignified, handsome, and gracious woman, admirably calculated to win and retain the allegiance of an association formed of literary and conservative women. Mrs. Brown served the Federation for two terms; by the constitution she was not eligible to re-election, and therefore retired. During the four years of her presidency the Federation from fifty-one charter clubs had grown to a membership of three hundred and fifty-four, and four State Federations of women's clubs had been formed auxiliary to the general—namely, Maine,

Massachusetts, Iowa, and the Social Science Federation of Kansas. Mrs. Brown died quite suddenly in February of 1894.

During the first two years of the General Federation the influence of the literary club had been paramount; in fact, the constitution thus defines the requirements of clubs entitled to membership: "Constitutions of clubs applying for membership should show that no political or sectarian test is required; and that, while the distinctly humanitarian movements may be recognized, their chief purpose is not philanthropic or technical, but social, literary, artistic, or scientific."

By 1892, however, many department clubs had joined the General Federation, and a new influence was introduced into the club movement. The department club from henceforth was the favorite form of organization. The study of education and of civics became prominent, and the participation of women in the Columbian Exposition on the National, State, and Local Boards drew the clubs into action, and all over the country Columbian Clubs for study were formed to prepare the members to intelligently enjoy the glories of the White City and to organize local exhibits.

From that time the members of the Women's Club began to use the power of the clubs to promote a wider social life and culture, and an ethical insight to aid the march of progress. Department clubs rapidly multiplied; civic leagues, town and village improvement associations, and kindred societies were formed, which exerted an influence over the community life around them. The clubs recently organized have departed from the tradition of the literary club in the matter of a large membership; some of the department clubs number many hundreds. The purely literary club was unable to assimilate such large numbers, and wisely elected in most cases to limit the membership. Since the Biennial of 1894 many of the literary clubs, members of the General Federation, have added a department on education.

When elected President in 1894, I found a large organization composed of intelligent and forcible women, eager to extend the club movement and influence

social life, using the word social in its large sense.

It was impossible for the General Federation to formulate a system of study or of practical work which would meet the demands of all the clubs, for the club is, first, to educate the individual members, and is also, of necessity, local in character, and reflects the period of individual development of its members.

The clubs of each State greatly resemble each other, and, the State being a political division thoroughly understood, it became natural and wise to form the clubs into State Federations, auxiliary to the General. Maine, Iowa, Massachusetts, and Kansas had already federated, and the reports of the benefits derived and the feasibility of adopting this division encouraged the movement. It was one of which my judgment approved, and which experience has justified. The Columbian Exposition also demonstrated that the people of each State develop a State character, and, except in rare instances, are nearly on the same level of intellectual culture. Thus the clubs in Maine, Iowa, and Massachusetts experience no difficulty in affiliating in State federations and adopting a plan of work in which all the clubs can co-operate.

The Chairmen of State Correspondence, the officers who represent the General Federation in each State, were, in almost every instance, heartily in favor of organizing State Federations.

At the Biennial of 1896, held in Louisville, the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, recorded a membership of 495 individual clubs and 20 State Federations. The States having federated since 1894 auxiliary to the General were New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado, Utah, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, and the District of Columbia. The State Federations have a membership of about 800 clubs. Since May last the States have federated: Washington, Wisconsin, and Georgia. To quote further from the report of the Corresponding Secretary: "Of the 495 individual clubs in the General Federation 50 are pursuing purely literary subjects. In the department clubs 371 have a department of literature, which includes art, science,

and philosophy; 232 have a department of education, including practical work in kindergartens and public schools; 174 have a department of philanthropy, which implies sociology as applied to philanthropy, theoretical and practical; 165 are pursuing household economics; 163 have social economics as applied to the history and practical application of municipal and legislative work, with village improvement associations, etc. Many clubs have built and own their own club-houses, and many clubs report the formation of stock companies to build club-houses."

The State Federations report a rapid growth in membership, and much enthusiasm. The Maine Federation in January of 1894 numbered 37 clubs. In May, 1896, the membership had increased to 74. Mrs. Henry F. Dowst, the President, writes: "The standing Educational Committee of the State has done valiant work in interesting club women to inform themselves as to the conditions and needs of the public schools and to institute ways and means to meet these needs and conditions. The prominent educators and thoughtful laymen in the State are looking to the women's clubs for assistance and support in their efforts to improve the State system of education."

I have quoted Mrs. Dowst, as the Presidents of the State Federations of Illinois, New York, Iowa, and Colorado report their States also as keenly alive to the question of State education. The President of the New Hampshire Federation, Mrs. Streeter, writes: "The main duty of the New Hampshire Federation lies along philanthropic lines, and the work ready to its hand is to aid the new State Board of Charities, appointed through the influence of prominent club women in the care of the dependent children of the State, removed from the almshouses by the same act of the Legislature which provided for the State Board, and to educate public opinion in the matter of the scientific administration of public charities."

Mrs. Susan R. Ashley, President of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs, writes: "The intelligent interest of club women concerning legislation has made itself so evident, and the force of club organization is so clearly recognized, that proposed reforms in matters of

charities, sanitary regulations, changes of school curricula, the regulation of the liquor traffic, and most semi-political and social questions, are referred to them for consideration and discussion, with a view of creating an intelligent public sentiment that will favorably affect legislation in their behalf."

The President of the District of Columbia Federation, Mrs. Mary Lockwood, writes that—"Through the influence of the Federation, a bill changing the entire status of married women in the Dis'ct passed both the Senate and the House. This bill gives to women virtually the same property rights as married men enjoy, and also provides that father and mother should jointly be the guardians of their children, and conferring on the mother the same right of guardianship as is enjoyed by the father."

Miss Margaret J. Evans, President of the Minnesota State Federation, reports that—"The State work embraces, first, fostering town and country clubs in order to provide women from the country with rest rooms when in town, to give the stimulus of social intercourse and a monthly literary programme; second, fostering public and private libraries; and, third, city and village improvement associations. Parks and streets have been made orderly and beautiful in several towns in Minnesota, the children in the schools have been interested and instructed by placards to lend their help, country school boards and teachers have been entreated to make country districts attractive, and much use made of the public press in educating public sentiment." The Presidents of the State Federations are unanimous in bearing witness to the social benefit derived from the annual meetings of the Federation.

Mrs. Campbell, Acting President of the Pennsylvania State Federation, says: "We are not federated clubs or societies, but federated women; and we welcome all, no matter in what direction their interest is engaged, so that it tends to the common good, and thus we keep in touch with all great movements." I have quoted from the Presidents of the State Federations, as in a "multitude of counselors is wisdom."

Thus the individual is educated in the club, the club co-operates with the State Federation, and the individual clubs and

State Federations bring to the General Federation the force of their united experience and effort.

But little interest had been manifested in the General Federation, outside of its members, until the rapid growth of the organization attracted attention to what is now one of the great social forces of the country. The reason for this lack of interest can easily be explained, for the Federation conducted no propaganda, the usual issuing of circulars and appealing for funds have not been necessary, and thus the attention of the public has not been aroused.

The character of the women composing the club membership largely accounts for the silent force which the association asserts, and the fact that it made no claim on the attention of outsiders until its deeds justified its claims; the women composing the club membership are usually intelligent, courageous, and thoughtful, and therefore forceful. Notoriety has no charm for them, for to secure that commodity one must work in season and out of season for self. Most of the clubs discourage the report of club work in the public press; thus the woman who seeks notoriety has small chance of attaining it as a club member.

Were organization the only aim of the Federation, it would already have attained a brilliant success; but organization is only the means to an end, and the Federation must stand before the bar of the world's judgment for what it contributes to the world's welfare. Above all, what is to be the future outcome of this movement?

As I stated above, my experience convinced me that an organization was needed, founded on the new forces so lately awakened in woman to raise the average life, and that it must be an organization without a past. I was impressed by the fact that so much effort is required to support special causes, which tend almost invariably toward a sort of institutionalism, supporting salaried officers, large offices, and publishing organs; thus tremendous exertion must be made to sustain the cause before the work for which the cause was inaugurated can even be commenced; all causes and all institutions are suffering from this tendency.

The General Federation was free from

this incubus; it had no salaried officers, no abiding-place; it does not desire to, nor is it advisable that it should, accumulate property; the dues of the club members are all small, the largest annual due of any club not exceeding fifteen dollars, while the average due is about three dollars. The club movement was not pledged to leadership—a great and saving principle in all true development, rotation in office being a cardinal principle of club government, the same principle being applied to the States and General Federation. One of the State chairmen pithily expresses the sentiment of the members: "We want leaders, but we do not want leadership." The Federation is thus a true democracy, educating not one, but hundreds of leaders, who contribute their enthusiasm and ethical force to the club.

As the Federation is pledged to no special cause, it is free to serve all, and is thus enabled to retain the attitude of intellectual and spiritual hospitality which is essential to the learner and the doer if good results are to be obtained. It is all-embracing and all-comprehensive; it touches life at all points. It does not take the individual out of the home life. It encourages and enriches woman's work for home; it leaves the worker in her natural and right environment.

All club work is founded on the principle of reciprocity, and therefore no arbitrary or aggressive, or even prohibitory, measures can be introduced into the movement. The Federation embodies this principle in its motto: "Unity in Diversity."

As I said above, in the club movement is found the power to raise the standard of life and thought among the average, to even up and render more harmonious the apparent difference of economic and social life. A large city department club or civic league is a thoroughgoing democracy; it is the clubable woman, regardless of her social environment, who is the born leader, and who sooner or later comes to the front. It broadens the social affiliation of both city and country women; in many cases it opens up a new social life to women whose opportunities, means, or tastes have closed for them the doors of "society," so called; and a broad and fine social life is the end and aim of all education—the crown of civil-

ization. The Federation gives to woman an organization through which she can express her aspiration and enforce her dictates, for the dictator of social life she must be; and more and more this power will be put into use through the State Federations.

At the recent Biennial in Louisville the moral and spiritual atmosphere of the meeting was instantly felt; the courtesy which prevailed, the wise passiveness of the audience to learn, the expression of quick sympathy with all elevated sentiments, the willingness of every one to go with the "rule and authority of life," all combined to emphasize the feasibility of realizing in the Federation a republic of ethics. Woman's participation in the material and social life of the world is every day increasing, and it is her privilege, through her motherhood, to be the foundation on which must rest the spiritual life of the nation; to fit herself for her divine mission she must thoroughly understand life, and be able to read into the future the lesson of the past. The work in association teaches her this lesson. She there learns the voluntary subordination for the good of the many, which reacts on the individual, enriching life and strengthening every faculty and every perception. It is given to woman in this age to keep alive man's belief in the unseen, but never more keenly felt, powers which make for righteousness.

This is my ambition for the General Federation—an association which shall be woman's protest against materialism, which shall fit her by wide knowledge to comprehend true progress, which shall educate her to be both home mother and city mother, which shall transmute into action the conceptions of spiritual activity which stir the human soul divine. Mrs. Frances A. Goodale, Chairman of New York State, in her report at the Biennial in Louisville, says:

"I dreamed in a dream that I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole rest of the earth. I dreamed that this was the new City of Friends."

I believe that the spirit in which the clubs of the United States are meeting and working is one that will transmute this dream of the poet into the philadelphia of women.

Homes in City and Country

By E. R. L. Gould

President of the City and Suburban Homes Company

MR. Richard Watson Gilder, who, as Chairman of the Tenement House Commission of 1894, has won lasting public esteem, remarked in a recent speech that the day upon which a million of dollars had been subscribed for investment in improved housing was a red-letter day in the history of New York. Mr. Gilder's direct statement had reference to the closing of the City and Suburban Homes Company's subscription books, while his forecast related to the new impulse which present and future operations of this Company will give to the serious, steady, and continuous amelioration of local living conditions.

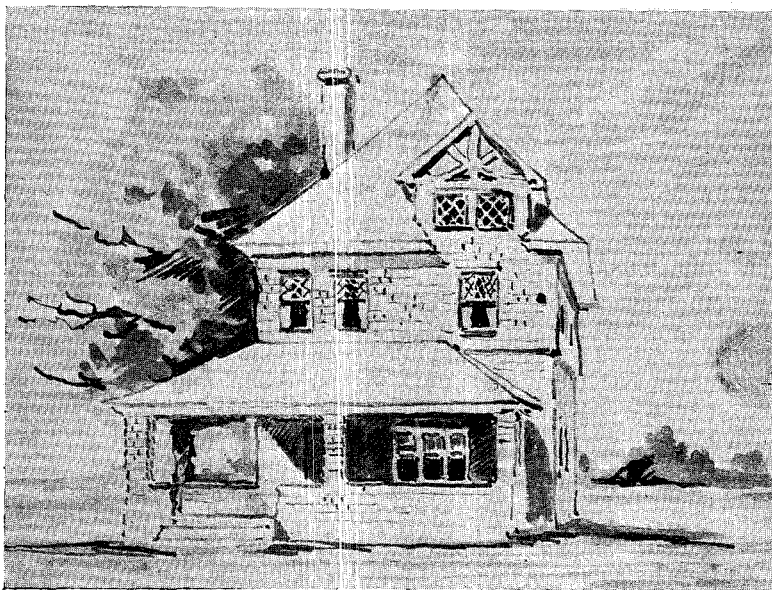
The housing question is the most fundamental of all the social problems. Cardinal Manning was right in saying, "Domestic life creates a nation." But the contrary proposition is equally true. Lack of domestic life unmakes a nation. Urban congestion must be watched. Much

that is often considered mysterious in relation to poverty, vice, immorality, and crime, if reduced to final analysis, bears a close relation to living conditions. Economic, social, or moral betterment cannot proceed very far if the homes of the people be left unimproved.

The City and Suburban Homes Company was organized to deal with the housing problem on scientific methods, but with practical results. Its origin is interesting, representing as it does a combination of impulses rather than the outcome of a single event. The Greater New York for many years has numbered among its honored citizens a few men who have been making experiments, either individually or in association, in order to demonstrate the practicability of improved housing. Among the best known of these are the Messrs. Bayard and Fulton Cutting in New York, and Mr. Alfred T. White in Brooklyn, besides many well-



A SUBURBAN HOME



A RURAL HOME

known people who have been shareholders in the Improved Dwellings Association and the Tenement Dwellings Company.

The Tenement-House Commission of 1894, known popularly as the Gilder Commission, probed so deeply that the needs of New York's wage-earning population were brought home to local public notice more clearly and more thoroughly than ever before. Possibly, also, the almost simultaneous appearance of the writer's report to the Federal Government on the results of improved housing in Europe and America gave a broad horizon of enlightenment and encouragement.

Late last winter the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, inspired doubtless by suggestions from some of the veterans in tenement reform, undertook to organize a conference for the purpose of awakening public interest in what is unquestionably New York's gravest social need. The outcome of the Conference was the constitution of the Improved Housing Council, which brought into affiliation men and women of varied callings and social gradations for a common end. Members of labor organizations as well as millionaires were represented in this sporadic committee. The Improved Housing Council was meant to be what the French call a *Société d'Encouragement*—the philanthropic promoter, so

to speak, of an agency to be organized for practical work.

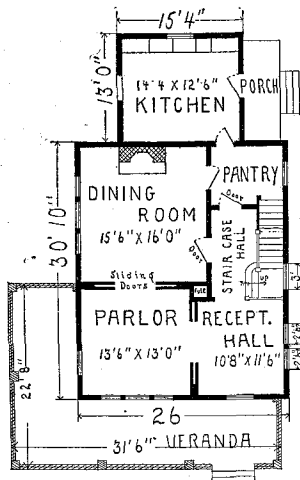
So much for history. The point to be remembered is that this great movement is not the outcome of a single impulse generated by an individual or an organization, but is the happy concentration and culmination of thoughts and efforts from a

variety of sources. It is this fact which gives it its broad civic character.

Let us pass on to an outline of organization and forecast of results. The broad underlying principle at the base of the City and Suburban Homes Company is a recognition that the housing problem can be solved only through economic methods. Philanthropy is powerless to do much, because the field is altogether too vast. But there is a middle ground between pure philanthropy and pure economics. We may call it *investment philanthropy*, that is, a philanthropy made mellifluous by co-ordination with a five per cent. dividend. The City and Suburban Homes Company stands for investment philanthropy. The idea of charity, in the common acceptance of the term, has never entered into the calculation of its officers or directors. On the other hand, getting the largest possible economic outcome has been equally ignored. Realizing that in the future an investment having New York improved real estate as security is likely to command notice, perhaps excite cupidity, dividends are limited to five per cent. cumulative, in order to remove motives for speculation or avarice. Ordinary rents will unquestionably yield more, but whatever surplus accumulates will be invested for the extension of operations. The understanding, then, which the company has with the public and with its

own stockholders is that participation in economic profits is limited to a fair commercial rate.

The second distinguishing characteristic is popularity, using the word popular in its generic signification. It desires to place within the reach of those who prefer, other things being equal, to invest their means for useful ends—and who, after all, may not be included in this class?—a perfectly secure investment. The directors believe that the savings of the masses may well be utilized for their direct benefit. Accordingly, shares are fixed at the low denomination of \$10 each in order to attract people of modest or limited means. With practically the same security and with the possibility of realizing from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent. higher rate than in savings-banks, why should not thrifty people become shareholders in this company? The small investor is not welcomed in Wall Street. He cannot place his

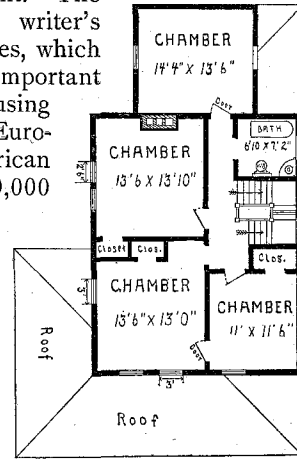


GROUND FLOOR PLAN
"A Rural Home"

work just so far and so long as it can find remunerative investment. An institution organized on a popular basis, welcoming the small shareholder, expanding the knowledge of its activities, and arousing interest in its work, cannot fail to favorably affect public opinion while rendering economic service to thrifty wage-earners and others of small means. No feature of the recent public subscription to the first issue of one million dollars of the capital stock of the company was so satisfactory as the patronage

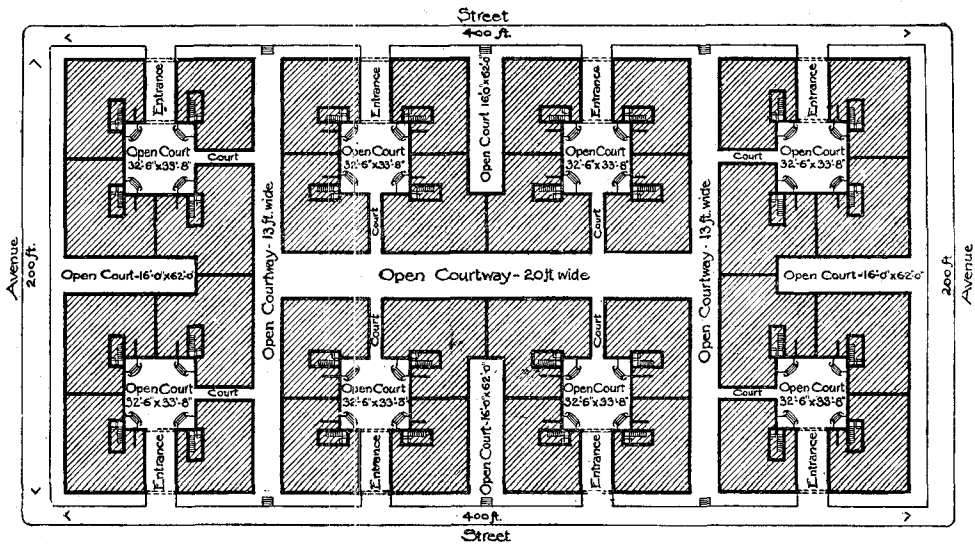
of workingmen and workingwomen investors.

Model housing is in no sense a financial experiment. Its history of more than thirty-five years in Great Britain and of twenty years in America proves incontestably that commercial returns are just ascertainable as ethical profit. The result of the writer's official inquiries, which covered all important model housing agencies in European and American cities of 100,000 inhabitants and upwards, shows that 88 per cent. of those with a vowedly commercial or semi-philanthropic aims paid normal or more than normal commercial dividends; 6 per cent. yielded savings-bank interest, and only 6 per cent. failed to do so well. But some one may say, "This is all very well. These companies have not had to contend with the high-priced land on Manhattan Island." The objection does not hold. Model tenements in London have recently been built on land which cost \$5.65 per square foot, or, making a comparison which can be more readily understood, \$14,000 per plot of 25x100 feet, the ordinary-sized New York city lot. They pay $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. net interest. It is true that building cost is somewhat smaller in London than in New York, but this advantage is more than offset by the cheaper rents and lower wages prevailing in the English metropolis. New York affords a still perfectly safe field for as remunerative effort as abroad.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN
"A Rural Home"

The third basic principle of the City and Suburban Homes Company is the intelligent differentiation of its effort to meet the needs of specific classes of wage-earners. Before commencing to deal practically with the housing problem, it is necessary to separate the great mass designated as wage-earners into specific



CITY BLOCK PLAN—GROUND FLOOR

categories. There are as great differences in this mass as there are gradations in what we sometimes call the middle class.

Artisans, or, as we prefer to call them, skilled mechanics and clerks with moderate earnings, should be encouraged to undertake suburban proprietorship. The suburban home question in New York seems to be in just about the same position as the tenement problem was twenty years ago. Even with the present relatively inadequate facilities for rapid transit, there is a wide field for suburban effort. The City and Suburban Homes Company, as the name indicates, intends to give about equal attention to operations within the city and in the suburbs. It will not interfere with the work of Building and Loan Associations, because, in the first place, it will largely confine its efforts to persons of more moderate incomes than those who usually patronize such agencies, and, secondly, because it will not loan upon property situated in different localities, but will build up suburban estates on its own ground, selling the property on the installment plan. In other words, it will afford the convenience of installment payments which is so important a consideration in Building and Loan Associations, but its development of special tracts will offer in addition a reasonable guarantee for stability of values when purchasers have paid for their property.

The Company will not speculate. It has already nearly 400 applicants on its

waiting list. It will select locations which are approved by the majority of its clients. Roughly speaking, the applicants may be divided into two categories—those who are willing to go to Long Island, and the remainder, who desire a location north of the Harlem River, but within the limits of Greater New York. Both localities must be fairly convenient to some line of rapid transit, on which the expense of a round trip to the city will not be large. The approval of specific localities shifts the responsibility from the Company to patrons, who, as their preferences are consulted, naturally consider that they are co-operators rather than clients.

The Company will purchase sites sufficiently large to answer existing needs, taking an option upon a contiguous area large enough to meet the probable requirements of two or three years ahead. When land is purchased and subdivided, an account will be opened on the Company's books with each separate lot, charging it with its proper quota of cost of general improvements, interest from the date of purchase until the land is built upon, and taxes. Increments of value will therefore inure to purchasers. Each suburban colony will undoubtedly be restricted against the sale of liquor, and every effort will be made to protect it from other nuisances.

The Company keeps on file a variety of plans of detached and semi-detached houses (of which the accompanying

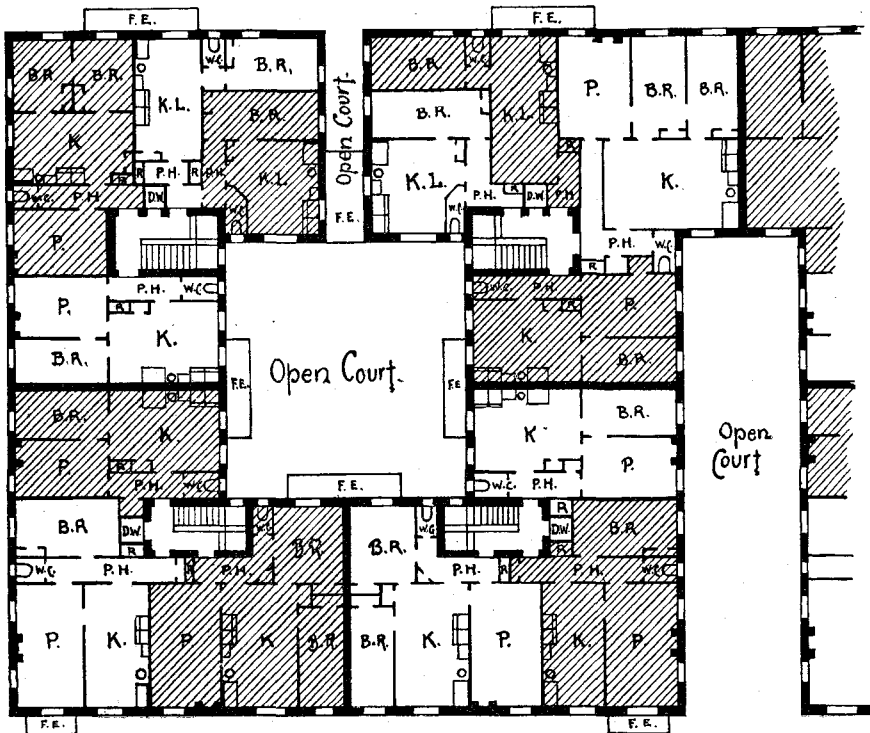
sketches are symbolical, rather than exact reproductions), suitable for the requirements of that class of wage-earning purchasers who, roughly speaking, earn from \$800 to \$1,000 or perhaps \$1,200 a year. The Company observes a limit as to earnings in order to utilize its money for the benefit of those who are in a less favorable position to help themselves, and yet who are ambitious enough to desire proprietorship of homes. The houses are suitable to such people's needs. They will not be so luxurious as to tempt men to expenditures they cannot afford, nor will they be so plain and small as to be uninviting. Solidity of construction, combined with the best architectural effects and most convenient domestic arrangements that can be offered for a given price, are the desiderata.

When twenty-five or fifty applicants have made their choice of plans, the Company proceeds to build. Important economies are effected by building in bulk. In fact, the Company offers the advantage of selling land and buildings at wholesale prices.

The Company will probably also build a few houses in each subdivision for per-

sons in receipt of larger incomes than its regular clients, but such parties will need to pay cash upon the completion of the structure. They can obtain the money from Building and Loan Associations. The Company does not care to utilize its own funds for such purposes, desiring, as has already been shown, to help those who are not in a very favorable position to help themselves. The advantage of erecting such houses is mutual. The purchasers benefit in getting their homes at a wholesale price, while the other clients of the Company benefit from the enhanced value of their own property due to the contiguity of better class houses.

As soon as homes are ready for occupancy, wage-earners ordering them will pay down ten per cent. of the entire purchase price in cash, contracting to pay the balance in monthly installments during a period of ten, fifteen, or twenty years. In cases where the workingman is of first-class character and well recommended, he may be allowed to begin his occupancy by substituting for the ten per cent. cash payment a bond from responsible parties covering this amount. He will be considered a tenant only until his



CITY BLOCK PLAN—UPPER FLOOR

monthly installments have aggregated ten per cent. of the purchase price, when he may be given a contract and recognized henceforth, not as a tenant, but as a purchaser.

An important feature of the suburban home operations will be the adoption of life insurance. Clients on assuming contracts will have their lives insured in a reputable life insurance concern chosen by the Company. Policies will be assigned to the Company, so that in case of the death of the purchaser during the period of paying for his home, the Company deduct whatever is owing and turn over the balance to the heirs. The value of this provision is inestimable, especially as a protection to the family which often finds itself unable to continue paying for a home after the death of its head. Incidentally, a guarantee is furnished the Company that it will lose nothing by the death of purchasers during the period of repayment.

The installment payments include quota on account of principal, interest on deferred payments at the rate of 6 per cent., and life insurance premium. All together do not amount to more, indeed, rather would it be truer to say that they amount to less, than the current monthly rentals for fairly similar accommodations in congested tenement regions. To be a little more specific, let us suppose that a man thirty years of age desires, under the foregoing system, to acquire a home for himself and family, the value of which (house and land together) is \$2,000. If he pay down 10 per cent. in cash and take fifteen years in which to repay the balance and insure his life under the reducing renewable term plan, his total monthly installment would amount to about \$16.60. If he take twenty years to repay, his total monthly installment would amount to about \$14.50. At the end of these periods the purchaser would have his home, but no insurance, as he would have paid simply for protection, the amount of the policy diminishing with the amount of indebtedness until both reach the vanishing point. Should he desire to pay out a life insurance policy of, say, \$1,200 in addition to his home, his outlay during a twenty-year period would be about \$15.65 per month.

A young man of thirty years of age

might go on paying the rent of a five or six room apartment, with bath, amounting to \$20 or \$25 per month, and at the end of twenty years would have nothing but a package of receipts. In the case before us, paying fully 25 per cent. less per month, the Company can provide him with a little home of his own containing a larger amount of room-space, and give him at the end a paid-up life insurance policy for \$1,200.

These facts will undoubtedly commend themselves to sober-minded, intelligent workingmen who are in the habit of consulting their own best interests.

The Company distributes 5 per cent. to its shareholders, retaining 1 per cent. as a surplus. Repairs and taxes are at the expense of the purchaser. The only profit charged by the Company is a trifling sum to each individual, which goes towards the office expenses of this department. Otherwise, the purchaser benefits exclusively by the economies effected through the Company purchasing land and erecting buildings at wholesale rates. Besides this advantage, each individual taste can be suited, and clients can get exactly what they want and are able to pay for. Solidity of construction will be a feature. These houses will be a great improvement on the conventional structures now erected by the speculative builder.

There need be no comment on the great value of popular suburban proprietorship from the standpoint of social stability. Every man undertaking it is distinctly helped to a far higher degree than he could be in the best of model tenements. He becomes reflective, careful, wedded to order and rational conservatism, and turning a deaf ear to specious isms. Suburban proprietorship is a field well worth cultivating. When it can be realized with fair economic returns to the investor, as is so in the present instance, and for a monthly payment by the purchaser little if at all in excess of his current rental in city tenements, a work of splendid social beneficence is put in operation. There is no class of people more anxious to bring up their families well than just that class of men who would welcome the opportunity to take advantage of the Company's suburban work. It is strange that this subject has

not made an earlier appeal to thoughtful New Yorkers. Great attention is paid to it in a number of English cities, and a Belgian law, combining life insurance in the acquisition of suburban homes, which was inaugurated in 1889, is already achieving remarkable results. At the end of 1895, the fourth year the Act had been in practical operation, 3,719 persons had taken advantage of its provisions.

It is scarcely necessary to enter at equal length upon a description of the proposed operations of the Company within the city. Improved tenements, or, as the Company prefers to call them, city homes, will be built in well-selected locations, and on most approved plans. The location for the first operation fronts on Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. It is admirably suited in every way for the purpose, as *The Outlook* has so well pointed out in its issue of December 12 last. The proper method of procedure in social reform is to begin near the top; there is then left room for a forward movement in the ranks below. While there would be some advantages in building in the most crowded districts on the East Side, the present artificially high-priced land in many of those blocks would make it difficult, probably impossible, to realize a five per cent. return. The reformation of the most congested regions will probably be gradual. The relatively high rents, when considered as interest on capitalization, seem to afford an excuse for high prices of sale. The buildings would be valueless for anything like model tenement purposes, yet they must be paid for. But two considerations afford ground for hope: In the first place, the march of business will ultimately clear out a great many of the worst rookeries; secondly, a more stringent enforcement of health laws (no reflection on the present excellent régime is intended), and the demolition of insanitary front and rear tenements, will get rid of the worst places. Probably, also, occasional opportunities may be found for remunerative investment.

This Company, in discarding previous types of tenement buildings and calling for new plans, has rendered especial service. As soon as the knowledge that cheaper cost of construction, more rent-

able room-space, thorough ventilation of apartments, splendid lighting facilities, family privacy, isolated sanitary arrangements, and superior domestic conveniences, can be secured by the adoption of scientific planning, and this knowledge is broadly disseminated, the double-decker will meet its doom. In organizing a competition and choosing architectural schemes which unquestionably provide these advantages, the Company has rendered conspicuous service to all owners of tenement property who contemplate building on their own account. The objections to old-style tenements—that is, their contracted quarters, lack of light and air and family privacy, and their common sanitary arrangements—have been surmounted by the utilization of one hundred square feet as a unit instead of the ordinary city lot. Probably most of the advantages could be attained on two city lots, so that the realization of these benefits ought to be possible to small as well as large owners of city real estate.

An explanation of the architectural plans shown in the accompanying illustration is not necessary. The eye readily discerns their intrinsic merits. Care will be taken to so arrange elevations that institutional appearance will be avoided. Baths, laundries, and steam drying-rooms are essential features of the plans.

It has been intimated that, if rooms could be set aside, an outside organization will rent them for the purpose of establishing a kindergarten, attendance not being confined to the children in the city homes, but made equally possible for others in the neighborhood.

The maxim of the Company in dealing with its tenants will be to make them just as comfortable as is possible, consistent with a proper commercial return upon the investment. Rules and restrictions of every kind will be reduced to a minimum, and the tenant made to feel that, on the whole, he gets a far better home, for the same rent payment, in the Company's houses than he can at present find anywhere around. As it is not practicable to sell apartments, the Company will seek copartnership with its tenants by encouraging them to become shareholders. Solid reciprocal advantages may thus accrue.

The fourth characteristic of the City and Suburban Homes Company is its

comprehensive outlook. It has been planned with the idea of permanency, and of carrying on just as widespread operations as can be undertaken remuneratively. When the present issue of capital stock has been expended, authority will be asked for a new issue, and so on until many millions have found investment in this way. It is hoped that, after a year or two of successful experience, no special effort will need to be made to secure subscription to its shares, but that, as in London to-day, its securities will be in ready and constant demand. There seems no apparent obstacle to the realization of this prospect.

The first of the city homes will be constructed upon land exchanged, after appraisalment, for shares of the Company's stock, and the buildings built, not counting the resources received from mortgage, with money subscribed by a clear headed, noble-minded, warm-hearted woman, Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark. Her appreciation of investment philanthropy is of the greatest service at this time. It ought to stimulate other possessors of ample fortunes to friendly emulation. No argument is needed to show how investor, company, and wage-earner alike profit by continuous duplication of Mrs. Clark's splendid example.

Ephe

By Richard Malcolm Johnston

EPHE. Except by his mother, and then only when in angry or monitory mood, he was never called otherwise. "Ephom! You Ephom!" He always knew by the cry that something was to be paid; yet he was used to it, and, after an installment was entered, went along much as before. He and his sister Jane, two years older, were children of Susan, a free black woman, whose husband, Ephraim, a slave of Mr. Colin Duncan, had deceased. This gentleman's mansion, a plain two-story, was situate on the hither limit of his plantation, half a mile from the village. The family occupied a small house in one of his fields, where, with a bit of ground and outside employment, they got sufficient living. The woman, honest, industrious, when made a widow obtained Mr. Duncan's consent to become guardian of her family. Such arrangement was usual with persons of her class, in conformity with provision of the General Assembly of the State. Generally they were regarded with kindness, often extending to compassion. A Fourth Estate, as it were, among slaves and two classes of whites, few in numbers, like their kinsmen in bondage simple, affectionate, recognizing their station to be the very lowest, they deported themselves humbly, and were seldom charged with crimes or even pettiest misdemeanors. If it had not been forbidden by the law, many would have chosen to be sold into

slavery. A few whites, having their like in every community, dissatisfied with their own conditions, which they had not energy and forethought to improve, addicted to general complainings, made these pointed against free negroes. Even an occasional petty slave-owner, become so by purchase, not by inheritance, joined to greater or less degree, arguing that their presence was a menace to subordination. But sentiment among most persons was in favor of allowing all reasonable privileges in their rather helpless isolation.

In some fashion, not of the best, yet not bad, Ephe grew from infancy to eighteen. Large, of great strength and activity, more industrious and contented when hired, and, indeed, lacking in judgment at work when not under supervision, his time for a year past had been spent mainly with jobs, as hoeing in gardens, chopping wood, and the like, for such as chose to employ him. One day he said to his mother:

"Mammy, I wish I was a shore 'nough nigger."

"Well, ain' you a nigger?"

"Yes'm, but not in dat sense."

"What sense you talkin' 'bout, Ephom?"

"In de sense I want to b'long to Mis Duncan, and him gim me to Marse Johnny to be his nigger for good."

"What make you say dat now?"

"Because dis ebenin', when Mis Felts

was payin' me for cuttin' wood, dat Mis Brockett was in de sto', en he cussed me, en he said he wished to Gawd ev'ry free nigger was hung er driv out de lan'. En he look like he were gwine to light on me wid his stick, hadn't been Marse Johnny was passin' by from school, en he tole me to go 'long home, and he tole Mis Brockett he oughtn't 'buse me when I done nothin' 't all to him."

The mother said no more, for she knew that it was not an unreasonable wish. Indeed, towards that class, feeling, even among slaves, besides distinct superiority, in some cases was of contempt for imagined aspirations beyond all hope to compass.

The man Brockett, huge, dark, rugged, had been discharged as overseer by Duncan because of extreme rigor in the discipline of his negroes. His resentment extended to Ephe, who, out of pure fear, had declined to work on his farm near by. David Felts, the other, was a merchant, who, coming there a year or so back, bought a store and rented a dwelling-house. The low prices set on his goods at cash sales, compared with credit practiced in the two other stores, drew customers, and soon he was doing what seemed a good trade. Reticent except in matters of pure business or specially existing interest, yet he was affable, thankful for patronage however small, and acted as if he sincerely wished to be regarded as a person who had come there to impart as well as receive benefits. From certain remarks he was believed to have come from a town somewhere on the eastern shore of Maryland. His son Joseph, about sixteen, much like him, assisted at the counter, and slept in the back room. The old merchants, although intimating sometimes that Mr. Felts must purchase at lower prices than they could get, seemed as sympathetic as the rest when, one cold, rainy night, the store, with all its contents, except Joseph, was burned to the ground.

I could not well make clear the excitement in that simple community, where house-burnings were almost—incendiarisms absolutely—none. It was just before dawn; by sunrise everybody, including many from the country, were at the scene. Felts, looking like an extremely poor man, expressed himself, specially to Duncan, thankful for sympathy,

and avowed his conviction that it must have happened by pure accident. Joseph, who had escaped by a miracle as it were, roused by the smoke and heat, having just time to seize his clothes and break through a window into the street, where he dressed himself, was too sorely shaken to talk much. He could say, however, that Ephe Duncan was at the store the previous night, and, being considerably in liquor, he had let him remain until it was thought safe to send him away; but that he had not the slightest suspicion of his firing the house. Brockett, happy with excitement, proposed a close search of the premises. In time he picked up near the gate-opening outside a much-soiled woolen purse, in which, besides a few small coins, were a five-dollar note and a crumpled paper signed by his guardian, authorizing Ephraim Duncan to contract and receive pay for his work. Joseph, although startled and pained by the discovery, was obliged to admit that he was pretty sure that that note was in the cash-box the evening previous. When this news reached Duncan, who had returned home, he sent a messenger for Ephe and another to the county seat for John Frierson, Esq., his legal adviser.

Eager were the exclamations of the finder.

"But, Mr. Brockett, and you other gentlemen," pleaded Felts, "this is a life-and-death matter, a thing I've no idea that poor negro knew, even if he'd been sober, and somehow I can't believe he set fire to the house. I beg you gentlemen to—to—"

"Mister Felts," Brockett broke in, "this dev'lish business is got to be put whar it belong, for the safetity of other people well as you. I'm a-goin' for that villion, and if I ain't mistakened, there's men here as will go 'long with me."

With a half-dozen others he set out. Informed by Susan that Ephe had gone to Duncan's, they proceeded thither.

Colin Duncan, of medium height, slender, rather pale, held in much respect by his equals, was not loved by Brockett's set, to whom, though never asserting, he was suspected of feeling strongly the sense of superiority. At the call of the men, coming upon his piazza, and hearing their business, he said:

"Have you any warrant, gentlemen?"

"No need of any warrant in such a case, Mr. Duncan," said Brockett.

"Oh, yes, there is, gentlemen. All of you, perhaps, excepting Mr. Brockett, know that I don't say that the boy you seek is on my premises; but if he were, I should hardly feel that, in a case as serious as this, I would do right in surrendering him except upon process of law."

His mildness and apparent hesitation emboldened Brockett further.

"Come now, Mr. Duncan, you can't fool us. We know he's here, and we're jes' simple got to have him. Everybody knows how you respect free niggers above white folks that's got none of no sort, as I've heerd you say with my own years that you wished the whole of 'em was sot free, and you can't deny it honest."

"Gentlemen," Duncan said, smiling, as he looked towards Brockett, "that man *has* heard me say that I believed it would be well, at least for the white race, if the slaves were all liberated. Base as it was, especially on such an occasion, to report only a portion of my words, I care not for it. He is welcome to whatever he can get out of the malignity that he's been indulging against me since I discharged him from my service. For what he says of my trying to fool, as he terms it, I say that this negro is now in my dining-room by the side of my wife, where, until he is demanded by lawful authority, his safety I feel to be as sacred and binding upon me as if he were my own son. I will not deliver him to that man yonder to abuse and outrage before he can be brought to judicial trial, and if he attempts to enter upon my premises to rescue, I'll shoot him as I would a marauding beast."

Then he drew forth a horseman's pistol.

The men, after brief communings, went away, followed by Brockett, muttering dire threats.

Early next morning Duncan, with Frierson, who had come the night before, set out for Felts's house.

"Don't you say a word, Mr. Duncan," said the latter while on the way. "Let me do all the talking on our side. I think I understand the case now. At all events, I will before I leave this small but respectable old burg."

Felts was much surprised, even exhib-

iting some embarrassment. When the guests were seated, entering the adjoining room, he had a brief conversation with his wife, who presently went out through a back door. On his return Frierson said:

"We'd like to see your son also, Mr. Felts."

"He's not at home just now, sir; I sent him away upon some business, and he won't be back until three or four days."

"Oh! you sent him away?"

Smiling, as if he had made a point sooner than expected, he fixed upon him a look which, from an astute, experienced lawyer, few besides the innocent can confront. Feeling his way, he noted the almost imperceptible blenching, and said, coldly:

"Perhaps it is as well. I only wished to put to him a question or two, Mr. Felts," and his eyes pierced through and through.

"Mr. Felts, this negro did not fire your house. If *you* do not know that, your son does."

"I know nothing about it, Mr. Frierson," he answered, with some pleading in his tone, "except what my son said. *He* didn't accuse Ephe, although it did look suspicious. I do hope on my soul the poor negro isn't guilty. Mr. Brockett and the other gentlemen will tell you that I said the same thing to them. I made up my mind to not even prosecute for the money, as I got that back."

"That seems forbearing and kind, sir, but it is not quite satisfactory. The boy did not even steal your money. For his security, it must be made convincingly apparent that he is innocent of any sort of participation in this affair. If it be not, I will myself notify the Solicitor-General to present it before the next Grand Jury. Whatever else comes of that, one thing may be counted certain: a deal of money will be spent before it is ended. Mr. Felts"—he suddenly broke into loud, commanding interrogation—"what value would you have set upon this property, and at what sum set it insured? However, however," as if regretting his words, "I will withdraw those questions—at least for the present—as I have no right in this private manner to inquire into the details of your business."

Rising, he said to his client:

"Mr. Duncan, I think we may as well

retire. I don't see what more can be done until the young man returns. We are sorry to have had to trouble you in your own house, Mr. Felts, but you know we must defend this poor creature as well as we can. I am glad to see how frankly you give him the benefit of your doubts. Perhaps it may be as well not to report what transpired in this interview. I bid you good-morning."

Before Felts could utter the guarded words revolving in his mind they were gone.

"You do beat all creation, Frierson," said Duncan.

"Ah, my friend, at such a time a man must strike first, and at any point he sees or guesses to be weak; I knew that was somewhere when he said his cub was away, and I struck the harder because without intelligent aim. Noting how it hurt, I felt secure, but it was best to press no further. That Joe fired the house, with or without his father's knowledge, for the insurance money, and, to delude their company, pointed suspicion to the negro. Dishonest as they be, they are not bad enough to wish him to hang for it. Partly to prevent that and partly to avoid close questioning, Felts sent him away. He will return or not according to what seems more advisable. He will, and so must we, keep back what was said on this point. Ephe is all right. Thankful for his escape, we can afford to let the rest settle as they can their own affairs."

Ephe's statement was that, after finishing a job of wood-chopping, he had been called into the store by young Felts and given two drinks of whisky. He recalled the fact that the boy playfully took from his pocket his purse, and after some time, as Ephe thought, replaced it. He could not tell the hour, but it was late when he left for home, which he easily reached, and entered without disturbing his mother and sister. The former said that, rising earlier than usual, she discovered the blaze at its first appearance in the village, when, going into Ephe's chamber, she found him in a deep sleep. Duncan reported her words, adding that, in his opinion, she was as truthful a person as any of his other acquaintances. People commended the merchant's promptness to express credit of the report, and

say that the burning most probably resulted from Joseph's carelessness about the fire on the hearth when going to bed. As for the money, he might have been mistaken in his supposed identification. At all events, its quick loss showed that, at the time of taking it, he was in such condition as to be hardly responsible for the theft. In about a week Joseph returned, when his meek and humble deportment, and keeping as much as possible out of the stern presence of his father, looked well, very well indeed. It became understood that as soon as affairs could be settled the family would move away. When it was known that the property was in part insured, a thing that never had been done there before, everybody was thankful that not more harm was done. Even Brockett, disappointed and reluctant, at length gave it up.

"I did think," he said, doggedly, "we had a dead holt on one o' the cussed things that'll now git cussedder than ever, with rich men to hire lawyers and back 'em. It's jes' the luck o' poor white folks. I believe yit his mammy lied about it. They'll all do it."

Ephe's family had been so frightened that, yielding to his entreaties, he was allowed to make his home with the Duncans. His affection for the family, particularly John, a lad of fourteen, grew to be as devoted as that of a dog for its owner, and somewhat like it. He loved best of all to follow in John's company and do his bidding. Not long after, when the two were in a buggy drawn by a mettlesome colt that they were breaking, just as they turned from the highway into the lane leading to the mansion, John, rather against the other's remonstrance, took the reins. Recognizing change in the grip, the colt suddenly set out at full speed.

"Gimme back dem strings, Marse Johnny," said Ephe; but before he could resume, the bit, under the boy's frantic jerking, was broken.

"My Gawd!" cried the negro. Rising, he leaped forward, alighting on the colt's neck. Reaching down, he inserted his thumb into its mouth, and grasped its jaw. The desperate, resistless wrench careened rider and horse, and they were prostrated on the ground, the former under-

neath, yet keeping his hold. John quickly loosed and let go the maddened beast.

"Is you hurted, Marse Johnny? You ain' hurted, is you?" feebly asked Ephe.

"No, no; but Ephe, dear Ephe, you must be, very badly."

"T'ank Gawd! T'anky de good Lord!"

"Tell me, Ephe, how are you hurt? Can you get up? My God! what must I do?"

"Neber mind 'bout me, my Marster;

I git up d'rectly. I ain' hurted so mighty bad. Jes sorter stunt in—in my br—my bres'."

The boy, raising his head, rested it upon his knee. He coughed, and blood oozed from his mouth. While the flow was being stanchd he looked up with humblest, blissfulest thankfulness. In another moment upon his face was beauty such as Death sometimes paints withal the plainest among his victims.

Some Literary Worthies

II.—Theocritus

By Hamilton W. Mabie

SO little is known about the personal history of Theocritus that, at first thought, there seems to be some incongruity in classing him among literary Worthies; for a true Worthy is possessed not only of a distinctive literary quality, but also of that kind of individuality which invests not only the work but the man with charm or interest. No one would think of putting Francis Bacon with the Worthies; but no one would think of omitting Richard Burton from the list. Macaulay might dominate the talk at Holland House, but Charles Lamb's stutter puts him to lasting silence in that council of the Worthies in which one would rather sit than in the stately parliament made up of those whose names are written in the peerage of the highest genius.

The reader of to-day cannot pluck the sleeve of Theocritus as he can that of Lamb, but he has, nevertheless, the opportunity of knowing him quite as thoroughly, if not quite as intimately; for the true biography of every man of letters is written by his own hand, in his own work. It is the quality and charm of the Idyls, the wit and insight of the Epigrams, which reveal Theocritus to us, and make us confident that he was not only a man of genius, but that, stretched beneath one of those infrequent pines which stand along the Sicilian shore, we should have found in his talk the flavor of an original and engaging character.

Like Lucian, the Sicilian poet has a modern note. His pictures are studies of old figures, occupations, and faiths,

but they do not seem remote and strange, like the descriptions of Hesiod or the hymns of Pindar. On the contrary, they bring with them the fragrance of uncut fields, the bloom of vernal verdure, the soft azure of a sea as blue as the sky which bends over it. They have a freshness which makes us think of Chaucer, an out-of-door directness and vigor which remind us of Burns, an idyllic beauty which recalls Tennyson, as Mr. Stedman has suggested in one of his most delightful essays.

In Æschylus Nature is personified in figures which sweep through the mountain defile before Prometheus, and make us aware of the depth and splendor of the Greek imagination at the point where it parts company with the vague conceptions of the Oriental imagination; in Aristophanes there are lyric revelations of the perpetual ebb and flow, the changeful, elusive, baffling play of the life of the physical world, which for mystery and splendor are unsurpassed in literature; but we are not quite at home with either poet. When we open the pages of Theocritus, however, we are ready to stretch ourselves under the trees, or stir the fire on the hearth; for here is a treatment of Nature which is familiar and dear to us; which makes us at home with the book, and puts us on easy terms with its writer. For Theocritus was not concerned, like Æschylus, with great formative ideas; nor was he intoxicated, like Aristophanes, with the splendor of things and the contradictions which seem to issue out of the very heart of them; he loved Nature for

her health, her charm, her fellowship; he loved the occupations which establish personal relations between Nature and men; and he loved the men and women who watched the herds, and drove the plow, and scattered the seed, and spread their nets along the rocky shores.

The implements and methods of these occupations change from age to age, but the closeness of contact with Nature, the familiarity, the homeliness, the hardness, and the beauty remain unchanged; hence the modernness of Theocritus. We come close to Lucian because he has the free, unawed, slightly skeptical curiosity, the gifts of wit and satire, and the lightness and flexibility of style which we associate with so many modern writers of a certain type; we are instantly on easy terms with Theocritus because he feels about Nature very much as we feel about her, and he has that kind of beauty of expression which, like good manners, always sets us at ease by its own apparent freedom from every sort of effort. Let him who thinks this charming effect was produced without work try to produce it on his own account! By the time he was writing the *Idyls* Theocritus was probably well past his apprenticeship; but these finished lines, so strong, simple, and beautiful, hint at the education which sets such perfection forever beyond the reach of the dilettante and the amateur.

If Theocritus had been a man of defective vigor of imagination or will, he would not have left these imperishable memorials of the old pastoral life of Sicily; he would have been, like his contemporaries, an imitator and an artificer; a man of academic correctness, not a poet of immortal freshness. Like Gray, he was born in an unlucky time for a man whose gifts of nature and of expression were distinctive and individual. Like Gray, he was in a scholastic atmosphere, charged with the critical spirit. He belonged to an age which was in a high degree not only critical but artificial. But there was a certain toughness in the fiber of Theocritus, a certain affinity with primitive and even coarse ways and speech, which saved him from the vices of the courtier and the pedant, and which gave his verse a vigor, vitality, and health not to be found among the poets of his time.

The beauty of his *Idyls* is not like

that of the great mass of pastoral verse, cold, formal, and conventional; it is the beauty which resides in hardy, simple, natural things. It is not always free from coarseness; the smell of the stable is sometimes in it; but at a time when the air was heavy with languorous perfumes any odor that reminded men of Nature was welcome. Born at Syracuse probably about the year 250 B.C., Theocritus belongs to one of those periods of intellectual diffusion and assimilation which foster scholarship, but are likely to stifle artistic ability of the creative sort unless its fiber has toughness and its temper resistance.

In shattering the temple in which Greek genius had enshrined itself at Athens. Philip liberated a spirit which diffused itself through the civilized world. In ceasing to be a political or racial entity, Greece had become a kind of universal intelligence in which open-minded men of all races shared, and which, by furnishing a solvent for all faiths, had become the central force in the culture of the world. Alexander made a new capital for the new empire which he had conquered, and in that great city on the Nile a race of able rulers of Greek blood had developed a cosmopolitan center of intellectual activity and influence. In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus nearly a million people were living together under conditions which were essentially new; there was a Jewish quarter, a Greek quarter, and an Egyptian quarter; there were men of Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Asia in the army; there were merchants from the farthest East and the remotest West, and from the countries between these outermost limits of civilization. For the first time men of all races and creeds were living together in great multitudes and in fairly amicable relations. And there were not only tin from the mines of Cornwall, wool from the flocks on the shores of the Black Sea, porcelain from China, and silks from India in the bazaars of the city; there was also every kind of knowledge in her famous schools. The Museum, with its troops of scholars, the long-lamented Library—the earliest of the great collections of books—brought together a multitude of eager students from which emerged, one by one, trained scholars who gave themselves up to the critical study of texts, to the making of

standard editions of the writers who had already become classical, to the writing of commentaries.

The city was, in a word, a center of intense intellectual activity; but the conditions, both general and local, made that activity critical rather than creative. Literature ceased to be at once the highest and most intimate expression of civic and race life, and became, instead, the recreation of the cultivated and the rich, and the occupation of a professional class. A literary class made its appearance for the first time. This class was fed by men from many countries, who became urbane, polished, elegant, ingenious, and scholarly, but whose work was, for the most part, an echo of the greatness that was past. They were studious, artificial, academic; but the breath of life was not in them.

To this great new cosmopolitan city, and to the splendid court of the second of the Ptolemies, came Theocritus, the last of the great line which began with Homer, and the only clear, penetrating, original voice in that place of confusing echoes. He was a real man of Letters among a multitude of copyists, annotators, and commentators. His stay seems to have been brief, and his attempts to play the courtier, if the two Idyls which are panegyrics of the two princes whose favor he courted afford any means of judging, were half-hearted. At the Syracusan Court of Hiero he found less intelligence and greater indifference to the things for which he cared. Sooner or later he returned to the hillsides and fields where his true life was. And so he fades out of sight, leaving behind him some thirty short poems in the idyllic form, and a number of epigrams and epitaphs.

Whether the word Idyl is derived from a Greek word meaning little picture is a matter of curiosity, but not of importance. The Idyls, from Theocritus to Tennyson, are little pictures; small canvases, painted with some breadth of treatment, but always in a quiet temper, with great simplicity, or with a beauty which is never obtrusive, however pervasive. "Usage," says Mr. Moulton, "seems to indicate that idyl poetry treats, not war, nor heroic actions, nor even love as an enthralling passion, but the domestic details of shepherd life, love as a social incident, popular superstitions such as witch-

craft." The treatment is sometimes almost epical in its breadth and dignity, as in Tennyson's handling of the Arthurian legends; but the action is, so to speak, hushed, and an air of repose hangs over even tragic incidents.

In the hands of Theocritus, the first and still the greatest of the Idylists, the Idyl presents a series of pictures of rural life, with bits of exquisite description of Nature, and clear, keen studies of character and manners. The background of the Sicilian landscape is constantly suggested with the most delicate art, until there rise in the imagination, not a piece of stage scenery, as in so many pastorals, but the movement, the vitality, and the fresh and fragrant loveliness of Nature. There stand the solitary pines, the whisper of whose needles breathes so often through the Idyls—the pines, dark and mysterious; the olive, clear of outline and bright in the sunshine; fig-trees, with their purple fruit; apricots in snowy bloom; patches of ilex, arbutus, and rosemary; mulberries and myrtle; and through and beyond are stretches of blue sky and the sea dreaming in a soft mist of the days when the gods were abroad. And out of this landscape comes a stir of sweet sounds—the faint bleating of flocks, the murmur of bees, the passion-note of the nightingale, the shrill whirl of the cicada, the ripple of hidden streams, the whisper of remote woods.

We are in the home of rustic legends and myths; Pan and satyrs and fauns lurk in dark places or peep through the deep foliage; here Narcissus may have watched his image in the quiet pool, or Echo called in vain as he passed through the shadowy woods. It is but a step from these figures of a rich imagination to Daphnis, Amaryllis, Corydon, and Hylas. And these are not lay figures; they are flesh and blood; they have speech, which is sometimes too frank for modern ears; habits which are often coarse, manners which are rude, occupations which are menial; but they breathe, sing, move in an enchanted atmosphere. The Idyls are not all rural; sometimes the epic manner is used, as in the hymn to the Dioscuri and in the two poems on Heracles. But the inspiration of Theocritus flows neither from mythology nor from civic life, but from the life he knew at first

hand. Here he is at home, and his touch is strong, clear, and masterful. His knowledge of Nature is intimate, exact, and profound, and his feeling for it is as deep as that of Burns. Of the dialogue between the two fishermen in the twenty-first Idyl Mr. Lang writes: "There is nothing in Wordsworth more real, more full of the incommunicable sense of nature, rounding and softening the toilsome days of the aged and the poor. It is as true to nature as the statue of the naked fisherman in the Vatican. One cannot read these verses but the vision returns to one, of sandhills by the sea, of a low cabin roofed with grass, where fishing-rods of reed are leaning against the door, while the Mediterranean floats up her waves that fill the waste with sound."

In such a poet there must have been not only the vision which discerns beauty shining on the labor of the homely herdsman and the rude fisherman, but the heart that warms to its kind, and feels, below all poetic insight and beyond all poetic expression, the community of toil and suffering. And such a man, though dimly discerned in the mist of a distant past, finds his place not only among the poets whom men remember, but among the Worthies whom they love.

An Idyl from the hand of a workman so deeply and genuinely artistic in feeling and in execution suffers from any division of its parts; but there are two passages so characteristic that one ventures to take them from their context. The seventh Idyl, "Harvest Home," closes with this charming description:

I ceased. He, smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, "the Muses' parting gift,"
And leftward sloped tow'rd Pyxa. We, the
while,

Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas; there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vine-leaves, who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the somber
boughs

The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The treefrog's note was heard; the crested
lark

Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their
moan,

And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.

All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while
we brushed

From the cask's head the crust of four long
years.

Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
Set before Heracles a cup so brave
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts
Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the
strong,

Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:—
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again
Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and
smiles,

Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

In the tenth Idyl, a dialogue between two workmen, Milo sings this song:

O rich in fruit and cornblade: be this field
Tilled well, Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers: lest one, passing,
say—
"A fig for these, they're never worth the
pay."

Let the mown swathes look northward, ye
who mow,
Or westward—for the ears grow fattest so.

Avoid a noontide nap, ye threshing men:
The chaff flies thickest from the corn-ears
then.

Wake when the lark wakes; when he slum-
bers, close
Your work, ye reapers: and at noontide doze.

Boys, the frogs' life for me! They need not
him
Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim.

Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,
Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in
twain.



The Flying Year

As a dream when night is done,
As a shadow flees the sun,
As a ship whose white sails skim
Over the horizon dim,
As a life complete of days
Vanisheth from mortal ways,
As a hope that pales to fear—
Is the dying of the year.

—Christian Burke.

Books and Authors

The Beginners of a Nation¹

Dr. Eggleston's long study of our early colonial history has now borne fruit in the first volume of a projected "History of Life in the United States." His purpose is best stated in his own words:

"I have sought," he says in his preface, "to trace from their source the various and often complex movements that resulted in the early English settlements in America, and in the evolution of a great nation with English speech and traditions. It has been my aim to make these pages reflect the character of the age in which the English colonies were begun, and the traits of the colonists, and to bring into relief the social, political, intellectual, and religious forces that promoted emigration. This does not pretend to be the usual account of all the events attending early colonization; it is rather a history in which the succession of cause and effect is the main topic—a history of the dynamics of colony-planting in the first half of the seventeenth century."

It will be seen that this history is in some sense the development of a new field, or that at least it attempts to do definitely and comprehensively that which is done only incidentally in other histories. It is an effort to put behind the phenomena of early colonial life on this continent the impulses, convictions, forces, traditions, and social impulses which gave those phenomena form, order, and significance. It is at all points a first-hand study of such historical material as exists in this country and abroad. Dr. Eggleston has been pre-eminently successful in vitalizing the movements with which he deals. His work is as far as possible removed from the dry-dust type of history-writing. It may be open to criticism as conveying too definitely the feeling of its writer. So far as quality, interest, vivacity, and style are concerned, this volume belongs to literature as well as to historical writing, and those who believe that scholarship is never evidenced by bad style, and that ability to write good English does not disqualify a man from stating his facts honestly, will rejoice in this new evidence that while American historical writers are not discarding the thoroughness which American historical students began to learn in Germany years ago, they are discarding the slovenliness and obscurity of the old-time German style.

This history registers that change of attitude which deals with early events on this continent not so much from the colonial point of view as from the point of view of the civilization from which the original colonizers and settlers came. The settlement of America is of importance, not only as opening up a new continent, but as the working out of political, intellectual, and religious forces in the Old World; and our history cannot be understood unless its historical background is

distinctly brought into view. For the same reason the struggle for liberty in the colonies cannot be understood unless it is told as part of the movement for popular government in which the whole English-speaking race was involved. The explanation of the Virginia Colony and the Massachusetts Colony is to be found not on American but on English soil; and there Dr. Eggleston has searched for it with patience, intelligence, and enthusiasm, and there he has found it not only for himself but for his readers. If his point of view is not entirely novel, he has, more clearly than any other historian, traced the streams of activity in this country back to their Old World sources. The forces, social, religious, and political, which effected the colonization of this continent also gave character to its early communities and to their later political life, and this fact, once clearly perceived, breaks up the isolation of American history and makes that history in the deepest sense a new chapter in the history of civilization.

In this initial volume Dr. Eggleston deals at length with the settlements and early history of Virginia, Maryland, and Massachusetts, with a concluding chapter on New England Dispersements, which resulted in the settlement of Providence, Hartford, and New Haven. There is no worship of ancestors in Dr. Eggleston's composition, and he deals with the American forbears with an exceedingly frank hand. The character of the great majority of the settlers at Jamestown is brought out with unflinching frankness, and the whole story of mismanagement, misery, and general ineffectiveness which invests the settlement on the James River with a tragic interest is told at length. The policy out of which all these miseries grew is stated with clearness, and the different administrators are characterized with frankness. Of Sir Thomas Dale, about whom centers a good deal of historical discussion, Dr. Eggleston says that he was "utterly pitiless in the cruelty of his discipline, and unjust in his detention of the old planters."

But while about one hundred pages of the volume are devoted to the Virginia Colony, two hundred and fifty are given to the New England colonies. So far as our knowledge goes, no more interesting study of the rise of Puritanism in England, and of its influence and activity on this continent, has ever been written. It is doubtful if anywhere else the story has been told so fully, with such background of knowledge, in so moderate a compass. An entire chapter is devoted to the evolution of Puritanism in England, and an extremely interesting chapter it is. It is by no means as sympathetic as many other accounts have been, but in certain respects it is more intelligent and illuminating. Nobody can

¹ *The Beginners of a Nation*. By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

read it without getting a clearer view of the significance of Puritanism in English political and religious life. The story of the Puritan migrations has never been told with keener characterization and with sharper disclosure of habit, opinion, sentiment, and conviction. The Puritans have been treated with so much reverence that Dr. Eggleston's handling of their motives and influence will seem almost irreverent; but it is not the irreverence of one who is indifferent to their convictions; it is rather that of the historical student who is concerned chiefly to get at the facts. It must be said, however, that there appears in Dr. Eggleston's narrative a touch now and then of personal distaste for the Puritan character, and his interpretation of that character would doubtless have won its way more quickly in the minds of a good many readers if it had been freer from sarcasm. Those who dissent from Dr. Eggleston will dissent from the shading of his picture, not from its fidelity. They will feel that the narrowness, bigotry, and unloveliness of the Puritan have been thrown into relief a little more boldly than they ought. If the moral and political significance of the Puritan movement and influence does not shine quite as gloriously in the pages of this history as in some other works, its extent and importance are not in the least minimized, and what we want is the truth, whatever changes of opinion the truth effects.

It is too soon to pass final judgment on this important work. That cannot be done until the other volumes have been issued. It must suffice to give this general account of it, and to commend its vivacious and delightful style; for Dr. Eggleston has the command of a clear, clean, epigrammatic speech which is always entertaining and sometimes brilliant. Such history-writing as this makes easy reading, and easy reading is of no small importance in a work of history.

Some Recent Fiction

Miss Jewett's "Land of the Pointed Firs" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is one of those delicately conceived and carefully executed studies of life along the Maine coast which have established her literary reputation on so firm a foundation. This latest novel does not vary greatly in material or method from the earlier stories, but it shows the same freshness of feeling, the same delicacy of observation, and the same refinement of style. Miss Jewett's work is so admirable that it effaces all trace of effort, and most of her readers are probably unaware of the thorough training in the art of writing which lies back of everything which she does. The long line of stories which bear her name have a tonic quality for young writers in their simplicity, their sanity, and their admirable workmanship; and that Miss Jewett, after writing so many stories, still writes with the freshness and charm with which she set out, is the best possible evi-

dence of the soundness of her methods and aims. She is a novelist of gifts as genuine as those which Miss Austen possessed, and not wholly unlike them.

One turns at once into another field when he takes up Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Sister Jane; Her Friends and Acquaintances" (same publishers). For the New England background we find the background of the Georgia rural village; for the thrift, the small economies, the sharp individuality of New England, we find the geniality, the sociability, and the indifference to small affairs of the Southern type. But we find also as definite outlines of character and as marked personal qualities as in the New England community. Mr. Harris attempted a difficult thing in this story; his hero is kept in the background, and is all but overshadowed by the more strenuous and assertive characters about him, but his quality is more and more impressed upon us, and we end by liking him. The story shows some lack of constructive strength, but it is full of keen observation, of nice touches, and of humor. It gives us the life of a Southern village with great clearness.

A striking contrast to these quiet studies of American rural life is found in the great historical novel *Quo Vadis*. Rome in the time of Nero is a subject at once to inspire and appall an ordinary novelist. The Polish master of fiction, Henryk Sienkiewicz, is not an ordinary writer, hardly to be judged by ordinary rules. His trilogy of Polish historical novels fairly throb with vitality, with originality, with a kind of almost Homeric energy, while his "Without Dogma," with its psychological fineness, proves his wonderful versatility. "Quo Vadis" presents, in a series of brilliant and rapidly moving pictures, the decay of the old Roman civilization (splendid still with all its degradation), and the birth of the Christian Rome. An author who dares to make use of Nero, St. Peter, and St. Paul as, one may say, minor characters; who succeeds in throwing the intense passion of a love-story into the foreground without diminishing the interest in the wild sweep of political, religious, and social forces that make the period perhaps the most terrible in human history; who throws out on his great canvas with equal distinctness the figures of emperor and slave, of pure Christian maiden and smiling Epicurean Roman, of apostle and paid torturer; who can depict with equal fervor and imaginative sincerity the shamelessness and magnificence of Nero's feast, and the faithful gathering of humble Christians in the dark outskirts of Rome listening with ecstasy to Peter's words—such a man is rightly to be excused for certain excesses of realism which to a writer of less genius would be fatal. The character of Petronius alone is a work of the highest art. In power and effectiveness this book is without a rival in recent fiction. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

We have already spoken briefly of Mr. Marion

Crawford's new Italian story *Tequisara*. It does not rank with the "Saracinesca" series, nor with "A Roman Singer," but it contains some carefully worked out character-analysis, some interesting glimpses of Roman society, and an exciting and almost melodramatic plot. Oddly enough, here, as in "Casa Braccio," Mr. Crawford seems deliberately to have condensed all the really vital part of his plot into the first half of the book, to have hurried through this with fierce conciseness, and then to have rambled leisurely through the second half in developing one or two characters. Thus these two books seem almost to stand for a new type of novel, one in which the plot is administered at one dose, while the analysis is reserved for a second. But, criticise as we will, Mr. Crawford is always the born story-teller, is always at his ease, and rarely loses his reader's sympathy. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending January 22. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

Mrs. Ella Higginson's short stories in the volume called *The Flower that Grew in the Sand* are good despite their dialect rather than because of it. A little mechanical work would turn them into excellent New England tales of the Miss Wilkins type. Mrs. Higginson in the best of these stories takes the most direct route to the reader's heart—she knows how to get at the pathos of common, every-day life. Her stories are wonderfully compact, and each has a strong single situation. We regard her as one of the best of American short-story writers. The pictures in this book would much better have been left out. (F. C. Warne & Co., New York.)

On the Red Staircase, by M. Imlay Taylor, is a historical novel of Russia in the stormy and blood-stained days just after the death of the Czar Alexis, father of the boy who was to become Peter the Great. The picture of the political struggle then begun is striking and interesting; the story of personal adventure interwoven is well sustained. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Wives in Exile (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston), a "comedy in romance," by William Sharp, tells how two wives whose husbands had left them (supposedly on a business trip, but really on one of pleasure) successfully carried out the novel plan of cruising on a yacht managed entirely by women. The recital of the vicissitudes of their voyage and the pursuit and capture by the repentant and frightened husbands makes an amusing tale.

ECONOMICS

The History of Economics, by Henry Dunning Macleod, is an ambitious work, if the word ambitious can be applied to the work of a man who

believes that he has already attained the highest position among economists. Mr. Macleod is not one of those who think that political economy cannot become an exact science because it deals with questions too vitally affecting vested interests and human interests to permit disinterested and dispassionate discussion. In his opinion, all that is needed to give economics "the same rank as mechanics as an exact science" is a thorough discussion and settlement of "the meaning of words" employed in its discussion. The present volume is intended to supply the one thing needful. In the main it is an economic dictionary, defining from the author's standpoint such terms as banking, capital, credit, currency, etc. To the five hundred pages devoted to definitions there is prefixed an essay of less than two hundred on the history of economics. The work of every economic thinker is considered from the author's point of view—his sense of perspective being illustrated by the fact that he devotes seven pages to Ricardo and fifteen to himself. He speaks of one event in his own life as "the origin of the modern science of economics." The great idea for which he stands is the theory, developed in his previous volumes, that through credit wealth is developed out of nothing. He goes much further than the greenbackers, who declare that through credit a costless medium of exchange can be substituted for a costly one. In his view credit is wealth, and wealth is created and annihilated as credit is increased and diminished.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

For Christ's Crown (Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York) is a volume of sermons by Dr. David James Burrell, of the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City. Dr. Burrell's theological point of view is that of the old school, but his object appears to be practical rather than theological; it aims to affect character and life rather than either to frame or defend a system of philosophy. Dr. Burrell has proved himself a successful preacher in a difficult position in New York, and this volume will be of interest because it indicates essential elements in successful preaching. He who reads the book must, however, discriminate with care between the elements which have promoted and those which have possibly prevented, or at least not aided in, the preacher's success.—Quite different are the sermons in *The Heritage of the Spirit*, by the Bishop of Peterborough. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) The dress in which the preacher has clothed his ideas is better, as is the dress in which the publisher has clothed them. But, like so many sermons by clergymen of the Church of England, they seem to us rather essays than sermons; useful, even helpful essays, but with the note "Thou art the man" almost wholly lacking.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The second volume of Professor Sloane's *Life of Napoleon*, published by The Century Company,

New York, brings this work down to the war with Prussia in 1806. Its illustrations are, in an artistic point of view, fully equal to those of the first volume, and historically more valuable.

The latest, shortest, and in some respects the best of the lives of Napoleon is a little book just issued by Messrs. Ginn & Co., and edited by Professor Alcée Fortier, of Tulane University. His *Napoleon* contains extracts arranged in chronological order from the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," and from such Napoleonophiles as Thiers, Victor Hugo, and Victor Duruy, also from such Napoleonophobes as Edgar Quinet, Chateaubriand, Madame de Rémusat, and Henri Martin. These extracts the editor has linked together by his own narration. The notes are not many in number, but are of such value that in themselves they furnish an excellent estimate of Napoleonic history. Altogether the little book is one of extraordinary worth.—The third edition of the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache's *Benjamin Jowett* (Edward Arnold, New York) we reserve for longer notice.

POETRY

An Opal, by Ednah Proctor Clarke (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston), is a book of poetry in which lightness of touch is distinctly emphasized. The volume is full of fresh fancies, and there seems everywhere the whir of the humming-bird which the author describes. Such poems as "Where the Bee Sucks" are indeed worth reading.—*A Christmas Masque of Saint Roch*, by M. E. M. Davis (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), includes "Père Dagobert" and "Throwing the Wanger." The first-named poem is exactly the thing for a Twelfth Night reading. It does not leave an altogether agreeable taste in the mouth, yet there is a strong something about the lines. "Père Dagobert" is more artistic. "Throwing the Wanger" is a weird tale. The volume is one of much distinctiveness and of not inconsiderable merit.—Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's *The Book of the Native* (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston) we reserve for longer notice.

TEXT-BOOKS, ETC.

The third volume of *American Orations*, edited, with introduction, by Alexander Johnston, late Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in the College of New Jersey, with historical notes and textual notes by James Albert Woodburn (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), contains all the great anti-slavery orations; the orations of Salmon P. Chase, Edward Everett, Stephen A. Douglas, on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 1854; Charles Sumner on "The Crime Against Kansas;" Judah P. Benjamin on the Sumner Assault; Lincoln's address on the Dred Scott Decision, and the address delivered in Springfield, Ill., June, 1858, on his nomination to the Senate; the notable addresses on Secession delivered in 1860-61, by Hale, Iverson, Wade, Chittenden, Toombs, Cox, and that by Jefferson Davis on "Withdrawal from the Union." The editors call this series Studies in Political History, a right classification.

MISCELLANEOUS

The *Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations*, edited by the late Mr. J. K. Hoyt, has had a distinct and wide range of usefulness. It is not chiefly a collection of "familiar quotations"—that field is excellently occupied by Mr. Bartlett's well-known book; it is rather an extensive and well-indexed compendium of thousands of short passages—familiar and unfamiliar, English and foreign, prose and poetry—arranged under subject headings, with an ingenious device by which also all passages from one author may be easily collected. The new edition before us has been enlarged, and admitted faults in the old work have been corrected, while every quotation in the volume has been verified—an immense task. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

A pleasant but not remarkable book of travel is Mr. Ira N. Morris's *With the Trade Winds*, which describes a jaunt in Venezuela and the West Indies. There is little attempt to throw new light on the question of the disputed territory in Venezuela, though the topic is touched upon. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

James Sager Norton was a Chicago lawyer and public man, a Yale graduate, and a speaker of real wit and force. His collected *Addresses and Fragments in Prose and Verse* contains not a little that was worthy of being preserved.

The course of lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin by Helen Campbell has been published under the title of *Household Economics*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Mrs. Campbell is a well-known authority, and these lectures are practical and progressive in a conservative field of activity.

Literary Notes

—By a clerical error we lately gave the price of the edition of Tennyson's "Princess," edited by Mr. A. J. George and published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, as 90 cents; it is, in fact, published at 40 cents.

—To the list of books and pamphlets relating to the question of International Arbitration may be added the address by the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., read before the Chicago Peace Congress of 1893. It is entitled "Nationalism and Internationalism; or, Mankind One Body."

—Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest novel is called "Lads' Love," and the New York "Tribune" informs us that the title is also the local name for a sweet-scented Scottish wormwood more correctly known as "Southernwood," which is said to have been taken to church in Scotland as an antidote to soporific sermons.

—The "Illustrated London News" gives a key to the history of Mr. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy." Joseph Thomson was the African friend whom Mr. Barrie describes. Mr. Barrie had been sub-editor of the Nottingham "Journal." Mr. Stead, of the "Pall Mall Gazette," had published

Barrie's first article in London, but it was Frederick Greenwood who first published "An Auld Licht Community." It appeared in the "St. James's Gazette" thirteen years ago.

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes that Mr. Gladstone—who keeps in excellent health—allots a part of every day to another great work, on Olympian religion. He has completed his gift of 30,000 valuable books to St. Deiniol's Library, at Hawarden, from his own choice library. He calls the latter his "Temple of Peace."

—Lord Acton's project for a great modern history to be written by eminent specialists will excite more interest now that the names of the contributors to the series are announced. Among them are Mr. James Bryce, Professor Bury, Dr. Cunningham, Principal Fairbairn, Professor Flint, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Professor Jebb, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Oman, Mr. E. J. Payne, Sir Frederick Pollock, Professor Prothero, Dr. Sidgwick, and Viscount Wolsley. The work is to appear in a dozen volumes of about seven hundred pages each.

—We take pleasure in calling attention to an admirable little Catechism, entitled "Gospel Truth." It has been prepared by the Rev. J. W. Cooper, D.D., pastor of the South Congregational Church in New Britain, Conn., for use in his instruction of a large class of boys and girls. It covers the field of Christian doctrine and duty, and is especially adapted for use in the Junior Societies of Christian Endeavor. The answers to the questions are given in choice passages of Scripture. Copies may be ordered of the Adkins Printing Company, New Britain, Conn., at 5 cents each, or \$3 per hundred.

—Speaking of Lord Roberts's volumes of reminiscences, "Forty-one Years in India," the London "Literary World" says that it is not surprising that, within a fortnight of publication, the book should have run into several editions. The period dealt with includes the Indian Mutiny, the Abyssinian and Lushai expeditions, the Afghan War of 1878-80, and several less important military undertakings, in which Lord Roberts took a part, either as a useful assistant or as an indispensable leader. The annals of the Indian Mutiny have received a fresh addition, which puts into the shade many of those that have held the public favor for years. The fascination of Lord Roberts's narrative lies in the fact that he is telling the story as he lived it.

—The late Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Hungerford was the daughter of the Rev. Canon Hamilton, rector of one of the oldest churches in Ireland, at Roscarberry. She began writing stories, etc., while she was still at school, and she was still very young when, a widow with three small children, she found herself compelled to adopt literature as a means of livelihood. From the first she was successful. Her three earliest efforts, "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," and "Airy, Fairy

Lilian," which appeared in 1877, 1878, and 1879, respectively, achieved instant popularity, and all subsequent works, bearing her assumed name, "The Duchess," commanded a ready sale, and brought her in an income which enabled her to live in ease and maintain a liberal hospitality. She produced more than thirty novels, besides contributing freely to daily and periodical literature.

—The "New England Magazine," under the able and vitalizing editorship of Edwin D. Mead, is a periodical which any man of New England affiliations, either by birth or ancestry, should be glad to have on his library table. And as New England men have spread over the face of the United States, teaching schools, building railroads, preaching old and new theology, conducting banks, governing States, and clearing wildernesses, the magazine ought to have a wide circulation. The February number, now before us, contains, among other things, a valuable illustrated article on the late William Hamilton Gibson: a graphic story of the famous Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston; some charming pictures of Litchfield, Conn., the birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher; and some pertinent and suggestive comments by the editor on the broad-minded attitude of English school histories towards the American Revolution.

Books Received

For Week ending January 22

- EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK
Tollemache, Lionel A. Benjamin Jowett.
THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
Sloane, William Milligan. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.
Vol. II. \$8.
HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Fisher, Sydney G. Pennsylvania, Colony and Commonwealth. \$1.50.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Mandell, Bishop of Peterborough. The Heritage of the Spirit. \$1.25.
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK
Hoyt, J. K. The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations.
New edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. \$5.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Fortier, Alcée, D.Lt. Napoléon.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE
Warren, Henry Clarke. Buddhism in Translations.
H. L. HASTINGS, BOSTON
Rawlinson, M.A., Rev. George. The Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture. 35 cts.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK
Burrell, David J., D.D. "For Christ's Crown," and Other Sermons. \$1.50.
LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON
Sharp, William. Wives in Exile.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The Book of the Native.
Clarke, Ednah Proctor. An Opal.
A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO
Taylor, M. Imlay. On the Red Staircase. \$1.25.
Davis, M. E. M. A Christmas Masque of Saint Roch. \$1.
Norton, James Sager. Addresses and Fragments in Prose and Verse. \$3.50.
THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Cornill, Prof. C. H. The Prophets of Israel. 25 cts.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Macleod, M.A., Henry Dunning. The History of Economics. \$4.50.
Campbell, Helen. Household Economics. \$1.50.
Morris, Ira Nelson. With the Trade-Winds. \$1.25.
Johnston, Alexander. American Orations. Vol. III. \$1.25.
FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK
Higginson, Ella. The Flower that Grew in the Sand, and Other Stories. \$1.25.

The Religious World

Dr. Abbott and the Book of Jonah

So much sensational comment has been made in some of the newspapers on a sermon preached by the Rev. Lyman Abbott in Plymouth Church on Sunday evening, January 24, that, as Dr. Abbott is Editor-in-Chief of *The Outlook*, we depart from our usual custom of ignoring such personal matters and give our readers the facts in full. On the day after the delivery of the sermon in question—which was one of a connected series on the “Bible as Literature”—the following paragraph appeared in one of the metropolitan daily papers, and was widely telegraphed throughout the country:

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has been delivering a series of Sunday night lectures on the Bible at Plymouth Church, where Beecher once held sway. “Jonah and the Whale” was his subject to-night, and there was as much laughter and amusement over his remarks as if a variety performance was in progress. He started off by saying that the story of Jonah and the whale was a fiction, and that there was no obligation on any one to believe it. It was a parable on the same line as that of the “Prodigal Son.”

Dr. Abbott had no doubt that a person named Jonah had once existed, but his adventures after being thrown from the ship had come to be regarded as the “Pickwick Paper” of the Bible.

Unrestrained laughter followed this and some other humorous references.

We should think it hardly necessary, if we had not received several letters of inquiry, to say that the above newspaper paragraph is either ignorant or malicious misrepresentation. The subject of the sermon was not “Jonah and the Whale,” but a survey of the Books of Jonah, Esther, and Daniel; nor was the sermon greeted with “unrestrained laughter,” nor did Dr. Abbott compare the Book of Jonah to the “Pickwick Papers.” What he did say was that a well-known American Congregational clergyman, the Rev. Charles Caverno, had not inaptly described the satire of the Book of Jonah as being, in quality, like the satire of Lowell’s “Biglow Papers.” The congregation received the sermon, as it was given, in a reverent spirit.

Immediately following the publication of these sensational newspaper misstatements, the Manhattan Association of Brooklyn—a ministerial club of which Dr. Abbott is not a member—passed the following resolution:

In view of certain recent and current public utterances from a prominent Congregational pulpit in this city concerning the Bible, which are being widely disseminated by the press, we, the members of the Manhattan Association of Congregational Ministers, fearing lest our silence be accepted by the uninformed as an indorsement of these views, do declare our emphatic dissent from such handling of the Holy Scriptures, and deplore the probable effect of such teachings.

It is generally supposed that this resolution, while couched in somewhat veiled and indefinite language, refers to the series of sermons on “The Bible as Literature” now being preached in Plymouth Church by Dr. Abbott. In these sermons Dr. Abbott is giving to his evening congregations

the same general view of the Bible presented last year to the readers of *The Outlook* in “The Bible as Literature” series and “The Bible and the Child” series by such writers as the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, Rev. Robert F. Horton, the Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., Professor Richard G. Moulton, the Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., the Rev. William Elliott Griffis, D.D., Professor Albert P. Cook, and others. As the resolution does not state the respects in which those who voted for it dissent from these views of the Bible, it is impossible to pass any critical judgment upon their dissent, but it probably indicates that at least the gentlemen who advocated the resolution of censure upon Dr. Abbott, including the Rev. Drs. A. J. F. Behrends, A. J. Lyman, Thomas B. McLeod, and R. R. Meredith, do not sympathize with the view of the date, authorship, and significance of the books of the Bible entertained by such scholars as Ewald and Wellhausen in Germany; Driver, Cheyne, Robertson Smith, Dean Stanley, and Dean Farrar in England; Professor Briggs, of Union, Professor Moore, of Andover, Professor Schmidt, of Cornell, Professor Bacon, of Yale, and Professor Henry P. Smith, late of Lane Seminary, in this country. Or else they do not think such views, even if correct, should be given to the laity in popular discourse.

We are glad to add that the episode has been most happily and generously closed by the following considerate and courteous letter from Dr. Behrends, which we clip from the Brooklyn “Eagle.” Such a letter is a cheering demonstration of the truth that a real and definite difference of theological opinion between Christian gentlemen does not destroy their spirit of brotherhood.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn “Eagle.”

It often happens, in the rush of unpremeditated speech, that sentences fall from one’s lips which wear a very different face when they appear in cold type. Such a sentence I find credited to me in the “Eagle’s” reports of my remarks at the meeting of the Manhattan Association, reflecting somewhat rudely and offensively upon the ability and scholarship of Dr. Abbott. I cannot permit myself to pass it over in silence, for it savors of an arrogance which I should despise myself in cherishing. I cannot claim to have been incorrectly reported; but the words meant much more than I intended to convey, and they were certainly not uttered in any spirit either of bitterness or of depreciation. I simply wish, in this public manner, to withdraw them, as unwarranted and uncalled for, and as conveying an unfriendly judgment which I did not intend, and which Dr. Abbott certainly did not, and does not, deserve. And I do this promptly, before any criticism for lack of courtesy can lessen the force of this free and frank apology.

A. J. F. BEHREND.

Brooklyn, January 28, 1897.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer’s Visit

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is coming from London to help Mr. Moody, needs no introduc-

tion to our people. Many have already heard him during his visits to Northfield; while many others, who have read "The Shepherd's Psalm," "Old Testament Heroes," and others of his books, will be glad to see and hear one who has long been known and honored through his writings. Mr. Meyer is the successor of Newman Hall in the pastorate of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge, London. His church carries on a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" designed to attract men to the house of God by combining joy with worship. These afternoons are occupied in prayer, praise, and addresses, and the regular attendants have been formed into a Brotherhood, which also comprises a Provident Society, Total Abstinence Association, and other branches. Two corners of the church are respectively designated the "Teetotal Corner" and the "Consecration Corner." A Monday afternoon meeting is known as "The Women's At Home;" a sisterhood for young girls holds meetings twice a week in an "Evening Home," where, with music, sewing, and conversation, young women are kept from the streets and the temptations of a great city. There are also a Young Men's Union and a Lads' Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. All of these have as their basis devotion to Christ, purity, self-sacrifice, total abstinence, and brotherly love. The Christian Endeavor Society—for those under eighteen years of age—busies itself with tract distribution, children's meetings, and mission-school work. In all these activities Mr. Meyer is the inspiring leader, and he is also constantly at work with his pen. In both his writings and his addresses he is simple and earnest, direct and spiritual. Mr. Meyer expects to spend ten days in America. From February 3d to 7th he is to speak in Tremont Temple, Boston, and from the 8th to 12th in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Long Pastorates

Three long pastorates have recently been celebrated in Boston. The Rev. Alexander Mackenzie, D.D., has been thirty years pastor of the Shepherd Memorial Church in Cambridge; the Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D., has been about thirty-seven years in the Walnut Avenue Church in Boston; while the Rev. B. F. Hamilton, D.D., has been twenty-five years in the Elliot Church of Roxbury. Such pastorates are uncommon in these changing days. Dr. Plumb took a new church, and, we believe, has been its only pastor. The church under his ministry has become strong and efficient, and he is as beloved by his people at the end of the long period as he was at its beginning. Dr. Hamilton succeeded the venerable Dr. A. C. Thompson in the pastorate of the Elliot Church. The position was a difficult one because Dr. Thompson was not only a man of very great ability, but perhaps the finest type of the old Puritan to be found in all New England. To have succeeded such a man and to have satisfied such a people has been no small achievement. Dr. Mackenzie is well known as one of the most

brilliant preachers in the whole country. Few men are more eagerly sought for public occasions. In his public speech there is a mingling of solid thought, brilliant rhetoric, and pathos such as is found in the utterances of few men now before the public. The anniversary of this long pastorate was last week appropriately celebrated, and the noble service of Dr. Mackenzie to his church, to his city, and to the churches of the country was fittingly recognized. A few months ago we recorded the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. S. E. Herrick, of the Mount Vernon Church in Boston. There are thus at least four men in conspicuous places in the same denomination in one city who have been in pastorates more than twenty-five years.

The American Society of Religious Education

A number of scholars have joined themselves in an organization under the title American Society of Religious Education, for the purpose of devising a system for the orderly culture of man's spiritual nature. Among these gentlemen are some well known in educational circles. General John Eaton, the President, was once Commissioner of Education of the United States. John M. Gregory, LL.D., Vice-President, has occupied many educational positions in the West and the East. Dr. Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee; Dr. Rankin, President of Howard University; Professor Jones, Superintendent of Schools of Cleveland; Dr. Palmer, Principal of the Fredonia Normal School; Dr. Blakeslee, of Boston, are among the Fellows of the Society; and Dr. J. E. Gilbert, who has been all his life a Bible student and lecturer, is the Secretary. The plan is to meet four times a year, when papers are presented and discussed. These papers cover historical, Biblical, psychological, and pedagogical themes. The conclusions so reached are put forth in pamphlets and textbooks for the use of the general public. During the eight years since the Society was organized, there have been thus presented plans for the training of Sunday-school teachers, for the help of parents with their children at home, for the individual study of the Scriptures in private, and for the use of the Bible in college. These measures, we are informed, have enlisted many thousands of students in various parts of the country. Other measures will be put forth as they may be devised and improved by the Fellows of the Society. Further information concerning the work and objects of the Society may be obtained by application to the Secretary, the Rev. J. E. Gilbert, D.D., Washington, D. C.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges

January 28 was generally observed as a Day of Prayer for Colleges. There is, we notice, a movement to change this day to Sunday, to which there can be little objection. In many institutions of learning this day has been eagerly looked forward to, and from it often have dated

great religious movements. Many misconceptions prevail concerning the state of religion in our colleges. That the students are surrounded by temptations there can be no doubt, but that the average life of the college is far higher than it ever was before is easily susceptible of proof. Moreover, those parents who dread to have their boys in college make the mistake of supposing that the temptations there are greater, or even as great, as in most cities and towns. As in the larger world, so in the college world, more is heard of the evil than of the good. In almost all institutions of learning the number of Christian men is large and their influence positive, and those who leave their homes Christians seldom lose their faith in college, while a large number of those who enter college unchristian are led to lives of consecration and service. Many colleges have a custom of sending to the churches from which their students come statements of the number in the college from those churches and asking special prayers in their behalf. The manner in which this day is observed may undergo changes; its date may be altered; but the fact for which it stands, namely, the interest of the whole Church in its young men and its maidens, ought to receive more, rather than less, emphasis.

Y. M. C. A. Convention at Ottawa

The twenty-seventh annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Ottawa and Quebec concluded a successful four days' gathering at Ottawa on January 25. Mayor Bingham, on behalf of the city, and representatives from various organizations, extended cordial greetings, to which appreciative responses were made. Mr. G. B. Hodge, of New York, in replying to the greeting "Our American Brethren," referred to the Arbitration Treaty between England and the United States, which he signalized as the introduction of the era of universal peace. Educational work was one of the prominent themes of the Convention. It was pointed out that in Canada and the United States there are 1,500 Associations, 275,000 members, 800 libraries, 1,000 reading-rooms, 355 evening schools, 1,000 teachers, and 26,000 students. In Canada an effort is being made to secure the recognition of McGill University, the Toronto School of Practical Science, and other Canadian schools and colleges for the educational work of the Associations. The reason for this is that young men who cannot afford a college education may be so trained at the Associations that they can carry with them into life certain academic and college recommendations. Bible study was also emphasized on the programme, the Rev. C. I. Schofield, D.D., of Northfield, Mass., giving a Bible reading on the Holy Spirit and the Believer's Life, and an address on Book Study of the Bible. Dr. Schofield referred to St. Matthew as a difficult book to study, and advised beginners to first take up the

study of Revelation. Railway work, too, received a good deal of attention from Mr. C. J. Hicks, of New York, who remained in Montreal at the close of the Convention for the purpose of establishing a Railway Association in that city. On Sunday many of the city pulpits were occupied by visiting delegates, and at the close of the evening services a great rally was held in the Dominion Methodist Church, when Alderman Stewart presided, and read the greeting of the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, who is Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A. of Great Britain and Ireland. Addresses were then given by the Rev. Dr. Schofield, and Messrs. Hicks, of New York, and Wallace and Baron, of Toronto, after which the Convention, as far as the public was concerned, closed, the sessions of the next day being for the general secretaries and officers of the Associations.

Missionaries in India and the Famine

If any more evidence were required to show the splendid stuff of which our foreign missionaries are made, it could be found in the heroic attitude which they are taking in the face of the terrible plague which is now raging in India. While the population is leaving Bombay by the tens of thousands; while foreign merchants and the well-to-do people who can get away are hastening from the infected city, the missionaries, quietly and faithfully, are taking up their holy privilege of ministering to those who are left behind. A long chapter might be written on the heroism of foreign missionaries. In other times in India, in China, in Japan, and elsewhere they have remained at their posts when most others who ought to have been leading in ministry to the sick and devising means for deliverance from danger have fled. The missionary houses have been refuges for the fleeing Armenians in Turkey. At one time Dr. Kimball had not less than 15,000 on the small property of the mission at Van. In Japan Miss Talcott and her fellow-missionaries with splendid devotion ministered to the sick and dying in the war hospitals at Hiroshima. In India the brothers E. S. Hume and Robert Hume, and others equally devoted, are taking up the same self-sacrificing service. The foreign missionaries not only minister to the souls but to the bodies of men; they are thinking not only of the future world but of the present. They are like oases in the midst of the terrible desolation by which they are surrounded.

Dr. Pentecost Again

There have been so many contradictory reports concerning the action of Dr. Pentecost that we almost hesitate to mention the subject again. The fact seems to be that the Presbytery of London refused to release him after he had accepted the call to Yonkers. Because of the action of the Presbytery he then cabled his declination of the call. Later he decided not to take the advice of the Presbytery, and sent another cable accepting the call.

Correspondence

The Condescension of God

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In an editorial on "The Meaning of the Advent," in a recent number, page 1136, you state that "the longing to behold God is met in the marvelous condescension of Him who enters into life that we may behold Him;" that "the essential in God and the essential in man are one;" that there is "one Infinite and Eternal Energy in whose presence we are always standing."

Is it "marvelous condescension" that God should enter into life, or do any other conceivable thing for the welfare of men? Consider that through unknown ages countless myriads of human beings have stood in His presence, their animal nature dominant, the intellectual and moral faculties slowly developing. Generation after generation came into being by no choice of their own. They are all the offspring of the Eternal Energy in whom they "live, move, and have their being."

Now, if the "essential in God and the essential in man are one," does not our reason, developed by the highest moral illumination the race has attained, tell us that the Infinite Energy is under moral obligation to do "anything and everything" possible for the highest good of mankind?

It has been and is, to some extent, the traditional fashion to "honor" God and "exalt" the Christ by setting forth this theory of marvelous condescension. Is it not a higher conception that any Son of God would have sprung to a work of love with irrepressible enthusiasm? Seeing mortals groping in darkness, the great majority of them living lives of weakness ending in earthly failure, would not any reasonable Son of God, having power and opportunity, have sprung to the work with a bound?

It seems to me that there is a rational way of interpreting the world-developing principles of the Gospel, while to many men of clear mind and high moral illumination this condescension theory dishonors God. To pass from the conception of God as a King condescending, to that of a Father sending a willing messenger with a light to guide a lost son from the swineherd's wilderness to his paternal home, is an advance in the evolution in the human mind of the idea of God.

W. H. C.

Quincy, Ill.

[We agree with you that the conception of God as a loving Father is a higher one than that of Him as an awful and angry Sovereign. But we also think that what appears to you to be an inconsistency is not really one; the question is one of definition. Condescension is "a voluntary waiving of claims due to one's rank or position." The highest condescension is one of the highest

fruits of love. We all admire simple, sincere, loving condescension; it is patronizing, self-glorifying condescension to which the best intelligence of man objects.—THE EDITORS.]

Are Universalists Needed?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the January 16th issue of *The Outlook* you say that the Universalist denomination "has no special mission" now that "the teachings of so many denominations in regard to the future life have changed;" also, "that change has removed the chief ground for the separate existence of the denomination."

As one of the younger clergy of this Church, I wish you would frankly tell me if there is a denomination in America that teaches in its creed and from its pulpits that *all* men will be saved. Furthermore, is there a single church in any denomination, except the Universalist and Unitarian, that permits and welcomes such teachings? Does Dr. Bradford tell his people that he believes all will be saved? Does Dr. Abbott? Does any other liberal Congregationalist, with the possible exceptions of Dr. Gordon, of Boston, and Dr. Moxom, of Springfield? What I am desirous of knowing is whether any other sect than ours is really preaching the salvation of all souls?

Furthermore, what sect, or what individual church or churches, that you know of, would receive into hearty fellowship, and listen to with eagerness, a man who believes that Christ "will draw *all* men unto him"?

Until you can point out a denomination that is unequivocally in favor of the doctrine of universal salvation, I do not see how you can say the Universalist Church has no special mission and no further reason for existence.

HENRY R. ROSE.

Auburn, Me.

[We do not know of any denomination except the Universalist Church which preaches affirmatively and dogmatically that all men will be saved—that is, will attain finally to holiness and happiness. But there are a great many ministers, probably a majority in the Congregational and Episcopal denominations, who preach the love and grace of God as absolutely and fully as do the Universalists; who believe and affirm that God will do all that infinite power and love can do to secure the final happiness and holiness of all his creatures. In the days when the harsh and grim phases of Calvinism dominated the New England Protestant churches, there may have been a special work for the Universalist denomination, but we think the need for a doctrine of "Universalism" no longer exists.—THE EDITORS.]

January Necrology

- January 9.—Daniel Franklin Davis. Born 1843. Ex-Governor of Maine.
- January 15.—Sir Travers Twiss. Born 1809. Professor of Political Economy and author. See page 372.
- January 5.—Francis Amasa Walker. Born 1840. Economist. See pages 163 and 239.
- January 6.—Albert S. Willis. Born 1843. Ex-United States Minister to Hawaii. See page 372.
- January 16.—Joel Tyler Headley. Born 1813. Historian. See page 364.
- January 20.—William Rankin Duryee. Born 1838. Professor of Ethics in Rutgers College.
- January 22.—Sir Isaac Pitman. Born 1813. Inventor of a system of shorthand. See page 333.
- January 22.—Angelo Bianchi. Born 1817. Bishop of Palestrina, Italy. In 1882 created a Cardinal.
- January 22.—Count de Rémusat, member of the French Senate.

The Wisconsin School of Economics

The School of Economics, Political Science, and History established at Wisconsin University four years ago under the directorship of Professor Ely now enrolls a thousand students. In his work at Wisconsin University Professor Ely continues to show the same power to inspire his students to further work which distinguished his career at Johns Hopkins. Nearly every young man or woman who has received one of the fellowships in the School of Economics already holds a professorship in some other institution. Professor Ely is really conducting a normal school in political science.

The Armenian Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,053 08
A. L. R.....	5 00
*Mrs. M. C. G., Menomonie, Wis.....	1 00
Christmas, Springfield, Mass.....	12 00
*W. C. L., Salina, Kan.....	2 00
Total.....	\$8,073 08

*For the Orphans.

For the Little People



The Blue Jay

By Clinton Scollard

On the leafless bough a-sway,
What do you say,
Jay?
What is that shrilly note
That bubbles out of your throat?
There, with your head a-tilt,
What do you lilt?

"Chink! cheep! chink!
I think—"

(This with a blink
And a sly
Wink

Of the eye)—
"Winter is far too long;
That is my song."

Co-operative Kitten-Raising

By Adeline Champney

Desdemona sat in the sun by the kitchen door, with her two kittens. Desdemona is a pretty little cat. She used to wear a yellow ribbon that became her well. Now she has two babies to care for, and has outgrown ribbons.

They were sitting in the sunlight together, when Marcella came from the kitchen, where she had been eating her breakfast. Marcella is Desdemona's mother. She had a family of her own in the old barn across the road; no one knew just where.

Now she came down the steps and stopped to chat with Desdemona, and praise the pretty kittens. These were playful black kittens. They had their eyes open, and were larger than Marcella's own kittens, and could toddle about on their trembling little legs. She called and coaxed them, and they came, rubbing up against her. They were very pretty, these grandkittens of hers, and she liked them, so she lay down beside them and sang to them.

Desdemona looked anxious. She called, but the kittens were very warm and comfortable, and they only blinked their eyes at her. She came nearer and coaxed one away, but Marcella rose and carried it back.

Then Desdemona remonstrated with her mother. Marcella gently insisted. With a mild authority she said to Desdemona:

"You are a very young cat. You are little more than a kitten yourself. What do you know about bringing up a family? These kittens would be quite ruined. I have brought up a great many families, and I know just what care they need."

Poor Desdemona! She was not at all convinced by this reasoning. She coaxed and fondled her kittens, but Marcella would not let her have them. Then Desdemona "appealed to Cæsar," and a very doleful little cat came into the sitting-room and looked up into Mother's face.

"Mew! mew!" said she. No, that isn't what she said, but that is the common way of repre-

sending cat language. As if cats knew but one word!

Mother knew better. She has learned something of cat language, and she knew something was wrong with those kittens Desdemona was so proud of.

"Please come!" said Desdemona, as plainly as a cat could say so, and Mother followed her to the shed. Marcella looked uneasy under Mother's reproaches, but she would not leave the kittens. Had she quite forgotten her own family? Poor little cat babies! They must have been quite lonely and hungry all this time, for it was some hours before their recreant mother returned to them. Not, indeed, until Mother had shut Desdemona up in the storeroom with her babies did Marcella return to the barn.

But next day she came again, and Mother, looking from the window, saw Marcella carrying a fluffy black ball toward the old barn.

"Marcella, for shame!" cried Mother, and Marcella dropped the ball, which unrolled itself, stretched out four little legs, and toddled back to its mother.

Mother says Marcella knew she was not doing right, for she looked very guilty as she went away.

However, the black kittens were too great a temptation for a cat conscience, and next day one of them was not to be found.

Desdemona was heartbroken, and could not be comforted. She wandered about the house, searching in all the corners, and looking wistfully into our faces with her plaintive appeal. Then the boys took up the cause and declared it a shame, and said the missing child should be found.

In the old barn they called Marcella. At last they heard a faint answer, and Marcella raised her head from a hole in the hay. When the boys had climbed the beams, what a soft, warm nest they found! Four dear little gray kitties, and the missing black one, looking out of place among the smaller ones.

They carried them all home in triumph, and Desdemona was overjoyed. Such caressings and fondlings; such soft, little tender sounds of endearment; the kitten, it must be confessed, taking it all much for granted—the ungrateful child!

Marcella seemed pleased with the change, and promptly ensconced herself and family in Desdemona's box. Since then there has been no trouble. Desdemona admitted her inexperience, and yielded the authority to Marcella. They reasoned together, and arranged their domestic duties on a co-operative plan, by which Marcella tends the kittens while Desdemona forages for mice. She keeps the larder well supplied, and is teaching her own kittens to catch mice for themselves.

This story is quite true. Desdemona has just brought a mouse, over which one of the black

cat babies is growling fiercely. Marcella mothers them all, and washes the faces of kittens and grandkittens quite impartially.

Motherless Dolls

It cannot be possible that she really meant it, and yet she said it. "I don't care anything about those old dolls now—I have Daisy Belle."

One of the first dolls sat in the corner of the sofa, and the other was thrown in the corner. Daisy Belle was in a carriage, and was dressed with great care. Would it not be a wise thing to have a Home for Neglected Dolls? There are places now where dolls that are not wanted might be sent. The children in the hospitals would like them, and the day-nurseries are just the places where dolls are needed. And then the nurses among the sick poor often know of children who have no dolls. Once there was a club of little girls learning to sew. Their teacher thought it would be a good thing to teach them how to dress a big doll. They had lots of fun. The doll had as many mothers as there were children in the class. At last she was dressed, and the question came up, "What shall we do with her?"

"Does any one in the class know of a little girl who has no doll?" asked the teacher. A hand went up, and a little girl with a timid voice said: "I know a little girl what has only a clothes-pin." All the others looked in amazement. The little girl told all about her. "She was sick. Didn't walk at all, and didn't say nothing." The teacher and two little girls went to call on the sick girl. There she was, just as the little girl said, on a poor little bed. Beside her was the clothes-pin doll; she had a towel for a dress, and a piece of not very clean yellow ribbon for a sash. This was the only doll this little girl had ever had. The teacher, at the next lesson, told the story of the little girl. Then she said, "What shall we do with our doll?" There was a chorus, "Give her to that little girl!" A committee of five were appointed, and they gave the doll to the little girl. She looked at it a long time, and then she laid her cheek against it and cried softly. The committee tiptoed out of the room.

But the little girl got much more than the doll and her clothes. She had all the little girls in that club for her friends. She learned to laugh, to play house, to cut out pictures and make scrap-books. She had molding-clay, and learned to make a great many things with it. From being a little girl with nothing to do, she became a very busy little girl, who worked for others, all because of a doll.

A Salt Train

A train of cars came East recently that contained over 5,000,000 pounds of salt. The train was decorated, and a crowd cheered as the train started. The salt was from the salt-mines in the western part of New York State, and went to Boston.

The Home Club

Public Health and Public Sentiment

The health of any community depends on the administration of the health laws, and these laws depend for their administration on the degree of public sentiment in favor of their enforcement and on co-operation with authority by the citizens. An officer of the Health Department says that a most important office of the Health Board is to give information. It is true that the police functions of the Health Board are exercised among the ignorant and careless. While this is true, the most optimistic lover of mankind must admit that the police function of the Health Boards is often required because of the greed and selfishness of intelligent communities and individuals who refuse to consider the interests of others. We have an illustration of this in the pollution of streams by sewage from communities and waste from factories—the pollution of streams that are the main water supply of other large communities. The Health Board of Connecticut has made investigations as to the contamination of the streams of the State. These reports are appalling in the face of the widely diffused knowledge as to the importance of the purity of the water supply of every home. The necessity of a pure milk supply is constantly brought to the attention of housekeepers. Yet housekeepers do not demand a knowledge of the source of supply of this commodity. The Health Board of Philadelphia has worked for years to stamp out the possibilities of infection from tuberculosis. It has recently issued a report showing that in ten years the deaths from this disease have decreased one-third, and the report says that much of this success is due to organizations of citizens for municipal improvement. The Minneapolis Board of Health exercised its authority by compelling the farmers who supplied the city with milk to prove that their herds had passed the tuberculin test. One farmer carried the case to court, claiming that the City Board had no jurisdiction outside of the city. The Supreme Court has just passed a decision supporting the Board of Health. Public sentiment supported the Board of Health all through the struggle.

The Mother's Key

There never was a better illustration of the value of the kindergarten to mothers than was recently given by a mother, the wife of an industrious and successful laborer. This mother had in the kindergarten a daughter over seven years of age, who had reached the mental development of a child of four. The kindergartners were deeply interested in the child, for she seemed so lonely. She was much larger than the other children, and her size seemed to make her awk-

ward and self-conscious. Her teacher compared her to a blind child groping in the dark. She would watch and listen, and yet she did not grasp what was said. At last light broke slowly but surely. Her mind opened and she gave evidence of comprehension, and at last conceived and worked out an idea of her own. This was the moment of exquisite happiness that the true kindergartner sometimes experiences. At the next mothers' meeting the mother of this child was present. The kindergartner chose as her topic, treated in the most elementary language, "The Way to Reach the Child." Her recent experience with this little shadowed mind made her eloquent and tender. The mother of the shadowed one listened, leaning forward in her intensity. She lingered when the other mothers left. Looking deeply into the eyes of the kindergartner, she said, with evident emotion, "You have given me a key to Katie's mind"—she had gained a new word. "I know, now, I have not tried to help her. I shut her out. You know, I was angry all the time because she was not like other children. It used to make me so mad to see even the little children turn away from her. When the big ones laughed at her, I could kill them." She shut her fist by her side. "Now I see I should have kept her with me, and been patient and led her; she is slow at waking up. I see it now. You have given me the key to my child's mind."

The next afternoon—for Katie attended the afternoon session of the kindergarten—she came in radiant, announcing, "I helped my mother. I washed the dishes." Katie is no longer a companionless child; her mother has become her friend and companion.

Art and the Public Schools

The Public Education Association of New York City, which did much effective work last year in favor of the School Reform Bill, has resumed its lectures and active work for 1897. This year the aim of the Association is to introduce into the public schools of the city pictures and casts that will attract and refine the taste of the children who spend the greater portion of their waking hours in the school-room. Miss Ellen G. Starr, of Hull House, Chicago, recently lectured before the Association, and told what had been done in Chicago to improve the school-rooms. Two years ago the Chicago Public School Art Society was organized, with Miss Starr as President. The Society used large solar prints, and prints of birds, flowers, and trees, for the younger children. In decorating the school-rooms, Miss Starr says the object sought is twofold—educational directly, and educational through the æsthetic sense. Children must be trained to dis-

criminate between the good and the bad; they must be trained to observe. This training depends in a large degree on environment. The barrenness of our public-school rooms has been for many years a cause of reproach in a country where the art instincts of the people have been developed by the art exhibitions, the establishment of art schools and leagues. When our schools are made beautiful through the efforts of those who appreciate the relations between art and beauty, the beautiful will become a necessity of the whole people. And what becomes a necessity to a man he struggles to obtain. If he feels that bread is the limit of his necessities, the limit of his effort is the gratification it brings.

Injury from Veils

A prominent oculist attributes the trouble which women are having with their eyes to the habit of wearing veils with dots. This oculist has made many experiments, being able to detect the gradual loss of vision of which the women have been unconscious. The veil that seemed to stand the test was one in which there were forty-eight meshes to the square inch, with dots one and a half inches apart. White net was found to be very irritating to the eye. Single threads were found to be more embarrassing to the eyesight than double threads. The consensus of opinion is that women with naturally weak eyes cannot wear a veil without immediately finding themselves suffering from nervous disorders that are directly traceable to the injury of the eyesight. Oculists declare that the placing of veils over the faces of babies is criminal.

A Hint to Mothers

The following letter gives valuable practical information on a subject recently commented on in these columns:

Dear Outlook: In an article in this department some months ago, the following statements were made: "Forget your shoulders, put your hips back and your head up, and instantly the spine assumes its proper curves;" in this lies "the secret of poise in standing and grace in walking." This was written to help parents. It contains a truth; at the same time it contains an error.

The direction "Forget your shoulders," if followed, will avoid much that destroys proper balance, and is in so far good. This is easily seen by noting the result of the usual direction, Put back your shoulders, given to a child in the morning before it is dressed (in the morning because the shadows are less troublesome; undressed, because your observations are more accurate). A side view will show abdomen and head protruding, shoulders stiff and constrained. This surely does not lead to proper poise. Yet this direction is often the only one given to the child for securing proper balance.

Hold the head up is also good advice if it means draw in the chin and push up with the crown of the head, as this helps to raise the chest.

Now ask the child to put back the hips. If he is at all flexible, you have produced a short, sharp curve in the lower part of the spinal column, which is an exaggeration of the normal curve, and one kind of spinal curvature. To the statement, Let your shoulders alone, it would be well then to add, Let your hips alone.

The question is one of proper poise or balance—so to balance the body that internal organs shall not be displaced or parts of the body unsymmetrical.

The first step is to teach the child to balance properly with the weight on both feet. Have him stand as before. Attention should be centered on two points—the upper part of the chest and the ankles. Tell the child to push forward and raise the upper part of the chest; next to lean forward, keeping an unbroken line from breast-bone to ankle, until the top of the bone is as far forward as the balls of the feet. Rising on toes from this position will develop the child's sense of poise. Whenever this position is taken (and it should be often), raise the heels slightly from the floor for a moment, to be sure that the weight is well forward. If the child already has ribs that are flattened in front, and pushing out the shoulder-blades behind, it will be some time before he can assume more than an approximately correct position. Every effort, however, toward symmetry is a move in the right direction, and this new position that now has to be consciously maintained will in time become habitual.

This position, with the weight on both feet, affords no opportunity for rest, and so the child must be taught to stand properly, with the weight on one foot; properly, because the child is prone to assume a position on one foot in which the same hip is habitually lowered. The lack of symmetry caused by this tilted pelvis is seen in the lateral curve of the spinal column, the lowered shoulders, the face that is flattened on one side, and other similar results. The effect on internal organs is not so evident, but is equally serious, since there must be a readjustment of them all. Again poise the child properly, with the weight on both feet; ask him to take a step forward, still keeping the unbroken line from ankle to breast-bone. Test the position by having him lift the back foot from the floor, at the same time slightly lifting the heel of the forward foot; the weight is now borne by that foot. Without changing the weight, lower the heel and replace the free foot nearer the body. . . . The child is now properly balanced on one foot. To rest, take a step forward, thus transferring the weight to the other foot. If you wish the free foot in front, take a step backward. The high and forward chest, the unbroken line from ankle to breast-bone, and the grace of outline are well shown in the cut of the Victory of Samothrace.

To secure poise, then, forget your shoulders and hips; avoid round shoulders by drawing the ribs forward and upward away from the shoulder-blades; preserve the normal curves of the spinal column by leaning forward in an unbroken line from ankles to chest; add to symmetry by keeping the pelvis level; secure rest and freedom of motion by standing with the weight properly on one foot. Poise is fundamental, and underlies health, grace, and symmetry.

DELPHINE HANNA,

Director Woman's Gymnasium of Oberlin College.

Physical Exercise

Dear Outlook: The question was lately asked by a correspondent of the Home Club, What kind of exercise would be most conducive to the growth of children in order to attain good height? Doubtless much is often accomplished in this direction by a little thought on the part of the mother. Give the young child a bean-bag, and insist upon its being tossed upward—not thrown laterally. Let it be a matter of play, and be careful that both the right and left arms are used, but also careful that but one arm is used at a time. When the child is five or six years old, a most excellent arrangement is something placed on the wall, just above ordinary reach. This the child is to strike with a small mallet. A wire, coiled once or twice, with a bell at the end, which is against the wall, furnishes much amusement. A small square of pasteboard placed at the face of this spring the child reaches to strike with the mallet. When the bell is rung too easily, the spring must, of course, be raised. And always insist that the right and left arms shall be used alternately. As children grow older, nothing is better than the game of tennis. Never allow them to play croquet, which has a tendency to make them round-shouldered and narrow-chested.

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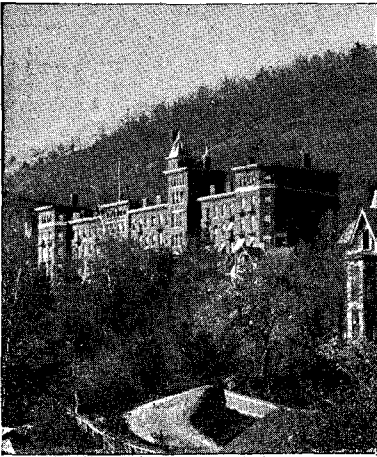
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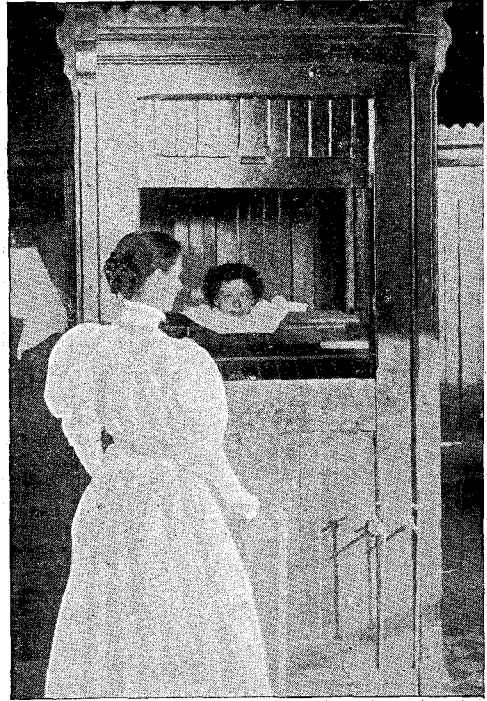
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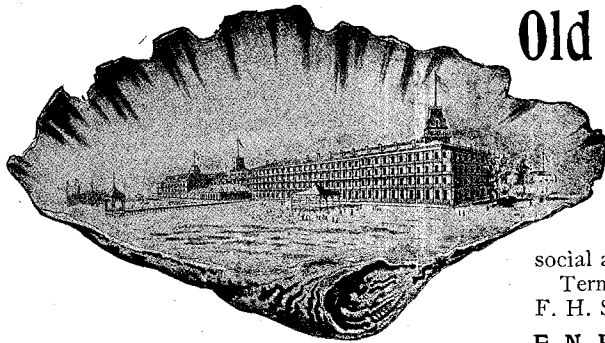
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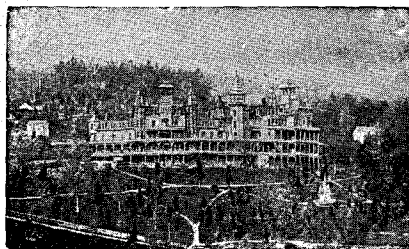
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